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## AUSTRALASIAN EXTENSIONS OF DEMOCRACY.

THE five colonies of the Australian continent, Tasmania, and New Zealand constitute seven practically independent commonwealths under the British crown. Australians and New Zealanders have therefore been able to develop their countries along their own lines, and have surpassed all other Anglo-Saxon nations in the number and variety of functions which the state is called upon to perform. It is with this matter I intend to deal, and incidentally I shall indicate some errors into which Mr. E. L. Godkin has fallen in an article published in *The Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1898.

First, then, we must note that the railways almost without exception, and all the telegraph and telephone lines, are in the hands of the community. In the few cases in which there is private ownership of railways, a particular line was demanded at a certain time, and the government were not then in a position to borrow the funds required for its construction. Western Australia has recently purchased the entire property of one of the two private undertakings in the colony.

A mass of sanitary and industrial legislation also has been placed upon the statute book.

Again, South Australia, Victoria, Western Australia, and New Zealand lend money to settlers at low rates of interest; South Australia sells its wines in London; Queensland facilitates the erection of sugar mills; Victoria and South Australia have given a bonus upon

the exportation of dairy produce; South Australia, New Zealand, and Victoria receive the produce, grade and freeze it free of charge, or at a rate which barely covers the expenses; Victoria contributes toward the erection of butter factories; Victoria and New Zealand have subsidized the mining industry; and Western Australia has adopted a comprehensive scheme for the supply of water to the Coolgardie gold fields.

In all the colonies the national system of primary education is compulsory and undenominational. In South Australia, Victoria, Queensland, and New Zealand it is also free. In the other colonies fees are charged, which may be remitted wholly or partly if parents are unable to pay them. Assistance is given in most cases for the promotion of secondary, technical, and university education.

New Zealand and South Australia have appointed public trustees. New Zealand has long possessed a department of life insurance.

Finally, since my visit in 1897, New Zealand has adopted a system of old-age pensions. A pension of seven shillings a week is to be given to every person above the age of sixty-five years, provided he or she has lived in the colony for twenty-five years, and is able to pass a certain test in regard to sobriety and general good conduct.

Such, then, are the main lines of development in Australia and New Zealand; and it is noteworthy that the colonies which are the most advanced —

Victoria, South Australia, and New Zealand — escaped the forcible introduction of convicts which has undoubtedly been prejudicial to the others. In fact, South Australia and New Zealand were settled largely by immigrants specially selected by various associations in Great Britain.

Whatever may be the evils connected with the system, no desire for its reversal is to be found in the minds of Australians or New Zealanders, who are convinced that the benefits far outweigh the disadvantages. As an exemplification of the general feeling, I may point out that some years ago, in Queensland, a syndicate offered to construct railways upon the land-grant system. They proposed, subject to the receipt of large tracts of land, to connect the three main lines of railways in Queensland, which all run in a westerly direction, with one another and with the Gulf of Carpentaria. There can be no doubt that the construction of these railways would have led to a rapid increase in the population of Queensland. But, although the proposal commended itself to the ministry of the day, when the issue was put before the people at a general election, they returned a most emphatic verdict against its acceptance. They were not willing, for the sake of a temporary advantage, to alienate the lands of the country which might be of great value to future generations. Similarly, in 1898, the governments of New South Wales and Victoria, which, under an agreement with Great Britain, have a certain voice in the affairs of British New Guinea, declined to agree to a proposal that, for a fixed period, in order to promote the more rapid development of the country, an English syndicate should have the right of preëmption of unoccupied crown lands.

The various experiments which have been carried out by these colonies have owed their initiation to statesmen who have not been influenced by abstract theories. As practical men, they maintain

that they have worked upon the natural lines of social and industrial development; and they add that experiments may be tried more readily in countries in which the average level of education is high, because, should they prove unsuccessful, the common sense of the community will at once cause them to be discontinued.

Several concrete criticisms are made against the administration of affairs in Australia and New Zealand. We hear much said as to the excessive expenditure of those countries, and in some cases, no doubt, the criticisms are justified. Mr. Godkin has stated in these pages that the policy of the construction of public works was largely due to the triumph of labor in the Parliaments of Australia; in this matter, however, he was misinformed. The truth is, most of the expenditure was authorized before labor had obtained parliamentary honors; and even if that had not been so, if a strong desire for economy had existed in other sections of the community, it could have found expression in the upper houses, which, whether they consisted, as in some of the colonies, of members nominated for life, or, as in the others, of members chosen by electors possessing a property qualification, could have done much to prevent excessive expenditure. On the contrary, many members of upper houses rejoiced, as owners of land, in the execution of public works which would enhance the value of their property. During my studies in Australia, I found it to be undeniably true that, in past years, many of the Parliaments had constructed unnecessary public works, allowed the civil service to be packed with friends and relatives of those in power, and authorized roads and bridges almost at the whim of each individual member. But a great change for the better has occurred in this respect, which has been due partly to the financial crisis which prevented Australian governments from borrowing money to any



great extent, partly to the revolt of the public conscience against such proceedings.

I do not minimize the danger to Australia and New Zealand of the willingness shown by British capitalists to advance large sums of money at a low rate of interest. There is, indeed, reason to fear that, with the partial renewal of prosperity, colonial treasurers are exhibiting again a tendency to extravagance. This, in my opinion, is a serious misfortune for the colonies. Colonial treasurers are tempted not only to seek popularity by the authorization of excessive public works, but to balance an unsatisfactory budget by charging to loans expenditure which should have fallen upon the current revenue. It would be well if general acts were passed defining exactly the purposes to which loans might be applied. Though they might be evaded by subsequent Parliaments, they would form a basis for the judgment of the more well-balanced members of the community. I shall show, when I deal with the charges of corruption, that the appointment of independent commissioners must prevent a repetition of the grosser evils of the past.

Let us consider briefly on what the various loans have been spent. The total indebtedness of Australia and New Zealand amounted, in 1897, to about £225,000,000. Out of that sum, £131,000,000 had been spent upon railways; £3,500,000 upon telegraph lines; £20,500,000 upon water supply and irrigation. In this way we get a total of £155,000,000, spent entirely upon enterprises that are or should be reproductive. Of the remaining £70,000,000, the greater part has been spent upon harbors, docks, lighthouses, defense works, and immigration. All these things, with the possible exception of the last, are legitimate subjects for expenditure, and for expenditure which may reasonably be charged to loans.

To return to the railways. We find

that upon a total expenditure of about £131,000,000, the annual net return in 1897 was £4,135,000, which is at the rate of 3.16 per cent upon the amount expended. Now, it is true that the loans of Australia cost the various countries at the present time about 3.82 per cent in interest, and it is therefore clear that a small annual charge falls upon the people in connection with their railways. But in regard to this point we must note that, in the first place, the colonies can now borrow at three per cent, and, as their loans fall due, will be enabled thereby to replace them at a lower rate of interest. Again, there have recently been several bad seasons, during which a scanty rainfall, followed by prolonged drought, has enormously reduced the traffic upon the railways. Railways have also been built ahead of settlement, and any consequent deficiency in revenue is likely to be of a temporary character. Should the colonies combine, as is expected, in the form of a federal union, the federation would be able to borrow money at a lower rate of interest than any individual colony. Lastly, assuming that the bonuses and subsidies given by the various colonies for the production and exportation of commodities will continue, as has been the case in the past, to lead to their production in a greater amount, an indirect benefit will fall upon the community through the increased traffic carried over the state railways. Upon these various grounds we may conclude that the colonies have in their railways an excellent form of investment which will progressively give greater returns, and we thus find that three fifths of the total expenditure has been in a satisfactory direction. Victoria alone feels any considerable burden in the payment of the interest upon its loans; and even there, though the railways were constructed most recklessly, they yield a net return upon their cost of 2.75 per cent; but the colony suffers also from the fact that an extravagant

belief prevailed at one time about the suitability of the country for works of irrigation, and that large sums of money were squandered in an unproductive manner.

Another criticism made against the governments of Australia and New Zealand is that the countries are a hotbed of corruption. This is a matter about which no one who has not been directly connected with their politics can form a definite opinion; and all that a visitor can do is to weigh the general considerations, and, by intercourse with all sections of the population, seek to arrive at the truth. In one respect the politicians of Australia and New Zealand are above suspicion. During the whole time that I was in the country, I did not hear a single charge of personal corruption brought against a member of any of the houses of Parliament; and I venture to think that when we see a high-class press and a high-class judiciary, we may assume that the general tone of the community is a good one.

I do not deny that some years ago there were distinct abuses connected with the civil services of the different colonies, and this is a matter which attracted Mr. Godkin's attention. He makes one curious mistake. I had written in my book on *Australasian Democracy* that there were at one time twenty thousand persons, exclusive of railway employees, in the civil service of New South Wales, and Mr. Godkin, by an extraordinary slip, allowed the number to be published as two hundred thousand. But his principal error consisted in the fact that, while condemning the former state of things, he entirely failed to refer to the improvements which have since been effected. Had they come under his notice, they would certainly have caused a considerable modification of his argument. In describing these measures I shall take the case of New South Wales, not because its action has been unique or because matters there were in a par-

ticularly bad condition, but because it was in that colony that I had the opportunity to give the greatest attention to the subject. In 1888, then, as the reorganization of the railway administration had been rendered necessary by the excess of political influence, the absence of export control, and the construction of new lines without sufficient regard to the prospects for early remunerative traffic, the government passed a measure which placed all the railways and tramways in the country in the hands of a board of three railway commissioners, who were to be appointed by the governor in council. In order that the independence of these commissioners might be secured, they were given a fixed term of office, during which they could not be removed, except for misbehavior or incompetency, upon a vote of both houses of Parliament; and their salaries were charged to the consolidated revenue fund, which was permanently appropriated to the required extent. They were intrusted with the general management of the railways, and with the appointment (subject to the regulation governing entrance into the public service) and dismissal of all clerks, officers, and employees, whose salaries and wages, however, were subject to the vote of Parliament. Similar action was taken more recently in the case of the civil service, by the appointment of a public service board of three persons for a period of seven years, in the same way and with the same securities for independence as the railway commissioners. The board was charged with the duty of making a thorough investigation — which was periodically to be repeated — into the working of each department, and with fixing the number, grade, and salary of the officials. Future appointments and promotions were to be made by the governor in council upon a certificate of the board, subject to the regulations in regard to competitive examinations and the obligatory period of probation upon en-



trance into the service. It seems to me that the appointment of these independent commissioners is one of the most interesting facts connected with the development of democracy in Australia, and I maintain that there is nothing undemocratic in a system by which a democracy recognizes the dangers inherent in its rule, and divests itself voluntarily of some of its powers in the interest of pure and upright government.

Now, it was not to be expected that the commissioners would be able to remedy at once all the evils which had necessitated their appointment, or that they would be free from pressure at the hands of members of Parliament. Politicians are inclined to chafe at the restrictions which they have imposed upon themselves in their better moments, and the files of newspapers and parliamentary reports would show that the commissioners have had no easy or agreeable task; but, in spite of obstacles, they have put down many abuses, and have earned the gratitude of Australians. That they have not immediately achieved the impossible does not in any way vitiate the value of the undertaking, or prove that the members of Parliament in Australia are any worse than the average of human beings.

I must protest against the tendency shown by so many people to judge the experiments carried out in Australia and New Zealand by an ideal standard which would not be applied to public men in any of the more individualistic countries. I do not maintain that there are no evils connected with the existing system of government in Australia. Even now, unfortunately, there is no adequate system of local government in New South Wales, and roads and bridges in many of the country districts are under the charge of the national government, with the inevitable result that pressure is brought to bear upon them by local members. In South Australia, Tasmania, and Victoria, no facts of a similar

nature came to my notice. In New Zealand, the present ministry have been charged with misusing their power in the distribution of patronage. It was contended, for instance, that the police were largely under political management, and a committee was appointed which thoroughly investigated the matter. The existence of certain abuses was discovered, but a prominent newspaper, which is opposed to the government, admitted that they were not of a very grave character. Exception is taken also to the fact that the premier has accepted a salaried position on the board of a development company. Doubtless this action is to be regretted, but no suggestion is made that he has in any respect unduly favored the company with which he is connected, or relaxed the stringency of the mining laws. The difficulty of course exists in every new country that it is impossible to find men of independent means and leisure who will devote themselves to political life, and therefore it is not to be wondered at that ministers, whose tenure of office is uncertain, should seek positions which will secure to them a fixed income when they are relegated to private life.

As regards the length of time during which ministries remain in office, it is noteworthy that it has been extended since the financial crisis of 1893. In 1896 the ministries had all been in power for at least two years, and they have since been subject to no changes other than those resulting from the death or retirement of individual members. Hence we may infer that the people are realizing more and more the importance of continuity in policy, and that the representatives must have moderated their personal intrigues. Speaking generally, I am convinced that the ministers constituting the governments of Australia and New Zealand are of high personal character, and that state ownership of public services affords no greater opportunities for corruption than the distribu-

tion of charters and franchises to private companies. Nothing that I have seen during my stay in the United States has caused me to modify my views.

Mr. Godkin believes that "the growing paternalism, the sedulous care of the business interests of the masses, will end by diminishing self-reliance and increasing dependence on the state." His belief is not borne out by existing facts. It is true that distributive coöperation has not become popular, owing partly to the migratory habits of people who inhabit a new country, and partly to the unwillingness of workmen who are in a prosperous condition to trouble themselves about infinitesimal profits. As regards coöperative production, it is to be found in butter and cheese factories, where the farmer who conveys his produce to the factory may also be a shareholder, and at the end of the year may receive a dividend on his shares and a bonus on the milk supplied, in addition to the established price. But of the general attitude of the working classes we can form a better opinion by looking at current statistics.

We find that, in spite of bad times, the number of depositors in the Australasian savings banks rose from 742,000 in 1891 to 895,000 in 1895, and the total amount of deposits from £19,000,000 to £26,000,000. Victoria and South Australia, which were followed closely by New Zealand, had the largest number of depositors in proportion to population, 29 and 24 per hundred respectively, and Queensland and New South Wales the highest average amount of deposits. In the three colonies, therefore, in which the paternal action of the government is carried to the furthest extent, we find the widest diffusion of an important exemplification of the spirit of thrift. I am far from suggesting a relation of cause and effect, as the amount of savings must depend largely upon the rate of wages, the abundance or scarcity of employment, the cost of

living, and many other factors; and I merely point out that the policy in question does not appear to have deterred the working classes from individual efforts. They have also invested largely in friendly societies: South Australia takes the lead, with a membership exceeding one in ten of the population; Victoria comes next, with one in fifteen; New Zealand has the largest amount of funds per member. Again, in 1895, the average amount of insurance per head of the population in Australasia was £20, the average sum insured per policy £285, and the average number of policies per thousand of the population 70. In the United States not more than 23 per thousand were thus insured. Statistics as to the number of freehold properties have not been completed for all the colonies, but New Zealand and Victoria have respectively 91,500 and 184,500 separate assessments of land. Considered with reference to total populations of only 700,000 and 1,175,000, these figures supply an additional reason for denying that Australians depend largely upon the state.

We may consider also the incidence of taxation. Is it such as to promote individual enterprise or to retard it? Let us take the case of South Australia and New Zealand. In South Australia direct taxation takes two forms. There is an income tax at the rate of four and a half pence in the pound up to £800, and of sixpence in the pound above £800 of taxable amount resulting from personal exertions, and at the rate of ninepence and one shilling in the pound respectively on incomes from property. Incomes between £125 and £425 enjoy exemption on £125 of the amount. Again, there is a tax on the unimproved value of land of one halfpenny in the pound up to, and one penny above, the capital value of £5000. We thus see that South Australia encourages work by placing a lower tax on the income which is derived from personal exer-



tions, and at the same time encourages people to develop their estates, because the greater the amount of improvements which they have carried out, the smaller will be the proportion of the total capital value upon which the tax will be levied.

Similar taxation is to be found in New Zealand, and includes both a progressive income tax and a tax on land values which is more highly graduated than that of South Australia. The ordinary land tax is at the rate of a penny in the pound on all freehold property of which the unimproved value exceeds £500; between £500 and £1500, exemption is allowed on £500; between £1500 and £2500, the exemption decreases by one pound for every two pounds of increased value, being exhausted at the latter amount. Should the value exceed £5000 a graduated land tax is also levied, which rises progressively from half a farthing until it reaches twopence upon estates of the unimproved value of £210,000 and upwards. All improvements are excluded from the assessment of the taxable amount. They are defined to include "houses and buildings, fencing, planting, draining of land, clearing of timber, scrub, or fern, laying down in grass or pasture, and any other improvement whatsoever, the benefit of which is unexhausted at the time of valuation." If the owner of the property is dissatisfied with the assessment of the government, he can call upon them to buy it of him at their own valuation. In only one case has such an extreme step been taken; and it is pleasant to find that it has resulted in an annual profit of nearly five per cent upon the outlay, and that the land which formerly gave employment to a few shepherds is now occupied by a large number of thriving settlers. I may add that when the government deem that an estate is not being developed as it should be by its owners, they are authorized by statute to purchase it — by negotiation if possible, otherwise

at a price paid by an impartial tribunal — with a view to its subdivision into small holdings suitable to the requirements of the community.

This system of taxation, it will be said with some truth, is based upon the teachings of Henry George. He traveled in Australia and New Zealand, and was listened to with attention; but, while he looked to the ultimate absorption of the whole unearned increment, his hearers in the antipodes dissociated themselves from his conclusions, though they appreciated the value of his premises. Consequently, while accepting his principles, they did not hesitate to exempt small properties from the tax, and to increase its rate progressively in relation to the amount of the unimproved value. It was hoped by those in New Zealand who imposed income and land taxes in the place of the former property tax, that they would tend to promote the subdivision of large properties. Not that Australians or New Zealanders have any objection to wealthy men as such. They have no objection to the man who becomes wealthy by developing the natural resources of the country in a legitimate manner. The man to whom they object is he who becomes wealthy by control over monopolistic enterprises, or by the possession of large tracts of country which he does not develop, but holds until the advancement of the community shall have given to them an enhanced value.

Mr. Godkin seems to believe that it is the policy of the Australian governments to spend money continually on "relief works," and to keep large bodies of men in the permanent employment of the state. This is an incorrect view of the situation. A vast majority of the public works were carried out because they were regarded as serving the best interests of the community; in very few cases were they dictated by the desire to provide employment, or undertaken upon the initiative of the trades-unionists. I

found, during the course of my travels in Australia, that the Australian workingman has no sympathy with the loafer; he has no sympathy with the man who will not seek employment for himself, but expects the government to support him; and one of the most hopeful signs of the day is that, with the help of the representatives of labor in Parliament, Australian governments have done much within recent years to mitigate the excess of population in the large towns, and to replace the unemployed upon the land. Of course mistakes have been made. In some cases settlers have failed through lack of agricultural knowledge; in others, on account of the barrenness of the soil. In South Australia, the village settlements, which were avowedly started as an alternative to relief works, have been only a modified success. In New Zealand, village settlements have produced very satisfactory results. But, whether the experiments be actually successful or not, it is surely a good thing that the governments of Australia should do their best to turn the loafers of the towns into independent members of the community.

Such weakness as has been shown in the past may be due to the fact that the Australian is much more humane in his feelings than the Englishman. We in England have become accustomed to the idea that the vast mass of the working-class population in old age will be obliged to seek relief from the parish, and, without much remorse, we compel many of them to end their days in work-houses, where they are treated as prisoners. In Australia and New Zealand, a similar condition of things has never been regarded with equanimity, and a distinct line is drawn between the able-bodied and the aged. In Victoria, a labor colony has been established, with the entire support of the trades-unionists, to which the unemployed may be sent, and at which they receive, at a very low rate of wages, a course of instruction in

agricultural pursuits which enables them subsequently to obtain private employment with farmers or others. In New Zealand, I found a very strong feeling among trades-unionists that it would be to the interest of the workingmen themselves if a penal colony were established, on the lines of those which exist in Germany, to which loafers might be sent, and at which they would be compelled to work, with the alternative of starvation.

So many charges have been made against the governments of Australia and New Zealand that I have thought it well to answer at some length those which seem to be most current upon the subject. As to the benefits which are obtained by the general population, they may be summarized in a few words. Let me assume that I am a New Zealander. In that case, I live in a country which is governed in the interests of the people, and not in the interests of monopolists, as England is largely governed in the interests of the ground landlords; I live under an equitable system of taxation, the burden of which is in proportion, as far as possible, to the pecuniary capacity of the taxpayer. If I am anxious to settle upon the land, I can rent or buy land on favorable terms from the government. Owing to the existence of a vast number of freehold properties, I can be certain that no revolutionary measures will have any chance of acceptance, because so large a section of the population has a direct interest in the soil, and is likely to be conservative in the best sense of the word. As an owner of land or as a leaseholder, — assuming that I have carried out improvements upon my property, — I can borrow money from the government at a low rate of interest. If I am an urban worker, I have the benefit of stringent laws which protect me from abuses, whether I work in a factory or in a shop. Whether I am an employer or a workingman, I feel confident that there are not likely to



be any violent disturbances in trade, because I am in a country in which, owing to the compulsory arbitration law, there has been no strike or lockout for a period of four years, and all industrial disputes have been amicably settled. If I want to insure my life, I go to the government, and I know that they can give me the best security. When I make my will, if I have no friend whom I can trust or no friend whom I wish to trouble, I can put my property with entire confidence in the hands of the public trustee. Finally, if I am living as an upright citizen of my country, though a poor man, I need have no fear of a miserable old age, because, when I have reached sixty-five, the government will give me a pension

of seven shillings a week; and in the meanwhile I shall save as much as possible, in order that my own modest means, as a supplement to the allowance which I shall receive, may enable me to obtain something beyond the mere necessities of life.

I do not assume that these reforms are undoubtedly or even probably applicable to different conditions existing in the United States; but, as proposals for any extension of the functions of the state in this country are so often met by a vivid portrayal of the evils that have resulted in Australia and New Zealand, I have thought that a candid and impartial statement of the facts may not be without interest to American readers.

*H. de R. Walker.*

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## AMERICAN DEEP-WATER SHIPPING.

THE foreigner, entering the United States for the first time, is prepared to find large newly built cities, mammoth manufacturing concerns, an unparalleled railway system, an advanced school system. He expects to find a country of remarkable natural resources, and a people of exceptional activity and enterprise. He is prepared for these things, and therefore they do not astonish him. On the other hand, there are certain things that he is not prepared for; and these, if he thinks at all, cause him to open his eyes in amazement. I will not enumerate all the surprises, because it is unnecessary, but I will confine myself to one, — and that the most impressive, — namely, the deplorable state of American deep-water shipping.

From Plymouth to Calais there is a chain of decayed seaports and idle shipyards, — a chain of rotting wharves, tumble-down piers, shipless harbors, and old sailors. All speak eloquently of a great carrying trade, of a great foreign ship-

ping interest, of a great marine power — that was. The foreigner, when he looks at all this for the first time, and realizes what has been lost, stands aghast, and finds himself wondering whether the high estimate set upon the American people as an energetic business nation is not, after all, an unmerited one.

From a commercial point of view, — and that is by no means the only side to consider, — the United States refuses to make \$80,000,000 yearly by not carrying her own exports. During the fiscal year that ended with June, 1898, there entered and cleared from United States ports, in round numbers, 50,000,000 tons of freight. Only 9.3 per cent of it was carried in American bottoms. On the basis of an average freight of \$4 per ton, which seems a fair estimate, this country's share was less than \$20,000,000. If the United States had carried 90 per cent of her imports and exports, as she did in the early part of the century, her share would have reached the huge sum

of \$180,000,000. But, allowing that a bare half of the carrying trade should be hers, which is equivalent to saying that she should carry merely her own exports, there still remains the loss first mentioned. From this it is evident that the United States has lost her prestige as a marine nation, and has permitted an industry that was the pillar of her prosperity to dwindle, die, and rot.

Such is the present condition of foreign shipping in America. Now let us run over briefly the causes that have led to the condition.

In the beginning, — for, fully to understand the question, we must go back, — the voyagers to America came in vessels little better than the rude Viking ships. They had previously confined themselves to mere coasting trips, sailing from inlet to inlet or cape to cape, and rarely out of sight of familiar landmarks. When they reached the wild shores of this continent, their barks were so strained and leaky that their first thought was to discover some sheltered spot, up river or creek, to careen and repair damages. Such places, with abundant material for repair in the untouched forests near them, were easy to find. Since many of the ships were in too bad a plight to warrant repair, new ones were built in place of them; and thus, by degrees, these careening spots grew to be shipyards.

The first settlers, whether sailors or not, soon became familiar with the sea, for most of them drew their livelihood from it. Fear of the redskin prevented them from straying far inland. Among these coast farmers and fishermen there were many dissatisfied and homesick ones. This class, in returning to their native country, found the home voyage less hazardous than the first, whereupon they straightway thought of the needs of their colonial companions, and went back with freighted ships. In this way commerce between America and Europe began.

Later, these fertile-minded pioneers, seeing the possibilities for business with the West Indies, Africa, and the Gulf ports, commenced to build ships for that trade. From the forests they selected the most perfect oaks for hulls, the straight pines for masts and spars, and the locusts for tree nails. They improved their models, did away with useless top hamper, and soon the sharp bow, the curving sheer, and the raking masts of the early slaver — the progenitor of the clipper-built ship — appeared upon the seas.

England, in the meantime, watched with a jealous eye her children across the sea, building vessels which outsailed and outclassed her own, and at last a mandate was issued by the king that no vessel larger than a sloop should be built in the colonies. But kingly commands were unheeded, and in 1770 North America had 309,534 tons of shipping.

Although during the Revolutionary war this goodly tonnage shrunk greatly, it recovered in a remarkable way afterward; for the first care of the new nation's statesmen was commerce, particularly that most vital part of commerce, the protection of ships sailing under the American flag. Men like Jefferson and Madison saw that a merchant marine was the greatest of interests, and among the first acts of the First Congress we find a law giving high protection to vessels built and run by Americans. Teas, for example, were entered by American ships at nearly one half the duty charged to foreign vessels.

Under this effective form of protection, the tonnage, which had dropped to 123,893 tons, rose to 529,471 tons in 1795; and the carrying of imports and exports jumped from 23.7 per cent in 1789 to 90 per cent in 1795. Ocean commerce, at the same time, rose from \$12 to \$26.76 per capita.

Notwithstanding this evidence of marine prosperity, the statesmen of the country still took an active interest in furthering it, and in 1804 they placed



an additional duty of 10 per cent on all goods imported in foreign bottoms. The results were a justification of that interest; for as against a tonnage of 576,733 in 1796, it advanced to 744,224 in 1805, and the carrying percentage of imports and exports was 91. With the exception of 1808, when the Embargo Act checked the growth somewhat, the next five years showed a steady increase in shipping, the tonnage in 1810 being 981,019.

The war of 1812 very naturally gave American shipping a setback: from 1812 to 1815, 14 per cent of the carriage in foreign trade was lost. In spite of this, the naval victories of American vessels developed such a lively interest in shipping that, had the policy of the government been different, there is no saying to what magnitude it might have grown. In 1815, however, Congress saw fit to refuse the protection it had so sensibly given for twenty-five years, and adopted a principle of reciprocity with all countries, particularly England. The effects of the new laws were not felt appreciably for several years, except that fewer ships were built, and the tonnage slightly decreased. Americans pushed their ships for the trade, and in 1820 were carrying 89.5 per cent of their exports and imports. Then came six years of unexampled prosperity to both England and America, during which time American tonnage again increased, and our carriage in the foreign trade reached its highest point, 92.3 per cent. This was in 1826. But it could not last; it was merely a spurt caused by unusual conditions. From 1826 the carriage of American commerce by American ships declined steadily. There was an increase in tonnage, but not in proportion to the growth of the country.

One of the first blows to American shipping was the appearance of British steamers in American ports in 1838. They quickly took the place of the

American clipper packet lines which had previously controlled the Atlantic trade. In 1839 the Cunard Line was subsidized by England at \$425,000; the following year the sum was raised to \$550,000; and later, when it was found that this was not sufficient to make the line pay, it was swelled to \$735,000. This allowing of subsidy by the British government was an indirect violation of its reciprocity agreements with this country, and one of the shrewdest moves ever made to clear the western ocean of American ships. America made a feeble attempt to meet the new steam navigation movement by establishing the Collins Line, and subsidizing it; but the competition was too strong; the steamers met with mishaps, and the loss of the Pacific and the Arctic practically ended it.

In the fifties, the English, finding the supplies of timber running short, turned their attention to the building of iron ships. This was another blow to American shipping, inasmuch as the British Lloyds — which is to all intents and purposes headquarters for British marine insurance — immediately rated iron vessels "twelve years A 1," and thus outclassed all wooden ships. According to the facts and figures set forth by Mr. Bates in his book on the American Marine,<sup>1</sup> wherein he proves that American-built sailing vessels have carried their cargoes with less damage and with greater speed than the vessels of any other nation, this high rating of iron ships is unjust, and there is little doubt that it was made with the idea of putting English iron ships in a position to secure the preference of freights, and thus push American vessels out. This plan has succeeded so well that if to-day there be an American wooden ship and an English steel ship in an American port, the steel ship will get both a higher rate of freight and a lower rate of insurance. Moreover, if there be but one freight in indebtedness to him for much of the information used in this paper.

<sup>1</sup> It would be unfair to the author of this comprehensive work not to acknowledge my

the port, the steel ship will get it. So common has this fact become that the American shipowner has accepted it as unchangeable.

In 1861, although American tonnage in foreign trade had increased to 2,494,894, the carriage of imports and exports fell to 66 per cent. Again, in 1865, owing to the government's demand for ships, the Confederate commerce destroyers, and the complete demoralization of the shipping interest, it dropped to 28 per cent. This rapid retrogression was helped by the appearance of a new factor to discourage the builders of sailing vessels, — the English tramp steamer, iron-built, and rated "A 1" at Lloyds for twenty years; also by the fact that the many American ships which were sold abroad and registered under other flags during the war could not be bought back when the war ended. Congress, moreover, being in need of revenue, hastened to put an internal revenue tax on the first cost of vessels. If the United States had had a navy sufficient to protect her merchant marine when the war began, there would have been no need of her ships seeking the protection of other flags. It was the short-sighted policy of government in giving attention only to internal development that drove shipowners to this expedient, — the same government which, with criminal stupidity, imposed a duty on a crippled industry.

Between 1865 and 1870 Congress floundered and struggled to do something for shipping; little, however, got beyond the committee rooms. Since that time there has been a general apathy in regard to the subject, and the United States is now obliged to acknowledge with shame that the foreign carrying trade has gone from her. With a strange lack of interest, she has failed to take advantage of the magnificent opportunities which her position, resources, and beginning made for her, and has allowed herself to be pushed from the over-sea trade to the point of carrying to-day, of

her imports and exports, a miserable 9.3 per cent.

"Navigation and maritime industry, for a peculiar reason, call for national protection; for the art of navigation is an expedient of war as of commerce, and in this respect differs from every other branch of industry. . . . Doubt no longer exists that a navy is the best defense of the United States. And this maxim is no more true than that a naval power never can exist without a commercial marine: hence the policy of encouraging and protecting the ships and seamen of the United States." Thus spoke Senator King seventy-six years ago; and his words are as applicable to-day as they were then. What America has lost commercially by not following this advice will never be known; but it is beyond dispute that if the country had followed the fundamental principles laid down early in its history, it would not now be discussing methods of marine advancement.

It would seem as if most of the men whose business it has been to direct the nation's affairs have never considered the immense advantage of a flourishing merchant marine. The benefits fall broadly under four heads, — Commerce, Industry, Labor, and Moral.

The commerce of a nation does not end at its frontiers; more particularly when its frontiers are washed by two great ocean highways, as is the case with the United States. She is owner in common of the great over-sea roads that lead to all parts of the seaboard world. These roads will yield the best return to the country which can deliver its exports quickly, at the lowest cost, in the best condition, and whose citizens receive the freight money. That our country is not in a position to secure the trade on this basis is conceded by every one; and that she suffers great financial loss in consequence is evident.

As regards industries in general, ships under the United States flag would open



up new avenues of trade, and would introduce American manufactures, novelties, and inventions into many parts of the world where to the mass of consumers they are now unknown. The modern ship, moreover, contains in complicated structure the labor of nearly every craft. Her sails are contributed by the cotton fields of the South, her planks by the pines of Carolina, her iron and steel by mines and furnaces throughout the country; the machinist, the carpenter, the electrician, the engineer, the painter, all help to build her. In short, she is the handiwork of the whole nation.

A large American merchant marine would be a moral force, in the sense that it would carry the flag that symbolizes freedom and justice to all parts of the world, and give prestige to Americans and the American spirit of liberality. A moral force lies also in the fact that the closer a nation's acquaintanceship with the sea, the broader and stronger its character.

So much for history and economics. Let us consider the methods by which it has been proposed that America shall regain what she has lost. Of late there has been a great cry for "free ships," and many specious arguments in their favor. It has been said, "As long as we cannot build vessels in the United States as cheaply as they can be built abroad, by all means let us buy them abroad." On the face of it, this looks like common sense; but when you probe it, you find that it has no such foundation, — that it is not true. Cheapness, evidently, has nothing to do with the question; for English iron vessels cost much more to build than American wooden ones, and yet English shipyards turn out the larger part of the world's shipping. And as regards the building of iron ships in the United States, whatever the conditions may have been in the past, there is certainly no valid reason to-day why she should not successfully compete with the world. Iron and coal she has in abun-

dance, together with unequaled facilities for handling them. Mr. Carnegie has proved that American steel can be delivered in English and Continental markets and sold at a profit. The difference in the cost of labor can be offset (as it is done in other American industries) by American ingenuity and inventiveness; as it is offset in English yards against the lower wages of Continental yards. Those who cry so loudly for free ships seem to forget that the right to purchase ships abroad will hurt rather than help the reestablishment of the United States shipbuilding industry, will check rather than stimulate the growth of this first essential of marine prosperity. They do not seem to be aware that the Continental nations have tried free ships only to discover that the output of British shipyards was increased, while their own was not improved. They seem to be unmindful of the fact that the dependence of one nation upon another for ships is a weakness in times of peace, and a menace in times of war. Free ships are a snare and a delusion: if the United States is to regain her prestige on the high seas, she must build her own ships.

In other quarters it has been suggested that new life be injected into the ebbing industry by means of bounties or subsidies. While it is undoubtedly true that other nations have encouraged their shipping by such methods, it is equally true that these have not always been satisfactory. The meagre results of the bounty system in France and Italy are well known. France, in nine years, paid \$19,000,000; Italy, in seven years, \$5,500,000; yet, in spite of this government aid, both countries constantly called upon England for ships. England, to be sure, has profited by the judicious giving of subsidies, but her present position as a sea power is by no means due to subsidies alone. Only three per cent of Great Britain's merchant marine receives public funds from the government.

It is acknowledged by all shipbuilding authorities that neither bounties, subsidies, nor subventions would enable the United States to compete with Great Britain, except at a cost which places them outside the bounds of practicability.

Yet another thing urged for the rebuilding of the collapsed structure is that the United States shall revert to the old laws of protection, which made her shipping industry so flourishing at the beginning of the century, — a principle of protection formulated after the British Shipping Act of 1651. Such a reversion, however, is not feasible. Economic conditions and principles of reciprocity exist at this time which make the enactment of protective shipping laws an impossibility.

A brief statement of England's ocean supremacy will be of interest, I think. Great Britain to-day stands preëminently the mistress of the world's shipping interest. Her tonnage is greater than that of all the other nations of the world put together, her ships carry five eighths of the deep-water freight afloat, and she buys and sells half the cargoes on the ocean.

Her success is no secret; it has certainly not been due to chance, but has grown from the spirited interest in ships that every British subject takes, and has always taken. This spirit has culminated in the great corporation known as the "British Lloyds," which corporation more or less dominates every vessel, no matter of what nationality, that sails in foreign trade. In its list of shipping (Lloyds' Register) it has stamped, or omitted to stamp, the quality of every foreign-going vessel afloat. It has been the means of centralizing the marine insurance business to such an extent that British companies carry seven eighths of the risks of the world.

For two hundred years, since the days when underwriters and men connected with shipping met at the coffee house of Edward Lloyd in London, and applied

the principles of marine insurance taught them by the Lombards, British ship-owners have sent their ships to sea with feelings of absolute safety; for they hold a paper underwritten at Lloyds as good as gold, in case of accident to their property. The board of directors in this corporation represent the entire shipping interest of Great Britain. It has fifteen hundred agents in various parts of the world, — men with thorough knowledge of ships in general, whose duty it is to report shipping news. As a result Lloyds is a tremendous power; the words of its experts are accepted before parliamentary committees as truisms, and its authority in the matter of ratings has given it the control of the world's over-sea traffic.

American shipping needs two things: it needs a revival of national interest, and it needs some kind of government aid. Of the former, thanks to the naval successes in the late war, there are some signs; but practical encouragement from the government, except by the antiquated, makeshift methods already referred to, seems to meet with no serious consideration. It is surely patent that neither bounties, subsidies, nor free ships will revive American shipbuilding or restore our once great merchant marine. The remedy must be more than an outward application. To compete successfully with Great Britain's long experience in the art of shipbuilding, her persistence in controlling the tropics and the trade of the tropics, her national interest in remaining the ruler of the seas, American shipping must be launched anew, stimulated and supported by the nation, in a much stronger and broader fashion than has yet been tried.

At present, everything connected with American shipping is weak and unsatisfactory. Consuls and shipping commissioners and other marine officials are chosen, for the most part, without regard to their ability or knowledge of ship-



ping; examinations for master and mate are so lax that other nations will not recognize an American certificate; and the maritime laws of the country are not only inadequate, but unenforced. It appears, then, that before America can take her rightful place on the sea, there must be a general and thorough change in her maritime policy and system.

The first step in this direction should be the formation of a body similar to the British Board of Trade, or a Department of Merchant Marine like the Department of Agriculture, in order that the interests of shipowners and seamen, and all maritime matters, may receive particular and constant attention. The head of this department should be a Cabinet officer. He should be chosen to his position by the advice of the chambers of commerce, shipowners, and shipmasters' associations of the country. The department should have under its control all seaboard consuls, who should be chosen from past officers of the boards of trade, naval officers, and shipmasters, and should hold their office until incapacitated by age. It should inspect, while building, every vessel put together in American yards, performing this service without expense to the owner. Examinations for the position of master, mate, and engineer should be part of its duty. But this is only in the line of general improvement. Something more specific and radical is needed to place the United States on an equal marine footing with England, — some measure that will protect and invigorate the industry without being a protective law.

To that end, it is suggested that in connection with the department there should be a liberal system of marine insurance. Every ship built under government inspection, and engaged in foreign trade, should have her hull insured

free; the department, with the United States Treasury behind it, acting as underwriter. And all cargoes carried by over-sea routes under the American flag should be insured at a lower rate than that offered by foreign insurance companies.

The establishment of such a department would result in American ships becoming the best built in the world, it would secure them cargoes in the face of all competition, and it would make them pay. It would awaken the dormant industry of shipbuilding, raise a new and better breed of seamen, and give back to America her long-lost carrying trade.

There is no doubt that the United States is to be the greatest commercial country on earth; her activity has never been equaled in the world's history; her latent energy is beyond the power of economics to demonstrate. She spends hundreds of millions in war, and her credit suffers nothing; she passes through grave political crises, and comes out unscathed. Yet she can never take her rightful place among the nations, never hold her own in the coming fight for the tropic trade, never become a great naval power, until she carries her own commodities and establishes a worthy merchant marine.

If there is one thing that America has to be ashamed of, it is the neglected state of her shipping. It is a disgrace to the nation. No wonder the foreigner opens his eyes in amazement; no wonder the ancient mariners of the capes foam at the mouth when they speak of it. The sight of gray old Salem, with its empty harbor, its deserted, rotting wharves, and not a deep-water ship to its name, — the sight of this historic port alone is enough to make any patriotic American go out into the highway in sackcloth and ashes.

*H. Phelps Whitmarsh.*

## THE END OF AN ERA.

## II. THE SURRENDER OF JOHNSTON.

EIGHT miles of brisk riding carried me beyond the flotsam and jetsam of the army of northern Virginia. I was alone in the meadows on the north of the Appomattox River. The sun shone brightly, and under the wooded bluffs upon the opposite bank of the narrow stream the little valley up which my route led was warm and still. The dogwood was beginning to bloom; the grass near the river banks was showing the first verdure of spring; the willows overhanging the stream were purpling and swelling with buds. A cock grouse among the laurels was drumming to his mate, and more than once I heard the gobble of the wild turkey. Behind me, in the distance, were sounds of artillery; from time to time our guns opened to hold the enemy in check, or he, pursuing, availed himself of some eminence to shell our retreating masses. In due season the designated ford was reached. The little mare, her neck and flanks warm but not heated with exercise, waded into the stream up to her knees, and, plunging her nose into the water, quenched her thirst. A gray squirrel, startled from a hickory near the ford, ran out upon a limb, swung himself to another tree, and scampered away through the sunlight and the shadows to gain his castle in the hollow oak upon the hillside. In a neighboring cedar, a redbird (cardinal grosbeak), warmed by the sunlight, uttered the soft call with which he wooes his mate in springtime.

How peaceful, how secluded, how inviting to repose, seemed this sheltered nook! It was hard to realize what a seething caldron of human life and human passion was boiling so near at hand. I needed rest. It was Friday, and since I left Clover Station, Wednesday night,

I had slept but three hours. Oh, the heartache of those last eight miles of travel, with time to reflect in solitude upon what I had seen! The hopeless, quiet dignity of General Lee, the impassioned desperation of my father, were present like a nightmare. The shattered idols of boyish dreams lay strewn about me on the road along which I had been traveling. I had seen commands scattered and blasted which, until now, had represented victory or unbroken defiance. I had beheld officers, who, until yesterday, had impersonated to my youthful ardor nothing but gallantry, demoralized, separated from their commands, and with all stomach gone for further fighting. Ever and again my thoughts went back to the brave troops through whose ranks I had ridden the night previous, in search of General Lee; and then my pride rose afresh. Yet in my heart I knew that they were but a handful to resist the armies of Grant; that the army of northern Virginia was a thing of the past; that its surrender was only a question of a few days at furthest; and that the war was virtually ended. Then would come the sickening thought, so eloquently expressed by my father, that every man thenceforth killed was a noble life literally thrown away. And, knowing my father as I did, I felt that it was more than likely he would be one of those to fall; for his counsel was not the counsel of a coward. His courage and spirit of defiance were still unbroken. His proudest testimonial is that recorded concerning his conduct on the retreat by Fitzhugh Lee, who, in describing it, declared that, until the order of surrender went forth at Appomattox, he fought with the fervor of youth, and exposed himself as unhesitatingly as when



he was full of hope at the opening of the war.

Alone, torn by these bitter thoughts, patriotic and personal, exhausted by two days and nights of excitement and fatigue, and contemplating with no pleasant anticipations seventy miles of hard riding before me, I gathered my reins, touched the flank of my horse, and resumed my journey. The country south of the Appomattox was wooded and somewhat broken. The roads led between "hogback" hills, as they are called. I drew out my brierwood pipe and consoled myself with a smoke; for among my other military accomplishments I had acquired the habit of smoking.

I was taking it easily, and was riding "woman fashion," to rest myself in the saddle. The mare moved quietly forward at a fox trot. I felt sure I was well ahead of the flanking column of the enemy. Of a sudden my ear caught the sound of a human voice. It was distant, — a singsong note, resembling the woodland "halloo" we often hear. For a moment I thought it might be the voice of a darky, singing as he drove his team along. But it ceased, and in its place I heard, in a direction which I could not determine, sounds like falling rain, with heavy drops distinctly audible in the downpour. I recognized the sound.

When we were studying Virgil, our tutor delighted to take up those lines of the *Æneid* wherein the poet describes the footfall of many horses as the cavalry approaches: —

"It clamor, et agmine facto  
Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula  
campum."

After reading them he would look around and ask, "Eh? don't you hear the very sound of the horses' feet in the words?" Well, of course we did not, and Parson Dudley thought we were trifling young cubs not to see the beauty of Virgil's verbal horseplay. Still, the words stuck, and I often repeated them afterward. Now, who would have imagined that the

little Latin I had acquired, partly *a priori* and partly *a posteriori*, would one day serve to aid in escaping capture? I listened. I repeated: "Quadrupede — dantepu — tremsoni — tuquatit — ungula — campum." I said to myself: "That sound is the sound of cavalry. That voice was the voice of command. Which way shall I go?"

"Plague take you, be quiet!" I said to the mare, slapping her impatiently on the neck; for at that moment she lifted her head, pointed her ears, and, raising her ribs, gave a loud whinny. By good luck, almost at the same instant the sound of clashing cymbals and the music of a mounted band came through the forest. The hostile forces were but a few hundred yards away. As I soon learned, they were moving on a road leading to the ford, but entering the road that I was traveling just beyond the spot where I first heard them. The hill on my left ran down to a point where the advancing column was coming into the road on which I was. The summit of the hill was covered by a thick growth of laurel and pine. I sprang from the saddle, led the mare up the hillside, tied her, and, reflecting that she might whinny again, left her, ran along the hill-crest as near to the enemy as I dared go, lay down behind an old log, covered myself with leaves and bushes, and was within a hundred yards of the spot which the enemy passed. I could see them from behind the end of my log.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" they shouted, as the band played Johnny Comes Marching Home. They were elated and full of enthusiasm, for the Johnnies were on the run, and the pursuit was now little more than a foot race. The band struck up Captain Jenks of the Horse Marines, as they swept on to the ford, walking, trotting, ambling, pacing, their guidons fluttering in the spring breeze. "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" How different was the cheering from the wild yell to which I was accustomed! I lay there, with my

pistol in my hand, watching them, really interested in contrasting their good equipment and their ardor with the wretched scenes that I had left behind. A wild turkey hen, startled from her nest near the roadside, came flying directly up the hill, alighted on the further side of the log behind which I was lying, and, squatting low, ran within three feet of my nose. Peering into my face with frightened eyes, she gave a "put!" of amazement and sheered off. I convulsively clutched my pistol to shoot her. No, I did not shoot. I had reasons for not shooting. But I am sure that this was the only wild turkey that ever came within range of my weapon without receiving a salute.

The cavalcade swept by, and did not suspect my presence. When all was still again, hurrying back to the filly, I mounted, rode down to the forks of the road, took the one that led westward, and galloped away. I felt sure, from the rapidity with which I had traveled, that this must be the advance of the enemy, and I resolved to take no further risks. I was right, for I saw no more Union troops. Late that afternoon, in Charlotte County, I passed the plantation of Roanoke, once the home of John Randolph. It looked desolate and overgrown.

"Oh, John Randolph, John, John!" thought I, as I rode by, "you have gotten some other Johns, in fact the whole breed of Johnnies, into a peck of trouble by the governmental notions which you left to them as a legacy. By the way, John," changing into a merrier vein, "I wish some of those thoroughbreds you once owned were still in your stables; my gallant animal is nearly done for by the murderous pace of the last six hours." Neither the spirit nor the horses of John Randolph responded, either to maintain his principles or to supply me a fresh mount from the skeleton stables, and I rode on.

I reached the Episcopal rectory at

Halifax Court House after midnight. My brother Henry was the minister. He was a glorious fellow, who, if he had not been a preacher, would have made a dashing soldier. I hammered upon the door, and he came down. I was now only twenty miles west of my post at Clover Station. I had visited him several times while I was quartered there, but since the evacuation of Richmond he had heard nothing from any of us, although he had made many inquiries, for me particularly.

When I told him of my last three adventures, he looked me over, and, seeing how red my eyes were, said that he was afraid I was drunk. "Not much," I replied; "but if you have anything to eat and to drink, get it out quickly, for I am nearly famished. You may think I am drunk, Henry, but come out and look at the mare. Probably you will think she has the delirium tremens." He was soon dressed, and we went out to minister to the faithful brute.

She stood with head hung low, her red nostrils distending and contracting, her sides heaving, her knees trembling, her flanks roweled and red, the sweat dripping from her wet body. Poor little Tulip (that was her name), I had not done it wantonly. I was performing a duty of life and death.

"You cannot ride her to Danville," said Henry, who was a good horseman.

"No, of course not. I came after your bay horse."

Henry loved his mare, and under other circumstances he would not have listened to such a proposition; but patriotism overcame him, and he simply answered, with a sigh, "Very well."

I count it a creditable episode in my life that I took off my coat, tired as I was, and gave Tulip a good rubbing down, and fed her and bedded her, bless her game heart!

"You cannot go forward at once," Henry urged, when we returned to the house. He started a fire in the dining



room and placed an abundance of cold victuals and drink upon the table, and his pretty young wife entered to hear the war news.

"Well, I thought I might, but blamed if I don't believe I'm forced to take a rest," I replied. "Will you have your mare saddled and me waked at day-break?"

It was so arranged, and after I had eaten like a glutton, I lit a pipe and tried to stay awake to answer Henry's eager questions; but I fell asleep in the chair, and the next I knew he was leading me by the arm up to a large bedroom, the like of which I had not seen for many a day. Tumbling into bed, I knew no more until he roused me at daybreak, fed me, put me on his mare, and said a "God bless you!" I went off sore and reluctant, but soon limbered up and grew willing, as his horse, fresh and almost as good as Tulip, strode gallantly on to Danville.

"Man never is, but always to be blest." I was envying preachers, and thinking what a good time Henry was having; and he, poor fellow, had spent the night striding up and down the floor, bemoaning the hard fate which had made him a non-combatant.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening of Saturday, April 8, 1865, when the hoofs of my horse resounded on the bridge which spans the Roanoke at Danville. I do not recall the exact distance traversed that day, but it was enough for man and beast. I had a good comfortable ride. Henry had filled my saddle-pockets with excellent food, and two flasks of coffee made by him, while I slept, from a precious remnant that he had preserved for the sick of his congregation. He was a prince of hospitality and common sense. He had liquor, and was no blue-nose; but he said that he would give me none, for the double reason that I seemed to like it too well, and that, in case of protracted effort, it was not so reliable a stimulant as coffee.

The lights of Danville were a welcome sight. The town was crowded with people, the result of the recent influx from Richmond. Riding up Main Street to the principal hotel, I learned that Mr. Davis was domiciled at the home of Major Sutherlin, and thither I directed my course. The house stands upon Main Street, near the crest of a steep hill. As I approached, I saw that it was brilliantly illuminated. A sentry at the yard gate challenged me. I announced my name, rank, and mission, and was admitted. At the door, a colored man, whom I recognized as the body servant of the President, received me. In a few moments Burton Harrison appeared, giving me a kindly greeting, and saying that the President and his Cabinet were then holding a session in the dining room, and desired me to enter and make my report. I laughed, drew forth the short note of General Lee to Mr. Davis, and remarked that my dispatches were for the most part oral.

I felt rather embarrassed by such a distinguished audience, but Mr. Davis soon put me at ease. In his book he mentions my coming, but, after the long interval between 1865 and the time at which it was written, he had forgotten, if indeed he ever knew, that I had been sent by him to General Lee. Probably he never learned what name General Walker inserted in the blank order that Mr. Davis sent, when he requested the former to detail an officer to communicate with General Lee. At any rate, I was the first person who had brought him any direct news from General Lee since his departure from Richmond.

Those present, as I remember them, were, besides the President and Burton Harrison, Mr. Benjamin, General Breckinridge, Secretary Mallory, Secretary Reagan, perhaps General Bragg, and several others whom I did not know or do not recall. They sat around a large dining table, and I stood at the end opposite Mr. Davis. He was exceedingly

considerate, requested me to make my report, which I did as briefly as possible, and then asked me a number of questions. When he had done examining me, several others of the party made inquiries. One thing I remember vividly. Somebody inquired how many efficient troops I thought General Lee had left. I was prepared for this question to the extent of having tried to conjecture. In doing so, I had assumed that at the time he started from Petersburg he had nearly one hundred thousand men. That was the popular impression. With this in my mind as a basic figure, I believed that his army had dwindled to one third of its number when it left Petersburg, and so I ventured the opinion that he might still have thirty thousand effective men, although I was cautious enough to add that Mahone's and Field's divisions were the only two that I had seen which seemed to be intact and to have preserved their organization. When I said thirty thousand, I thought I detected a smile of sad incredulity on several faces; and I have often wondered since how much that statement detracted from the weight attached to my report in other respects.

One question I answered as I felt. "Do you think General Lee will be able to reach a point of safety with his army?"

"I regret to say, no. From what I saw and heard, I am satisfied that General Lee must surrender. It may be that he has done so to-day. In my opinion, Mr. President, it is only a question of a few days at furthest, and if I may be permitted to add a word, I think the sooner, the better; for, after seeing what I have seen of the two armies, I believe the result is inevitable, and postponing the day means only the useless effusion of noble, gallant blood."

I am sure none of them had heard such a plain statement of this unwelcome truth before. I remember the expression of face — almost a shudder — with

which what I said was received. I saw that, however convinced they might be of the truth of it, it was not a popular speech to make.

Mr. Davis asked me to remain. He said that he wished to talk with me further. While I was waiting for him in the hallway, Major Sutherland, who had known me from childhood, beckoned to me and asked, "Are n't you hungry after your ride?"

I grinned. I was always hungry then.

"Jim," quoth the major, "see if you can't get something for the lieutenant to eat."

Jim went out, but in a few minutes returned, and, bowing, invited me into a butler's pantry. He apologized for the place, and explained that the house was so crowded he had nowhere else to spread the repast. He had provided milk, corn coffee, butter and rolls, and cold turkey. I said, "Jim, shut up. You know I am not used to as good as this." With that I tossed off a glass of milk, swallowed a cup of coffee, and, opening my haversack, tumbled the butter and rolls and turkey legs into it, and buttoned it up. Jim stood there, highly amused at the short shrift I made of his feast, and remarked, "You's a fust-class forager, ain't you, lieutenant?" "Yes," I responded. "You must keep fire in the box, Jim, if you want the engine to run. Now I'm ready for the President."

I slipped back into the hallway, and sat down to wait until the President should call me. In a little while the conference broke up, and he came to the door. "Now, lieutenant, I'll see you," and he led the way into the drawing room; there we had a long talk, I going more into details.

At the close of our conversation, he sat for some time peering into the gloom outside, and finally broke the silence by saying: "You seem to know the roads. Do you feel equal to another trip?"



"Assuredly," I answered. "I now have a relay of horses, and am more than glad to serve in any way I can."

"Very well," said he. "Leave your horse in Major Sutherlin's stable, so that it will be well fed, and report for orders to-morrow morning at eight o'clock."

I took the mare to the stable. It looked so inviting that I clambered up a ladder to the loft, opened my haversack, enjoyed Major Sutherlin's food, placed some hay under me and drew some over me, and had a glorious night's rest.

When I reported next morning, the President did not ask at what hotel I was stopping. I received my return dispatches, and I set forth to rejoin General Lee. Apprehending the probability of my capture, Mr. Davis gave me a brief letter of credentials, and said that I would explain his wishes.

Upon the same day that General Lee surrendered at Appomattox (April 9) I reached Halifax Court House on the return trip. My brother Richard was there, with his own horse and the horse that my father had lent the wounded man. They had been cut off at Sailors' Creek and forced southward. The enemy, flanking General Lee, had advanced by moving at least ten miles beyond Sailors' Creek, thus rendering it impossible for them to rejoin General Lee except by going through the Union lines. My brother was greatly perplexed concerning the course he should pursue, and after we had discussed the matter, he resolved to leave one of the horses and to go back with me. Monday morning we resumed the journey; and that afternoon we met the first of our men, who, paroled at Appomattox the day before, were mournfully wending their way homeward.

Upon hearing of the surrender, we turned back toward Danville to report to President Davis the failure of my mission. On arriving there, we learned that he had left the place, and gone to Greensboro, North Carolina. From the

paroled men we met we ascertained that our father was safe. We resolved to join Johnston's army. After leaving Danville, two days' ride brought us to Greensboro, and there we found Johnston's forces. We reported to Major-General Carter Stevenson, commanding a division of infantry. General Stevenson was a Virginian, one of the few in that army. A cousin of ours was on his staff. The army was bivouacked in and about the town of Greensboro, awaiting the result of negotiations for its surrender. Men and officers alike understood this, and there was a general relaxation of discipline.

We were among the first to arrive from Lee's army. General Stevenson gave us a cordial welcome. We told him we had not been captured, and had come to serve under him. He asked us what we wished to do. We replied that we were ready to serve in any capacity in which we could be useful; I added facetiously that I was not much of a lieutenant, anyhow, and none too good for a private. On our way we had seriously discussed the formation of a command composed of officers of Lee's army who had escaped from the surrender. Inviting us to make his headquarters our home until something definite was concluded, General Stevenson said, with a smile, that he feared we had jumped out of the frying pan into the fire, and that Sherman and Johnston were already conferring about a cessation of hostilities. I must describe one of the conferences as General Johnston himself narrated it, many years afterward.

One cold winter night about 1880, Captain Edward Harvie, of General Johnston's staff, invited me to join him in a call upon the general, who was then living in Richmond. Harvie was one of his pets, and we were promptly admitted to his presence. He sat in an armchair in his library, dressed in a flannel wrapper, and was suffering from an

influenza. By his side, upon a low stool, stood a tray with whiskey, glasses, spoons, sugar, lemon, spice, and eggs. At the grate a footman held a brass teakettle of boiling water. Mrs. Johnston was preparing hot Tom-and-Jerry for the old gentleman, and he took it from time to time with no sign of objection or resistance. It was snowing outside, and the scene within was very cosy. As I had seen him in public, General Johnston was a stiff, uncommunicative man, punctilious and peppery, as little fellows like him are apt to be. He reminded me of a cock sparrow, full of self-consciousness, and rather enjoying a peck at his neighbor.

That night he was as warm, comfortable, and communicative as the kettle singing on the hob. He had been lonesome, and he greatly enjoyed both the Tom-and-Jerry and the visitors. Harvie knew how to draw him out on reminiscences, and we spent a most delightful evening. Among other things he told us an episode of the surrender, under promise that we should not publish it until after his death.

Johnston had known Sherman well in the United States army. Their first interview near Greensboro resulted in an engagement to meet for further discussion the following day. As they were parting, Johnston remarked: "By the way, Cumps, Breckinridge, our Secretary of War, is with me. He is a very able fellow, and a better lawyer than any of us. If there is no objection, I will fetch him along to-morrow."

Bristling up, General Sherman exclaimed: "Secretary of War! No, no; we don't recognize any civil government among you fellows, Johnston. No, I don't want any Secretary of War."

"Well," said General Johnston, "he is also a major-general in the Confederate army. Is there any objection to his presence in the capacity of major-general?"

"Oh!" quoth Sherman, in his char-

acteristic way, "major-general! Well, any major-general you may bring I shall be glad to meet. But recollect, Johnston, no Secretary of War. Do you understand?"

The next day, General Johnston, accompanied by Major-General Breckinridge and others, was at the rendezvous before Sherman.

"You know how fond of his liquor Breckinridge was?" added General Johnston, as he went on with his story. "Well, nearly everything to drink had been absorbed. For several days Breckinridge had found it difficult, if not impossible, to procure liquor. He showed the effect of his enforced abstinence. He was rather dull and heavy that morning. Somebody in Danville had given him a plug of very fine chewing tobacco, and he chewed vigorously while we were awaiting Sherman's coming. After a while the latter arrived. He bustled in with a pair of saddlebags over his arm, and apologized for being late. He placed the saddlebags carefully upon a chair. Introductions followed, and for a while General Sherman made himself exceedingly agreeable. Finally some one suggested that we had better take up the matter in hand.

"'Yes,' said Sherman; 'but, gentlemen, it occurred to me that perhaps you were not overstocked with liquor, and I procured some medical stores on my way over. Will you join me before we begin work?'"

General Johnston said he watched the expression of Breckinridge at this announcement, and it was beatific. Tossing his quid into the fire, he rinsed his mouth, and when the bottle and the glass were passed to him he poured out a tremendous drink, which he swallowed with great satisfaction. With an air of content, he stroked his mustache and took a fresh chew of the tobacco.

Then they settled down to business, and Breckinridge never shone more brilliantly than he did in the discussions



which followed. He seemed to have at his tongue's end every rule and maxim of international and constitutional law, and of the laws of war,—international wars, civil wars, and wars of rebellion. In fact, he was so resourceful, cogent, persuasive, learned, that, at one stage of the proceedings, General Sherman, when confronted by the authority, but not convinced by the eloquence or learning of Breckinridge, pushed back his chair and exclaimed: "See here, gentlemen, who is doing this surrendering, anyhow? If this thing goes on, you'll have me sending a letter of apology to Jeff Davis."

Afterward, when they were nearing the close of the conference, Sherman sat for some time absorbed in deep thought. Then he arose, went to the saddlebags, and fumbled for the bottle. Breckinridge saw the movement. Again he took his quid from his mouth and tossed it into the fireplace. His eye brightened, and he gave every evidence of intense interest in what Sherman seemed about to do.

The latter, preoccupied, perhaps unconscious of his action, poured out some liquor, shoved the bottle back into the saddlepocket, walked to the window, and stood there, looking out abstractedly, while he sipped his grog.

From pleasant hope and expectation the expression on Breckinridge's face changed successively to uncertainty, disgust, and deep depression. At last his hand sought the plug of tobacco, and, with an injured, sorrowful look, he cut off another chew. Upon this he ruminated during the remainder of the interview, taking little part in what was said.

After silent reflections at the window, General Sherman bustled back, gathered up his papers, and said: "These terms are too generous, but I must hurry away before you make me sign a capitulation. I will submit them to the authorities at Washington, and let you hear how they are received." With that he bade the assembled officers adieu, took his saddle-

bags upon his arm, and went off as he had come.

General Johnston took occasion, as they left the house and were drawing on their gloves, to ask General Breckinridge how he had been impressed by Sherman.

"Sherman is a bright man, and a man of great force," replied Breckinridge, speaking with deliberation, "but," raising his voice and with a look of great intensity, "General Johnston, General Sherman is a hog. Yes, sir, a *hog*. Did you see him take that drink by himself?"

General Johnston tried to assure General Breckinridge that General Sherman was a royal good fellow, but the most absent-minded man in the world. He told him that the failure to offer him a drink was the highest compliment that could have been paid to the masterly arguments with which he had pressed the Union commander to that state of abstraction.

"Ah!" protested the big Kentuckian, half sighing, half grieving, "no Kentucky gentleman would ever have taken away that bottle. He knew we needed it, and needed it badly."

The story was well told, and I did not make it public until after General Johnston's death. On one occasion, being intimate with General Sherman, I repeated it to him. Laughing heartily, he said: "I don't remember it. But if Joe Johnston told it, it's so. Those fellows hustled me so that day, I was sorry for the drink I did give them," and with that sally he broke out into fresh laughter.

While these scenes were being enacted Johnston's army lay about Greensboro, and I saw a great deal of the men and the officers. I will not attempt a comparison between its personnel and that of Lee's army. I was a prejudiced observer, and such comparisons can produce no good results. But I am free to say, from what I saw, then and thereafter, of Sherman's army, that I believe it was a better army than that of Gen-

eral Grant. If Lee's army and Sherman's had come together when they were at their best, the world would have witnessed some very memorable fighting. The spirit of General Johnston's men was much finer than, under the circumstances, anybody would have expected. They were defiant, and more than ready to try conclusions with Sherman in a pitched battle. Many expressed disgust and indignation when the surrender of the army was announced. An epidemic of drunkenness, gambling, and fighting prevailed while we were waiting for our final orders. Whatever difficulty General Breckinridge may have experienced in procuring liquor, the soldiers seemed to have an abundance of colorless corn whiskey and applejack, and the roadsides were lined with "chuck-a-luck" games. The amount of Confederate money displayed was marvelous. Men had it by the haversackful, and bet it recklessly upon anything. The ill temper begotten by drinking and gambling manifested itself almost hourly in free fights.

During this period of waiting came the news of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. Perhaps I ought to chronicle that the announcement was received with demonstrations of sorrow. If I did, I should be lying for sentiment's sake. Among the higher officers and the most intelligent and conservative men the assassination caused a shudder of horror, at the heinousness of the act and at the thought of its possible consequences; but among the thoughtless, the desperate, and the ignorant it was hailed as a sort of retributive justice. In maturer years I have been ashamed of what I felt and said when I heard of that awful calamity. However, men ought to be judged for their feelings and their speech by the circumstances of their surroundings. For four years we had been fighting. In that struggle all we loved had been lost. Lincoln incarnated to us the idea of oppression and conquest. We had seen his

face over the coffins of our brothers and relatives and friends, in the flames of Richmond, in the disaster at Appomattox. In blood and flame and torture the temples of our lives were tumbling about our heads. We were desperate and vindictive, and whosoever denies it forgets or is false. We greeted his death in a spirit of reckless hate, and hailed it as bringing agony and bitterness to those who were the cause of our own agony and bitterness. To us, Lincoln was an inhuman monster, Grant a butcher, and Sherman a fiend.

Time taught us that Lincoln was a man of marvelous humanity, Appomattox and what followed revealed Grant in his matchless magnanimity, and the bitterness toward Sherman was softened in subsequent years. But, with our feelings then, if the news had come that all three of these had been engulfed in a common disaster with ourselves, we should have felt satisfaction in the fact, and should not have questioned too closely how it had been brought about. We were poor, starved, conquered, despairing; and to expect men to have no malice and no vindictiveness at such a time is to look for angels in human form. Thank God, such feelings do not last long, at least in their fiercest intensity.

The army moved westward to a place named Jimtown, since dignified as Jamestown. There we were all paroled. We received one dollar and fifteen cents each. Of this, one dollar was in Mexican coin. I cut my initials upon my dollar, but it was stolen from my pocket the next day. We were ready to disperse to our homes. Our headquarters were in a tent.

A notorious character was Michael Dugan, commonly called "Mike." He was the man of all work for General Stevenson and his staff. Picketed near our tent were a pair of mules which belonged to our headquarters wagon. Michael Dugan, indulging a taste for spirituous liquors not uncommon with gentlemen of his nationality and station in life,



and impelled thereto by depressed feelings resulting from the inglorious ending of his military career, had not drawn a sober breath for a week. He had, in fact, a horse bucket full of colorless North Carolina corn whiskey, from which he regaled himself with a tin cup at all hours of the day and night. He sometimes became entangled in the tent cords, sometimes fell headlong into or out of the tent. In an animated discussion with a teamster, in like condition with himself, he had been nearly brained with a pair of mule hames whirled like a flail. Mike was a plucky fellow, and, fearing his wrath, his adversary, Rogers, had fled the camp. For several days Mike had rambled about, muttering to himself: "Oi'll kill Rogers. Bedad, and Oi'll kill him. Oi'll kill him if I have to follow him to Tennessee." We were constantly anticipating that something would happen to Mike. The day before our departure something did happen. A party of us, seated in the tent, around a blanket spread upon the ground, were playing draw-poker. Of a sudden a heavy body struck the tent, and nearly carried away its fastenings. Rushing out, we found Mike lying there, unconscious, and bleeding profusely. A mule, tethered to a tree hard by, stood patient, passive, with head hung low and drooping ears. We did not for a moment suspect the mule. We lifted Mike gently, placed his head on a McClellan saddle-tree, chafed him, plied him with some of his favorite beverage, and about the time we were despairing of resuscitating him his eyes opened slowly.

"Byes, am I dead?" he asked.

"No, no, indeed, old boy; you're all right," said we; for Mike, in spite of his failures, was a brave soldier, and much beloved.

In a plaintive, tremulous voice he began: "Oh, byes, do-an't let me die. Ye know Oi'm not afeard to die. I was wid Floyd at Fort Donelson. I was wid Abbert Seedney Johnson at Shiloh, and

Pimberton at Vicksburg. I was wid Pat Cleburne at Franklin, and Joe Johnston at Atlanta, and Hood at Nashville. Go ask them, byes, if Mike was afeard. But save me now, byes! Oh, it is too ha-a-a-ard to be kicked to death by a — mule, the day after the surrinder!"

No amount of sympathy for Mike could repress the hilarity which this remarkable speech evoked, and the story was known to half the army within twenty-four hours. It was repeated as showing the saddest possible fate which could befall a Confederate soldier.

That night we had our last army fright. By some means a rumor had become prevalent that certain officers had distributed among themselves bolts of valuable cloth far beyond their own needs, leaving the soldiers ragged. The men formed bands, declaring they would ransack the officers' wagons and have this cloth. A friendly fellow brought us the news that one of these parties was approaching to search General Stevenson's headquarters wagon. Major Reeve, of the staff, indignant at such an accusation, but more indignant at the proposed insult to his commanding officer, swore he would die rather than submit to such ignominy. He called upon us to defend our manhood. Of course we were ready. Armed only with our swords and revolvers, we were deployed by him behind trees. It was moonlight. We could see the raiders coming through the woods. When within thirty yards they halted. Major Reeve, who was as gallant as he was impetuous, challenged, and asked what they wanted. A leader replied. "Are you men soldiers of Stevenson's division?" inquired Reeve. On learning that they were, he proceeded to deliver an address which, for eloquence, pathos, and defiance, was as fine as anything I ever heard.

He reproached them for thinking for an instant that such a base rumor could be true. He reminded them of the days when he had led them, and they were

touched by his references to their common struggles and common sufferings. He asked them what General Stevenson or any of his staff had ever done to deserve this distrust or justify this degrading search. Finally, he told them that if they still persisted, but one course was left to us, and that was to die at the hands of our own men rather than submit tamely to such dishonor. We who were deployed behind the trees felt that we were in a ticklish place. Reeve was exalted by his own oratory. We were trying to count the number of our assailants. For a moment after he finished speaking there was dead silence, a very awkward silence. Then a voice shouted, "Three cheers for Major Reeve!" They were given with a hearty good will, followed by cheers for everybody. The marauders broke, crowded around Reeve, and hugged and wept over him, and we sneaked back to the tent, much relieved that this particular phase of the war was over.

The next day the army of the Tennessee dissolved. To every point of the compass its officers and men dispersed. Our course was directed to Danville. We did not encounter any Union forces until we approached that place. Then we saw mounted Union pickets outlined against the sky, at the top of the hill. They looked just as we had often seen them before. It was hard to realize that they would not fire upon us, and gallop away to give the alarm. It was equally hard to realize that we should soon pass them and be within the Union lines. In we went, giving and receiving salutes. For the first time we were in the midst of a body of Union soldiers. What we felt then is not important.

A week later, having been to Halifax to return to her owner the finest mare I ever bestrode, I boarded a train for Richmond, the brass buttons on my uniform covered with black, a fit badge of mourning for the dead Confederacy. The cars were crowded with Union soldiers

and negroes flocking to the towns. The bearing of the Union officers and soldiers toward Confederates was, with few exceptions, extremely civil and conciliatory. One fellow was so kind that after he had offered me money, which I refused, he slipped it into my pocket with a card, saying, "This is not a gift, but a loan, and when you are able you can return it to me." I did subsequently return it, but never forgot his delicate attention.

The bridges across the James at Richmond had all been destroyed. Our train stopped at Manchester, opposite Richmond. Thence we were compelled to proceed to the city by way of a pontoon bridge thrown across the river at the lower end of Mayor's Island. At the Manchester terminus we found a number of improvised vehicles, — wagons, ambulances, etc., — with improvised drivers, too, seeking passengers to carry over the bridge. These drivers were in many instances my old army comrades. One of them was Colonel George —, a former schoolmate, not five years older than myself, a man of the highest social standing, a young soldier of distinguished gallantry, who a month before had commanded one of the best regiments in Lee's army. It was pathetic, the sight of those army boys, with their war horses converted into teams, trying to earn an honest penny to feed the folks at home. I saw George stand at the rear of the ambulance that he drove, open the door, collect the fares from the sleek Union commissaries and quartermasters who patronized him, mount his box, and drive away as humbly as if that business had been, and was to be, his lifelong occupation.

It was fortunate for our boys that the negroes, who until now had done this class of work, were so elated by their freedom that they had performed no sort of labor since the evacuation. They had thronged to the city, but not for work. The weather was warm, and they were



living in all kinds of makeshift habitations, oftentimes in the ruins of burned buildings, procuring food from the Freedmen's Bureau, and spending their time in the Capitol Square, where the older ones shouted and sang for hours, and the children played at games.

I was too poor to indulge in the luxury of a ride, and young and strong enough to walk to town. Slinging our knapsacks, a party of us walked across the pontoon, lifting our eyes from time to time to the grinning ruins before us. It was past noon; the day was warm, and the sun was bright. It revealed, without concealing anything from us, the complete destruction of the business portion of the town. Through these ruins we wended our way.

The hand of reconstruction was already stretched forth. Men were engaged in pulling down walls and cleaning bricks. Already mortar beds had been built in the streets, puddlers were at work, and, where work had progressed far enough, foundations were being laid anew. The streets were already burdened with lumber for joists and woodwork, and every evidence was given of a rebuilding of the town. Nearly all the laborers were white men. Many of them I knew well: men of as good social position as my own; soldiers come home and resolved not to be idle, but to work for an honest living in any way in which they could make it. Sitting in the sun with their trowels, jabbing away in awkward fashion at their new and unaccustomed tasks, covered with dust and plaster, they were the same bright, cheerful fellows who had learned to labor in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call them, just as they had been willing followers, in sunshine and in storm, of their beloved Lee. At night, with their day's wages in their pockets, they would go home, change their clothing, take a bath, and associate with their families, — not at all ashamed of their labors, but making a joke of their newly discovered

method of earning a sustenance. With all the hardship of such unaccustomed work, it was the best and most comfortable and least dangerous employment that they had been engaged in for years. Richmond rose from her ashes, and soon became, in great part by their efforts, a more beautiful city than ever before.

Passing through the business portion of the town, we reached the residential section, which was still intact. The trees were in full leaf. They cast their deep shadows everywhere, and a Sabbath stillness pervaded the streets, strangely in contrast with the air of busy life always presented when Richmond was the crowded and beleaguered capital. Few men and no women were upon the streets. Business had not been resumed, and the presence of Union soldiers and great numbers of negroes made women cautious about venturing forth unattended.

I had no home. The nearest approach to one was that of my brother-in-law, Dr. Garnett. There my mother and an unmarried sister were, and thither I repaired. My father, as I learned, had not returned to Richmond. Eliza, our faithful servant, whose kinspeople resided in Philadelphia, had made a short visit to that place, and among other things had brought back civilian clothes for me. They had been bought by Philadelphia relatives, who knew me only as an eighteen-year-old boy, and the clothes were of the style worn by Philadelphia cousins of my own age. In my room I found a civilian's attire laid out for me, and I proceeded to divest myself of my uniform. For the first time in two years and eight months I appeared in citizen's dress. The sensation was peculiar. The lightness and softness of the cloth was delightful, but the sack coat and the straw hat made me feel bobtailed and bareheaded; and when I looked in the glass, instead of confronting a striking young officer, I beheld a mere insignificant chit of an

eighteen-year-old boy. Nothing brought home to me more vividly the fact that the stunning events of the last month had ended the career on which I had started, and that I had received a great setback in manhood. This feeling was emphasized when some one startled me by asking where I was going to school.

The house had a broad veranda. That evening we sat upon it, after tea, quiet and sad, but enjoying the refreshing air and sense of peace. On the opposite side of the street lived a family consisting of a mother and several handsome daughters. They had been such ardent Confederates that they had been sent out of Alexandria into the Confederate lines by the Union commander. That they were still loyal Confederates we never had reason to doubt until we saw a party of young Union officers ride up, followed by their orderlies. We felt sure they had come to arrest the occupants of that house. Imagine our surprise, therefore, when, in a few moments, we saw the lights go up in the drawing rooms, and discovered that this was a social call. One of the girls was soon banging away on the piano and singing to her admirers. The voices of hilarity, the sounds of mirth and music, horrified us. We looked upon the conduct of those girls, in making merry, singing, playing, and receiving the attentions of Union officers, as grossly indelicate, heartless to our dead and to us, and treason to their Confederate comrades. It was years before they regained social recognition in the community. Their faithlessness to the lost cause chilled my heart, and was a fresh reminder that the cause was dead.

That night I tossed upon my bed, reflecting on the past, contemplating the present, speculating as to the future. The next morning I arose, and before breakfast I wrote my will as follows:—

I, J. Reb., being of unsound mind and bitter memory, and aware that I

am dead, do make, publish, and declare the following to be my political last will and testament.

1. I give, devise, and bequeath all my slaves to Harriet Beecher Stowe.

2. My rights in the territories I direct shall be assigned and set over, together with the bricabrac known as State Sovereignty, to the Hon. J—— R—— T——, to play with for the remainder of his life, and remainder to his son after his death.

3. I direct that all my shares in the venture of secession shall be canceled, provided I am released from my unpaid subscription to the stock of said enterprise.

4. My interest in the civil government of the Confederacy I bequeath to any freak museum that may hereafter be established.

5. My sword, my veneration for General Robert E. Lee, his subordinate commanders and his peerless soldiers, and my undying love for my old comrades, living and dead, I set apart as the best I have, or shall ever have, to bequeath to my heirs forever.

6. And now, being dead, having experienced a death to Confederate ideas and a new birth unto allegiance to the Union, I depart, with a vague but not definite hope of a joyful resurrection, and of a new life, upon lines somewhat different from those of the last eighteen years. I see what has been pulled down very clearly. What is to be built up in its place I know not. It is a mystery; but death is always mysterious. AMEN.

I read this will at the breakfast table. It amused the family, but with me it was no joke. I was dead. Everything that I had ever believed in politically was dead. Everybody that I had ever trusted or relied upon politically was dead. My beloved state of Virginia was dismembered, and a new state had been erected out of a part of her, against



her will. Every hope that I had ever indulged was dead. Even the manhood I had attained was dead. I was a boy again, a mere child, — precocious, ignorant, conceited, and unformed. I had set my heart and soul upon the career of a soldier. What hope was left for that? The night's reflections had made all these things clear as never before. Boy as I was, I felt it as keenly as did the embittered Moor when, in his agony, he exclaimed: —

“Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,  
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!  
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner, and all quality,  
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war!  
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,  
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!”

In hopelessness I scanned the wreck, and then — I went back to school.

In June, 1865, a boy named John Sargent Wise, a visitor at the home of his uncle, General Meade, in Philadelphia, was a witness of the triumphant return of the armies of the Union. He was regarded as such a mere child that he was not invited to the table when company came, but dined with the other children in the nursery. A little later, he sat in overalls and a straw hat fishing near the shores of the blue Chesapeake. In September he was sent to school. In October he was playing furiously on the scrub nine of his college baseball team.

It is incredible that this stripling was the same person as the young officer whose observations and career have been chronicled in these pages. Nor is it more difficult now for the reader than for the writer to realize that this narrative is aught but a dream.

*John S. Wise.*

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## THE ORATOR OF SECESSION: A STUDY OF AN AGITATOR.

In the study of American history we seem to have attained a sufficient remoteness from the great anti-slavery agitators to justify confidence in the estimates of them and their work which historians like Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Schouler have been making for us. In these fresh and careful studies of the great sectional controversy, Garrison and Phillips take their place close alongside the men of action who carried on the fight in Congress, in the White House, and on the battlefield. It is, therefore, somewhat surprising that the pro-slavery agitators are generally neglected by the historians of their times. The congressional side of the pro-slavery fight, indeed, has not lacked adequate portrayal, and some

attention has been given to the activity of governors and other officials in the South who appeared as champions of the doomed institution. But of the foremost pro-slavery agitator, properly so called, even Mr. Rhodes, whose account of Southern society exhibits so conscientious a desire to understand the springs of the secession movement, has told us almost nothing.

The fact is not explained by any lack of striking and picturesque features in the man's career, for it was in many ways extraordinary; nor can it be attributed to the failure of his endeavor, for he attained his immediate purpose. He and his associates may at least share equally with Garrison and Phillips and

their associates in the responsibility for precipitating the conflict at one time instead of another, and for the lines on which the issue was finally joined. Yet for chapters on the work of the anti-slavery agitators — work that began and ended with agitation — one finds scarcely a line devoted to the work of William Lowndes Yancey. An industrious biographer<sup>1</sup> has indeed succeeded in getting printed a bulky volume about his life and times, but the book has made little headway in reestablishing his fame. His name, which in the later fifties was a rallying cry to the defenders of slavery, and to its assailants an execration, is known to few who cannot go back in memory to those terrible years. Thousands of youth, fresh from the study of their country's history even in our best colleges, would be astounded, no doubt, to hear a claim advanced for him to a place among the half dozen men who have had most to do with shaping American history in this century. A pause over his grave should not prove valueless to those who are attempting a philosophic treatment of the period to which he belongs.

He was of good Virginian ancestry, but his father, Benjamin Cudworth Yancey, lived in South Carolina, and was numbered with Lowndes, Cheves, Calhoun, and Wilds in the so-called "legal galaxy" of the Palmetto State. The father died in 1817, when the son was three years old, and left but a small fortune. The son's education was limited to a single year at Williams College. He studied law at Greenville, South Carolina, and at twenty was a practitioner at the bar, the editor of a Unionist paper, and an anti-nullification orator. At twenty-one he married a wealthy lady, and became a planter. A year later he went with his slaves to Alabama and established himself at Oakland, a plantation in the heart of the black belt, near Cahawba, the first capi-

tal of the young commonwealth, — a city of sudden birth and swift decay, now quite vanished from the earth.

Here he lived the quiet life of a cotton planter, until an irretrievable disaster, the accidental poisoning of his slaves, drove him back into law and journalism. Journalism and the law led him back into politics. Meantime, the headship of a slave establishment had so strengthened the bonds which bound him to his class and his section that no trace of Unionism was left in his mind when he entered the campaign of 1840 as a Van Buren man. Alabama was Democratic, but the Whigs were making a wonderful canvass. The demand for state-rights oratory was great, and it was as a state-rights orator of the strictest sect that Yancey appeared, in the hard-cider year, before Alabama audiences. His success was such that for twenty years thereafter his sway over the people of Alabama was comparable to nothing that we of a cooler-headed generation have ever seen. Chief Justice Stone, a jurist not unknown to lawyers of the present day, once said: "I first heard Mr. Yancey in 1840. I thought then, and I yet think, he was the greatest orator I ever heard."

He rose rapidly to power. At twenty-seven he was in the lower house of the legislature. At twenty-nine he was a state Senator. At thirty a by-election sent him to Congress. His reputation as an orator had preceded him, and his first speech at Washington extended it widely, while the immediate consequences of the speech made him for a time a national celebrity. Clingman, of North Carolina, had become a target for Southern invective when he opposed the annexation of Texas, the principal measure under debate during the winter of 1844-45. Yancey, though a new member, had the distinguished privilege of speaking for his Southern colleagues; and if he excelled in one sort of oratory more than another, it was in impassioned invective.

<sup>1</sup> John Witherspoon Du Bose.



His speech made a pronounced impression on the House and the country, and Clingman, stung to the quick, demanded an explanation of certain personal allusions. Yancey haughtily declined to explain. Clingman then demanded "the satisfaction usual among gentlemen;" and with this demand his opponent, who had killed his man in an earlier affair, instantly complied.

The meeting was bloodless, and the opponents of dueling failed entirely in their efforts to make an example of the principals. Preston King's resolution for an investigation was beaten in the House; and the legislature of Alabama passed over the governor's veto an act relieving Yancey of the political disabilities which, under the laws of the state, he had incurred. To the Alabama Baptist, a religious paper which severely censured his course, Yancey wrote: "The laws of God, the laws of my own state, the solemn obligations due 'that young wife, the mother of my children,' to whom you so feelingly and chastely allude, were all considered; but all yielded, as they have ever done from the earliest times to the present, to those laws which public opinion has framed, and which no one, however exalted his station, violates with impunity."

Unopposed by the Whigs, Yancey was returned for the term beginning in 1845, and his reputation was much strengthened by his speeches in the first session. Apparently, he had every reason to look forward to a brilliant career in public life. But at the end of the session he resigned his seat, formed a partnership with a distinguished lawyer of Montgomery, and explained with the utmost clearness the reasons for his retirement. He never again held office under the government of the United States. I have set down the facts of his career up to this point as briefly as I could, for the reason that his true life work began with his retirement from Congress.

The address to his constituents in

which he announced his retirement was in the main a bitter arraignment of the Northern Democrats. He charged them with subserviency to sectional interests antagonistic to the welfare of the South, and with infidelity to the party's historical principles. "If principle," he declared, "is dearer than mere party association, we will never again meet in common Democratic convention a large body of men who have vigorously opposed us on principle." The scorn of compromise was the keynote of his address; resistance to compromise was the sum total of the endeavor to which he thus committed himself. The recreant party must be brought back to the principles of strict construction or abandoned as the bulwark of Southern rights. The South must cease to rely on party, and insist, regardless of party platforms and party interests, on all it had a right to claim under the "compact of union." The ultimate remedy for Northern aggression he did not yet name; but when occasion arose, in the controversy over the territory acquired from Mexico, he named it promptly and clearly. It was not nullification, or interposition, or any other form of resistance inside the Union; it was secession from the Union. To the fight against compromise Yancey gave the remainder of his life. To understand how he fought and why he won, it is necessary to consider the people among whom he lived and the means of agitation that were available.

Politically, the people of the cotton states were divided into three parties. There were, indeed, few who did not call themselves either Whigs or Democrats; but the extreme state-rights men, though they usually coöperated with the Democrats, repeatedly asserted themselves in such a way as to present the aspect of a third party. Probably a majority of the great planters were Whigs in name, but they invariably stood for the interests of their class, and in consequence they frequently found them-

selves in closer accord with the state-rights or "Southern Rights" Democrats of their own section than with the Whigs of the North. On the other hand, the bulk of the Democrats, small farmers, tradesmen, and the like, were nowhere committed, except in South Carolina, to the extreme doctrines of Calhoun and other leaders in the resistance to centralization. There is no good reason to believe that either nullification or secession, considered as a policy, had a majority of the party in any state except South Carolina; and in South Carolina the Calhoun men controlled so completely that the ordinary party divisions can hardly be said to have prevailed there at all. It was to the state-rights men, mingled as they were with the supporters of both the great national parties, that Yancey turned for help in the task he had undertaken.

In general, it may be said that the public mind was in a state altogether favorable to revolutionary designs. A growing unrest was in many ways apparent. Industrial unrest, due to economic causes, was exhibited in a revival of the migratory impulse. Early in the fifties, we find Senator C. C. Clay complaining bitterly of the abandonment of lands near his home in the fertile valley of the Tennessee. Olmsted's books are full of allusions to the westward movement of cotton growers, even from regions so recently settled as the valleys of the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers. It was about this time that the failure of the state bank systems throughout the South was finally accepted by the legislatures. The political signs of unrest were unmistakable. In Yancey's own state, perhaps the best of all the Gulf states for purposes of illustration, by reason of its geographical position and the representative character of the population, party lines were drawn in so many ways during the decade from 1845 to 1855 that the party names are bewildering. Whigs and Democrats, Bank men and Anti-

Bank men, Unionists and Southern Rights men, Know-Nothings and Anti-Know-Nothings, sought the favor of the people. At such a time tenacity of purpose counted. In the midst of hesitation and indecision, Yancey had the immense advantage of knowing his own mind.

He had another advantage in that he lived among a people peculiarly incapable of resisting any appeal that might be made to them as his was, — a people over whom the power of a real orator was incalculable. An editor like Garrison, a poet like Whittier or Lowell, a novelist like Mrs. Stowe, could hardly have swayed the planters of Alabama as they swayed the people of New England; for it must be said of the lower South that its culture was not of books. Mr. Rhodes, guided by the testimony of European travelers, has reached the conclusion that the best society in the South was finer than in the North. "The palm," he declares, "must be awarded to the slaveholding section." But the qualities that made the Southern host so attractive to the traveled Englishman or Frenchman were not developed in an atmosphere of free libraries or free public schools. There were really no public libraries in the cotton states, and the public school system did not flourish in a region so sparsely settled and so devoted to agriculture; in Alabama, for example, there was no organized school system until the middle of the fifties. In many of the plantation homes there were, indeed, good private libraries, and men and women who loved books; but there were few books that belonged to America or to the passing age. The literary activity which gave to the world such names as Hawthorne and Emerson had in no wise stirred the lower South. Certain newspapers, like those of Charleston and New Orleans and the *Montgomery Advertiser*, were edited with ability, and were by no means unimportant forces in politics. Indeed, if one gives due weight to the fewness of cities, the influ-



ence of the newspaper press seems to have been fully as great as one could expect. But it was the spoken word, not the printed page, that guided thought, aroused enthusiasm, made history. It is doubtful if there has been any society in which the orator counted for more than he did in the cotton kingdom.

Yet at first blush it would seem that, as compared with the lyceum orator of New England, the oratorical agitator in the lower South had serious obstacles to contend with. He had, indeed, no such machinery as the lyceum to bring him before his audiences. Moreover, the railroads were few and short; there were no great cities, and few important towns. But he did not need the device of the lyceum to get an audience. Its place was amply filled by the law courts, the political meetings and conventions, the camp meetings, and the barbecues. For, from the nature of their chief industry, the people were unemployed during certain seasons; and they were all familiar with the uses of horseflesh. Time was often heavy on their hands, and everybody rode and drove. The cross-roads church stood often quite out of sight of human habitations, but its pews were apt to be well filled on Sunday, and the branches of the trees in front of it were worn with bridles. The court house, marking the county seat, might have no other neighbors than a "general" store and a wretched inn, but when some famous lawyer rose to defend a notorious criminal, hundreds, even thousands, followed with flashing or tearful eyes the dramatic action which surely accompanied his appeal. An important convention was not without a "gallery" because it was held in a town of few inhabitants and the meanest hotel accommodations. As to the barbecues and camp meetings, they were nothing less than outpourings of the people. At Indian Springs, in Georgia, during the hard-cider campaign, there was given a barbecue to which "the whole people of all Georgia" were in-

vited. It was attended by thousands; the orators, of whom Yancey was one, spoke by day and by night; and it lasted a week.

These, in fact, were the true universities of the lower South, — the law courts and the great religious and political gatherings; as truly as a grove was the university of Athens, or a church, with its sculpture and paintings, the Bible of a mediæval town. The man who wished to lead or to teach must be able to speak. He could not touch the artistic sense of the people with pictures or statues or verses or plays; he must charm them with voice and gesture. There could be no hiding of the personality, no burying of the man in his art or his mission. The powerful man was above all a person; his power was himself. How such a great man mounted the rostrum, with what demeanor he bore an interruption, by what gesture he silenced a murmur, — such things were remembered and talked about when his reasoning was perhaps forgotten.

Nor can it be said that the impressions thus produced were less deep and lasting than if they had resulted, as in other communities, from appeals addressed more especially to the intellect. The peculiarly impressionable character of Southern audiences of that day, their quick responsiveness to any plea that graced itself with the devices of the one art they loved, might very well have led a cool-headed observer to measure the outcome by the criterion of Latin-American civilization. Instability, lightness, might properly have been attributed to them. But whatever changes had come over the temper of the English stock in the cotton states, it had never lost its habit of fidelity to the cause once espoused, its sternly practical way of turning words into deeds. What many a Northern optimist considered mere bluster in the fifties took on the horrid front of war in the sixties; what seemed credulity in the farmer audiences who

merely listened and shouted rose into the dignity of faith from the Petersburg trenches. He who cannot reconcile excitability with strength of purpose can never understand the people to whom Yancey spoke.<sup>1</sup>

Nowhere were these characteristics of the men of the lower South more strongly marked than in Yancey's own home and the region of which it was the centre. The country wagons that always filled the central square of the Alabama capital brought every day the two most forcible illustrations of his contention. The cotton bale was his object lesson when he sought to touch his people's sense of the interests that were endangered when the manufacturing states controlled at Washington. The negro on top of it was a constant reminder of mastery, a constant incitement to a heightened appreciation of the liberty that was still, as in Burke's day, "not only an enjoyment, but a kind of rank and privilege." To the Southerner liberty meant nothing less than the right of himself and his community to be free from all interference from the peculiar outside world which had neither cotton nor slaves, — the meddlesome outside world which kept prating of a higher law, above the Constitution, above the Scriptures, rolling its *r's* the while in such a disagreeable way.

It was not, however, after the fashion of the common demagogue that Yancey sought to lead his people. His claim to our respect as a political thinker is far stronger than that. He did not show them the merely obvious aspects of the sectional controversy. On the contrary, it is doubtful if any mind in the country dwelt more fixedly than his on the relations of the South to the rest of the Union, and of slavery to American civ-

ilization; or if any more remorselessly pursued the facts, from one point of view, to their remoter consequences and significance. In this regard Yancey was no unworthy successor to Calhoun. He was never clamorous or shrill, however vehement he grew, because no particular exigency ever drew his attention from the main question. Perceiving from the outset that the crucial test of strength between slavery and its assailants must come in dealing with the territories, he took his stand on that, and never changed it.

His first effort was to bring his party to his position; and his position was first clearly stated in a political document, once famous as the "Alabama platform" of 1848. To the Alabama Democratic convention of that year, called to choose delegates to the national convention, Yancey went as a delegate, carrying this document in his pocket. The committee on resolutions brought in a much milder declaration; but by a notable oratorical triumph he got his own views adopted instead. Following the line of Calhoun's resolutions of 1847, the platform declared that it was the duty of Congress not merely to permit slavery in the territories acquired from Mexico, but to protect it there. Its most important clause was a denunciation of the new theory of squatter sovereignty, — a theory which Yancey always regarded as the most insidious of all attacks on the equality of the Southern states in the Union. The resolution on this doctrine became the true gospel of the fire eaters. It read as follows: —

"*Resolved*, That the opinion advanced or maintained by some that the people of a territory acquired by the common toil, suffering, blood, and treasure of the people of all the states can,

<sup>1</sup> Even so perspicacious a Northern man as Lowell, on the very eve of the election in 1860, was assuring his countrymen that the Union was not in danger. "Mr. W. L. Yancey, to be sure, threatens to secede; but the country can

get along without him, and we wish him a prosperous career in foreign parts. . . . That gentleman's throwing a solitary somerset will hardly turn the continent head over heels." How grimly history glozes that ridicule!



in other event than the forming of a state constitution, preparatory to admittance as a state in the Union, lawfully or constitutionally prevent any citizen of any such state from removing to or settling in such territory with his property, be it slave property or other, is a restriction as indefensible in principle as if such restriction were imposed by Congress."

The delegates pledged themselves to support no candidate for the presidency who would not openly oppose both methods of excluding slavery from the territories, — by the action of Congress and by the action of territorial legislatures. The delegates to the national convention at Baltimore, with Yancey at their head, were instructed to act in accordance with the resolutions. With Democrats elsewhere who would not accept the resolutions as good party doctrine the Alabama democracy would have no fellowship. Yancey immediately wrote to the various aspirants for the presidential nomination for an expression of their views, in order that he and his associates might be governed by their replies.

This was the furthest ground that any body of Southerners had yet taken in the controversy; but for a moment it looked as if the whole of the Southern democracy were going to take it at once. The Alabama platform had done for the pro-slavery agitation what the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions, at the close of the last century, did for the Anti-Federalist impulse. Democratic conventions in Florida and Virginia hastened to adopt it; the legislatures of Georgia and Alabama indorsed it. Then suddenly it fell into disfavor. The moderate men, who loved the Union, saw in it danger to the country's peace; the politicians, looking forward to the campaign, scented danger to the party. Yancey returned from traveling on a circuit of the courts to find the newspapers turning against him, the presidential aspirants replying evasively to his letters, and even his fellow

delegates wavering. He himself did not waver for an instant. At Baltimore he spoke firmly; first objecting to the nomination of a candidate until a platform had been agreed on, and then urging his views in a minority report from the committee on resolutions. His amendment being rejected, and Cass, the reputed author of the squatter sovereignty doctrine, being named as the candidate, he arose, and with a single follower left the hall.

The situation when he returned to his home was an admirable one to try the temper of an agitator. The people crowded to hear him defend his course; at one meeting after another the Democrats urged him in affectionate terms to reconsider his determination and yield to the will of the majority. But he had the born agitator's inability to accept defeat. He declined to support Cass, or in any way to recede from his position. On the contrary, he denounced with the utmost bitterness the course of his fellow delegates at Baltimore; he would come back into the party when it abandoned squatter sovereignty, and not before. Alabama went for Cass and Butler, and Yancey's labors seemed to have gone for nothing. He had failed in his attempt at party leadership. One thing only was left to him: his prestige as an orator always sufficed to get him a hearing. On one occasion, a public meeting first voted that he should not be heard; and then, when it was announced that he would speak on the other side of the street, adjourned thither *en masse* without the formality of a vote.

He kept on speaking, and before long the crisis of 1849-50 gave him another opening. As the time for the decision of the territorial question approached, party lines in the cotton states grew weaker and weaker. Democrats who feared for the Union favored a compromise; many Whigs, moved by their attachment to slavery and the plantation system, favored a firm stand for the

Southern contention. Yancey found himself in the forefront of the opposition to Clay's plan for saving the Union. He believed that the rights of the Southern states had been sacrificed in the compromise of 1820; to accept another arrangement that would hamper the extension of slavery was to his mind like submitting to a second branding. The honor of the South was at stake, not its material interests alone. With this appeal he won many to his side; it played upon the instinct that had kept the duello alive. He even found his way back into the councils of the Democratic party. That party, in fact, seemed on the eve of disruption throughout the South; Union men and Southern Rights men were struggling for the mastery in the organization. The people were really dividing, with little regard to parties, on the issue of compromise or resistance, and the Whigs, for the most part, were joining the Union Democrats. For the first time there was a clear division in Yancey's own state between those who thought the plantation system safe inside the Union and those who were ready to weigh the peculiar interests and the honor of the South against the value of the Union.

In consequence, Yancey came face to face with men who opposed his leadership, not because it endangered the welfare of a party, but because his ideas were a menace to the Union, and they loved it. The defense of compromise, which in that exigency was the defense of the Union, was undertaken by men of no ordinary ability. In Alabama, Henry W. Hilliard, a Whig of national reputation in those days, and an orator hardly second to Yancey himself in effectiveness with popular audiences, was the Union leader. Senator William R. King, who was soon to die while the Vice-President's seat awaited him, counseled moderation and loyalty. Collier, the governor; Watts, who was to be governor and a member of the Confed-

erate Cabinet; Houston, who after many years was to lead his people out of the horrors of reconstruction, were all firm Unionists. It was such men as these, in Alabama and the neighboring states, who kept the Nashville convention from doing any mischief. It was they who gave Yancey, now at the head of the Southern Rights party, his second defeat. Their fight drew eloquent praise from Rufus Choate at the time, but nowadays it is hardly remembered that there ever was any fight for the Union in the lower South. They were successful in most of the congressional districts, and the party of resistance practically disappeared. But Yancey, with a corporal's guard of followers, refused to leave the field. In 1852, a national ticket, Troup and Quitman, was actually nominated and supported by a few thousands who stood in the South, as a like handful of steadfast abolitionists did in the North, for the view that the inevitable conflict was at hand. Yancey, in fact, never considered any other provocation comparable to the measures of 1850. In 1860 he declared that if he went out of the Union because of "a Black Republican victory," he would go "in the wake of an inferior issue;" the true justification for such action, in his mind, was that the Union had been destroyed ten years before, when the Southern states were denied equality with the free states of the North in the common territorial possessions.

But it was clear that the secessionists were in a minority. Yancey had failed as the leader of a separate party movement, as he had failed before to win leadership in the old party. His power waned again, but his fame was constantly growing. It did not proceed from above downward, like the oratorical reputations of the officeholders at Washington, but spread in an ever widening circle among the people themselves, until it pervaded states where his voice had not yet been heard. His figure was



now distinct and threatening far beyond the limits of his immediate personal influence. He had become the orator of secession, the storm centre of Southern discontents. More than that, he had made himself feared by moderate men everywhere as the arch-enemy of compromise. Now that Clay was dead, Stephen A. Douglas had succeeded to the leadership of those who trusted Clay's devices. In Douglas, and Northern men like him, Yancey saw the constant obstacle in his path to leadership in the South; for it was they who were forever beguiling the South with bargains and promises. Douglas, on the other hand, during the truce that followed the battle of 1850, might well have studied the man who, far more than any Northern rival, threatened him with defeat alike in his policy and in his ambition.

For the moment Douglas was having his way. His doctrine of squatter sovereignty had triumphed in the compromise, and he proceeded now to extend it into new fields. The passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill in 1854 marked the lowest ebb in Yancey's political fortunes. It seemed to prove what his opponents at home had all along contended, that slavery was safe in the Union; for was not the whole great West thrown open to the master and his slave? In vain he warned his people against the delusive concession. His was no patient spirit, but he was compelled to wait for events to prove that Douglas was not the savior of the South. Events, however, were moving rapidly. The extremists of the North were the helpers of the extremist leader in the South. The Free-Soilers of Kansas were working for him; John Brown was his ally. For a moment, indeed, he seems to have been misled by the Cincinnati platform of 1856, and by Buchanan's adroitly worded letter of acceptance, into the belief that his triumph was coming in the form in which he had sought it at Baltimore, — within the lines of the

party; for, apparently thinking that the party had discarded the Douglas doctrine when it rejected Douglas as a candidate, he supported Buchanan. But the party persisted in the Douglas policy in Kansas, and with the failure of the scheme Yancey saw the approach of his real triumph, — a triumph that should crush Douglas, who for a time had made him powerless, disrupt the time-serving party that had rejected his counsel, and bring to his feet his own people, who had twice refused to follow him.

\* The vision made him more impatient than ever. He devoted himself to the ways and means of hastening the consummation. In Southern commercial conventions he insisted with arrogance on the separateness of the South's industrial interests. He even denounced as unconstitutional the laws forbidding the foreign slave trade, supporting his view by the most extraordinary reasoning in the history of constitutional interpretations. Finally, in 1858, he wrote, and afterward defended, a communication which found its way into print and became known far and wide as the "scarlet letter." "No national party can save us," he declared; "no sectional party can save us. But if we could do as our fathers did, — organize committees of safety all over the cotton states (and it is only in them that we can look for any effective movement), — we shall fire the Southern heart, instruct the Southern mind, give confidence to each other, and at the proper moment, by one organized concerted action, we can precipitate the cotton states into revolution."

The Democrats of Alabama, now united on the platform of 1848, to which even the moderates had been driven by the outcome of the squatter sovereignty experiment, sent Yancey to the national convention at Charleston, with practically the same message he had carried to Baltimore. About the same time, the legislature instructed the governor to

call a convention of the people of the state, in the event of the election of a "Black Republican" to the presidency. Yancey went to Charleston assured that the whole lower South was behind him. Douglas, still pursuing his great ambition, saw his fate in Yancey's hands, and went as far as he could go to meet the fire eaters without abandoning all hope of an effective support in the North.

But Yancey, knowing that his hour had come, would accept nothing less than the whole of that for which he had so long contended. When once again, after twelve years of defeat and exile, he rose to speak before a national convention, he had such an opportunity as rarely comes even to an American orator. The imperious tones of his wonderful voice fell with strange power on the convention. The trembling delegates hung upon his words, for they saw in his hands the fate, not of Douglas alone, but of the party, perhaps of the Union. If to grant his demands was party suicide, it was hardly less party suicide to refuse them. By a few votes the Southern platform was rejected. He left the hall, and now, not the single follower of twelve years before, but the delegates of seven states trooped at his heels. In the end yet others followed.

When Douglas, finally receiving the nomination of those who remained, went before the people, he found Yancey awaiting him. Declining the offer of the vice-presidency from the friends of Douglas, Yancey had joined the seceders at Baltimore, where he dictated the nomination of Breckinridge on the extreme Southern platform, and then entered on a canvass of the Northern states; a *tour de force* that smacks either of overfed ambition, or else of a real hope that there might be such a union as he had always held the Constitution to define, — a union in which the will of the majority should count for nothing against the letter of the Constitution as he read it. He spoke in the middle states, in New England,

and in the West. He even spoke in Faneuil Hall, silencing a threatening uproar where Phillips had conquered his first mob. His attitude to his Northern audiences is perhaps best exhibited in his last speech on Northern soil, made when the result of the election was already clearly foreshadowed.

"My countrymen," he said at Cincinnati, "you cannot carry out the policy of the Black Republican party. You cannot carry it out, and expect the South to remain submissively bowing down to your supremacy. We are for the Union. What union? For the union, gentlemen, contained between these two lids," holding up the Constitution. . . . "Can you obtain anything, gentlemen, by destroying, even if you are able, my section, save the memory of a great wrong that would haunt you through eternity? . . . But do not, do not, my friends of the North, — I say it before you in no spirit, gentlemen, of servile submission to your power, or of servile acknowledgment of that power, for, as God rules, I have no fear of it, as much as I respect it, — but do not, merely because you have the power, do not wreath your arms around the pillars of our liberty, and, like a blind Samson, pull down that great temple on your heads as well as ours."

From the time he crossed the Ohio his journey homeward was like a triumphal progress. At Nashville the horses were taken from his carriage and his admirers drew it through the streets. At New Orleans an informal holiday was proclaimed, that all might hear him. When he reached Montgomery he found Douglas just leaving the city; that night no hall could contain the multitudes thronging to hear their champion, whom they hailed as the foremost orator of the world. At last they were ready to follow where he led. The whole lower South voted for the candidate of his choice, and the day after the election lifelong opponents of his policy joined



their voices with his and advocated the final step into disunion.

But his triumph was not to be completed without a struggle. The friends of the Union in his own state were driven to the wall, but they made one more gallant fight before they yielded. In northern Alabama they were still strong, and with them were joined some who, seeing secession inevitable, were yet disposed to wait until coöperation with other states could be assured; and others, no doubt, who were stirred by no higher motive than a sullen unwillingness to accept a leadership so long rejected. The temper of the convention was in doubt until it assembled, and on the first test vote the majority for immediate secession was but eight. The spirited opposition roused Yancey into an arrogance that met with a sturdy defiance from the Union leaders, who were wanting neither in ability nor in courage. Defeated, however, in their attempt to get the ordinance submitted to the people, they for the most part yielded, in the hope that unanimity might give strength to the movement they deprecated; but no less than twenty-four refused to sign the instrument. The results of submitting the ordinance to the people in Texas, and later in Virginia, give us no reason to believe that the decision of Alabama could have been changed.

Yancey had had his way. Suddenly, and as if by some enchantment, the cotton kingdom had risen to face the world. Before his eyes, in his own home, he saw a new government established, a new flag unfurled. It was fit, indeed, that his should be the voice to welcome Jefferson Davis when he came to take his place at the head of the new Confederacy; for no other voice had availed so much to call it into existence. But his work was done. It was his to rouse the storm, not to direct its course. He sailed away to Europe at the head of the commission sent to secure recognition for the Confederacy among the great powers.

Returning from this bootless mission, he took his seat in the Confederate Senate, and in the turbulent debates of that gloomy and impotent legislature his last energies were consumed. A painful malady had long sapped his strength, and in the summer of 1863 he went home to die. In the delirium of fever his voice sometimes rose in fierce commands to visionary hosts on unseen battlefields. But his passing was little marked. The orators had given place to the captains. His people were working out in blood and fire the destiny up to which he had led them.

I shall not attempt an estimate of the importance of this career; but surely it is too important to be neglected by those who write our history. Yet our knowledge of the man is almost entirely matter of tradition. He wrote no books and published no collection of his speeches; the fragments that remain bear the marks of imperfect reporting; the most effective of his addresses were those delivered before popular audiences, usually in the open air, and they were not taken down. What is left could never be treated as literature, and conveys, indeed, but a vague notion of his oratory. Yet there are paragraphs which, read with the single purpose of estimating their immediate effect on those who heard them, and with due regard to time and place, impress one very strongly with his mastery of the instrument he used. The sentences sometimes rush like charging cavalry; there are phrases that ring out like bugle calls. It is the language of passionate purpose; of an orator bent on rousing, convincing, overwhelming the men in front of him, not on meeting the requirements of any standard of public speech.

Of his look and bearing we have better record; for it is of these things that Southern tradition is most careful. He had little of the *poseur* about him; what most impressed men was his grim fixedness of purpose. He was not given to frantic gesticulation, and it is said that

he rarely occupied more than a square yard of space even in his longest addresses. His chief physical endowment was his voice, — "the most perfect voice," one tells us, "that ever aroused a friendly audience to enthusiasm or curbed to silence the tumults of the most inimical." A youth who heard it years ago, and who since then, in the course of a long career in Congress and in the Cabinet, has doubtless encountered all the notable orators of his time, declares it was "sweeter, clearer, and of more wonderful compass and flexibility" than any other he ever heard. His appearance was in no wise extraordinary; neither stature nor features would have attracted the gaze of a crowd. There was even a lack of animation in his ordinary aspect, and in his later years a look of nervous exhaustion. Away from the platform he made little effort to shine. There is nothing but the mastery and pride of his ill-painted features on the canvas in the State House at Montgomery to draw upon them the eye that wanders among the unremembered governors and judges of his time. But oratory, we know, is action, and the truer picture of the man is the image of tremendous articulate passion which abides in the minds of those who fell under his power nearly half a century ago.

There is so much about Yancey to suggest a comparison with Wendell Phillips that I have been constantly tempted to set the two side by side in my thought. Their names, indeed, were often coupled in the invective of the moderate men of those days: Yancey the "fire eater," and Phillips the "abolitionist fanatic." Their careers stand out in striking similarity, and in equally striking contrast. The similarity lay chiefly in their mental characteristics and methods of work; the contrast was in the causes for which they stood and the fates they met.

It is easy to think of them as the Lu-

ther and the St. Ignatius of the revolt against slavery. But Yancey's spiritual kinship was not wholly with the Spaniard; in him, no less than in Phillips, there was something of the German's temper. The two extremists were alike in their relentless hostility to every form of compromise, to every disguise with which men sought to conceal the sterner aspect of affairs. If both were enthusiasts, neither was a mere dreamer. The fever in their blood brought them, not fanciful visions, but a keener insight into the disorder of the body politic than was given to more sluggish natures. The oratory of both was simple and direct, because both saw and purposed clearly. Both were appealing from the politicians to the people, and they spoke a language which the people understood, however the politicians marveled. Both were wiser than their contemporaries who were judging the situation by the standard of the ordinary, because both were alive to the imminence of an extraordinary crisis.

But here the likeness ends, and the contrast begins. The heroism which one gave to a moral principle the other devoted to a political purpose. One fortified himself with an appeal to a higher law, the other with the compromises of the Constitution. One looked to the future for his justification; the other demanded of the future that it break not with the past. Standing thus for causes as opposite as the poles, they encountered destinies as diverse: one, a success that proved the beginning of utter failure; the other, defeats that are forgotten in his dateless triumph.

For the surprising and neglected fact of the outcome is that Yancey really led his people in the way he chose, while Phillips never marked out the path along which the republic was finally to march to the heights of his ideal. Not one specific design of the abolitionist extremists was ever accomplished in the way they planned: neither the breaking away



of New England, nor the rising of the slaves under John Brown, nor any interference by Congress with slavery in the states. Yet in the end freedom prevailed. Yancey's definite purpose was to build the Southern Confederacy, and he died under its flag. Yet to-day his Confederacy is a vanished dream, and he himself, within the lives of men who saw his beginning and ending, little more than a tradition.

The traveler in New England, well acquainted with the just fame of the great abolitionist, is surprised to find among his surviving contemporaries an inadequate estimate of his genius. The traveler in the lower South is equally astonished to find that a man whose

name he has scarcely heard is honored there as the first orator of the century. On the gravestone of this forgotten orator it is recorded that he was "justified in all his deeds;" yet around his grave are so many graves of simple and honorable gentlemen who gave their lives to the dreadful task he set them, that one can fancy even his proud spirit crying out to be delivered from the body of that death. Nevertheless, the generous people who followed him have not condemned him; nor may we, since he was an orator, deny him refuge in the defense of Demosthenes: "Lay not the blame on me, if it was Philip's fortune to win the battle; the end depended on the will of God, and not on me."

*William Garrott Brown.*

## TALKS TO TEACHERS ON PSYCHOLOGY.

### IV.

#### THE WILL.

SINCE mentality terminates naturally in outward conduct, the final chapter in psychology has to be the chapter on the will. But the word "will" can be used in a broader and in a narrower sense. In the broader sense, it designates our entire capacity for impulsive and active life, including our instinctive reactions, and those forms of behavior that have become secondarily automatic and semi-unconscious through frequent repetition. In the narrower sense, acts of will are such acts only as cannot be inattentively performed. A distinct idea of what they are, and a deliberate "fiat" on the mind's part, must precede their execution.

Such acts are often characterized by hesitation, and accompanied by a feeling, altogether peculiar, of resolve, a feeling which may or may not carry with it a further feeling of effort. In my February paper I said so much of our impulsive

tendencies that I will restrict myself in what follows to volition in this narrower sense of the term.

All our deeds were considered by the early psychologists to be due to a peculiar faculty called the will, without whose fiat action\* could not occur. Thoughts and impressions, being intrinsically inactive, were supposed to produce conduct only through the intermediation of this superior agent. Until they twitched its coat tails, so to speak, no outward behavior could occur. This doctrine was long ago exploded by the discovery of the phenomena of reflex action, in which sensible impressions, as you all know, produce movement immediately and of themselves. The doctrine may also be considered exploded as far as ideas go. The fact is that there is no sort of consciousness whatever, be it sensation, feeling, or idea, which does not directly and of itself tend to discharge into some motor effect. The motor effect need not always be an outward stroke of be-

havior; it may be only an alteration of the heartbeats or breathing, or a modification in the distribution of the blood, such as blushing or turning pale, or else a secretion of tears, or what not. But in any case, it is there in some shape whenever consciousness is there; and a conception as fundamental as any in modern psychology is the belief that conscious processes of every sort, conscious processes merely as such, *must* pass over into motion, open or concealed.

The inner pulses of deliberate volition, strictly and narrowly so called, form then only one peculiar kind of antecedent to conduct. But the part they play is so vital and momentous in the life of educated people that they are a topic of absorbing interest to the teacher.

The least complicated case of volition is the case of a mind possessed by only a single idea. If that idea be of an object connected with a native impulse, the impulse will immediately tend to discharge. If it be the idea of a movement, the movement will tend to occur. Such a case of action from a single idea has been distinguished from more complex cases by the name of *ideo-motor action*, meaning action without express decision or effort. Most of the habitual actions to which we are trained are of this *ideo-motor* sort. We perceive, for instance, that the door is open, and we rise and shut it; we perceive some raisins in a dish before us, and extend our hand and carry one of them to our mouth without interrupting the conversation; or, when lying in bed, we suddenly think that we shall be late for breakfast, and instantly we get up, with no particular exertion or resolve. All the ingrained procedures by which life is carried on, the manners and customs, dressing and undressing, acts of salutation, etc., are executed in this semi-automatic way, unhesitatingly and efficiently; the very outermost margin of consciousness seeming to be concerned in them, whilst the focus may be occupied with widely different things.

But now turn to a more complicated case. Suppose two thoughts to be in the mind together, of which one, A, taken alone, would discharge itself in a certain action; but of which the other, B, suggests an action of a different sort, or a consequence of the first action, calculated to make us pause. The psychologists now say that the second idea, B, will probably arrest or *inhibit* the motor effects of the first idea, A. One word, then, about "inhibition" in general, to make this particular case more clear.

One of the most interesting discoveries of physiology was the discovery, made simultaneously in France and Germany fifty years ago, that nerve currents not only start muscles into action, but may check action already going on, or keep it from occurring as it otherwise might. *Nerves of arrest* were thus distinguished alongside of motor nerves. The pneumogastric nerve, for example, if stimulated, arrests the movements of the heart; the splanchnic nerve arrests those of the intestines, if already begun. But it soon appeared that this was too narrow a way of looking at the matter, and that arrest is not so much the specific function of certain nerves as a general function which any part of the nervous system may exert upon other parts, under the appropriate conditions. The higher centres, for instance, seem to exert a constant inhibitive influence on the excitability of those below. The reflexes of an animal with its hemispheres wholly or in part removed become exaggerated. You all know that common reflex in dogs whereby, if you scratch the animal's side, the corresponding hind leg will begin to make scratching movements, usually in the air. Now, in dogs with mutilated hemispheres, this scratching reflex is so incessant that, as Goltz first described them, the hair gets all worn off their sides. In idiots, the functions of the hemispheres being largely in abeyance, the lower impulses, not inhibited, as they would be in normal



human beings, often express themselves in most odious ways. You know, also, how any higher emotional tendency will quench a lower one. Fear arrests appetite, maternal love annuls fear, respect checks sensuality, and the like; and in the more subtle manifestations of the moral life, whenever an ideal stirring is suddenly quickened into intensity, it is as if the whole scale of values of our motives changed its equilibrium. The force of old temptations vanishes, and what a moment ago was impossible is now not only possible, but easy, because of their inhibition. This has been well called the expulsive power of the higher emotion.

It is easy to apply this notion of inhibition to the case of our ideational processes. I am lying in bed, for example, and think it is time to get up; but alongside of this thought there is present to my mind a realization of the extreme coldness of the morning and the pleasantness of the warm bed. In this situation, the motor consequences of the first idea are blocked, and I may remain for half an hour or more with the two ideas oscillating before me in a kind of deadlock, which is what we call the state of hesitation or deliberation. In a case like this, the deliberation can be resolved and the decision reached in either of two ways: —

(1.) I may forget for a moment the thermometric conditions, and then the idea of getting up will immediately discharge into act; or

(2.) Still mindful of the freezing temperature, the thought of the duty of rising may become so pungent that it determines action in spite of inhibition. In the latter case, I have a sense of energetic moral effort, and consider that I have done a virtuous act.

All cases of willful action, properly so called, of choice after hesitation and deliberation, may be conceived after one of these latter patterns. So you see that volition, in the narrower sense, takes

place only when there are a number of conflicting systems of ideas, and depends on our having a complex field of consciousness. The interesting thing to note is the extreme delicacy of the inhibitive machinery. A strong and urgent motor idea in the focus may be neutralized and made inoperative by the presence of the very faintest contradictory idea in the margin. For instance, I hold out my forefinger, and, with closed eyes, try to realize as vividly as possible that I hold a revolver in my hand and am pulling the trigger. I can even now fairly feel my finger quiver with the tendency to contract; and if it were hitched to a recording apparatus, it would certainly betray its state of tension by registering incipient movements. Yet it does not actually crook, and the movement of pulling the trigger is not performed. Why not? Simply because, all concentrated though I am upon the idea of the movement, I nevertheless also realize the total conditions of the experiment, and in the back of my mind, so to speak, or in its fringe and margin, have the simultaneous idea that the movement is not to take place. The mere presence of that marginal intention, without effort, urgency, or emphasis, or any special reinforcement from my attention, suffices to the inhibitive effect.

And this is why so few of the ideas that flit through our minds do in point of fact produce their motor consequences. Life would be a curse and a care for us if every fleeting fancy were to do so. Abstractly, the law of *ideo-motor* action is true; but in the concrete, our fields of consciousness are always so complex that the inhibiting margin keeps the centre inoperative most of the time. In all this, you see, I speak as if ideas by their mere presence or absence determined behavior, and as if between the ideas themselves on the one hand, and the conduct on the other, there were no room for any third intermediate principle of activity, like that called "the will."

If you are struck by the materialistic or fatalistic doctrines which seem to follow this conception, I beg you to suspend your judgment for a moment, as I shall soon have something more to say about the matter. But, meanwhile yielding one's self to the mechanical conception of the psychophysical organism, nothing is easier than to indulge in a picture of the fatalistic character of human life. Man's conduct appears as the mere resultant of all his various impulsions and inhibitions. One object, by its presence, makes us act, another object checks our action; feelings aroused and ideas suggested by objects sway us one way and another; emotions complicate the game by their mutual inhibitive effects, the higher abolishing the lower, or perhaps being itself swept away. The life in all this becomes prudential and moral, but the psychologic agents in the drama may be described, you see, as nothing but the "ideas" themselves, — ideas for the whole system of which what we call the "soul" or "character" or "will" of the person is nothing but a collective name. As Hume said, the ideas are themselves the actors, the stage, the theatre, the spectators, and the play. This is the so-called "associationist" psychology, brought down to its radical expression: it is useless to ignore its power as a conception. Like all conceptions, when they become clear and lively enough, this conception has a strong tendency to impose itself upon belief, and psychologists trained on biological lines usually adopt it as the last word of science on the subject. No one can have an adequate notion of modern psychological theory unless he has at some time apprehended this view in the full force of its simplicity.

Let us humor it for a while, for it has advantages in the way of exposition.

Voluntary action, then, is at all times a resultant of the compounding of our impulsions with our inhibitions.

From this it immediately follows that

there will be two types of will, in one of which impulsions will predominate, in the other inhibitions. We may speak of them, if you like, as the precipitate and the obstructed will, respectively. When fully pronounced, they are familiar to everybody. The extreme example of the precipitate will is the maniac; his ideas discharge into action so rapidly, his associative processes are so extravagantly lively, that inhibitions have no time to arrive, and he says and does whatever pops into his head, without a moment of hesitation.

Certain melancholiacs furnish the extreme example of the over-inhibited type. Their minds are cramped in a fixed emotion of fear or helplessness, their ideas confined to the one thought that for them life is impossible. So they show a condition of perfect "abulia," or inability to will or act. They cannot change their posture or speech, or execute the simplest command.

The different races of men show different temperaments in this regard. The southern races are commonly accounted the more impulsive and precipitate; the English race, especially our New England branch of it, is supposed to be all sicklied over with repressive forms of self-consciousness, and condemned to express itself through a jungle of scruples and checks.

The highest form of character, however, abstractly considered, must be full of scruples and inhibitions. But action, in such a character, far from being paralyzed, will succeed in energetically keeping on its way, sometimes overpowering the resistances, sometimes steering along the line where they lie thinnest.

Just as our flexor muscles act most firmly when a simultaneous contraction of the flexors guides and steadies them, so the mind of him whose fields of consciousness are complex, and who, with the reasons for the action, sees the reasons against it, and yet, instead of being palsied, acts in the way that takes the



whole field into consideration, — so such a mind, I say, is the ideal sort of mind that we should seek to reproduce in our pupils. Purely impulsive action, or action that proceeds to extremities regardless of consequences, on the other hand, is the easiest action in the world, and the lowest in type. Any one can show energy when made quite reckless. An Oriental despot requires but little ability: as long as he lives he succeeds, for he has absolutely his own way; and when the world can no longer endure the horror of him, he is assassinated. But not to proceed immediately to extremities, to be still able to act energetically under an array of inhibitions, — that indeed is rare and difficult. Cavour, when urged to proclaim martial law in 1859, refused to do so, saying: "Any one can govern in that way. I will be constitutional." Your parliamentary rulers, your Lincoln, your Gladstone, are the strongest type of man, because they accomplish results under the most intricate possible conditions. We think of Napoleon Bonaparte as a colossal monster of will power, and truly enough he was so. But from the point of view of the psychological machinery, it would be hard to say whether he or Gladstone was the larger volitional quantity; for Napoleon disregarded all the usual inhibitions, and Gladstone, passionate as he was, scrupulously considered them in his statesmanship.

A familiar example of the paralyzing power of scruples is the inhibitive effect of conscientiousness upon conversation. Nowhere does conversation seem to have flourished as brilliantly as in France during the last century. But if we read old French memoirs, we see how many brakes of scrupulosity which tie our tongues to-day were then removed. Where mendacity, treachery, obscenity, and malignity are unhampered, talk can be brilliant indeed; but its flame waxes dim where the mind is stitched all over with conscientious fears of violating the moral and social proprieties.

The teacher often is confronted in the schoolroom with an abnormal type of will, which we may call the "balky will." Certain children, if they do not succeed in doing a thing immediately, remain completely inhibited in regard to it; it becomes literally impossible for them to understand it if it be an intellectual problem, or to do it if it be an outward operation, as long as this particular inhibited condition lasts. Such children are usually treated as sinful, and are punished; or else the teacher pits his or her will against the child's will, considering that the latter must be "broken." "Break your child's will, in order that it may not perish," wrote John Wesley. "Break its will as soon as it can speak plainly, or even before it can speak at all. It should be forced to do as it is told, even if you have to whip it ten times running. Break its will, in order that its soul may live." Such will-breaking is always a scene with a great deal of nervous wear and tear on both sides, a bad state of feeling left behind it, and the victory not always with the would-be breaker.

When a situation of the kind is once fairly developed, and the child has become all tense and excited inwardly, nineteen times out of twenty it is best for the teacher to apperceive the case as one of neural pathology rather than as one of moral culpability. So long as the inhibiting sense of impossibility remains in the child's mind, he will continue unable to get beyond the obstacle. The aim of the teacher should then be to make him simply forget. Drop the subject for the time, divert the mind to something else; then, leading the pupil back by some circuitous line of association, spring it on him again before he has time to recognize it; and as likely as not he will go over it without any difficulty. It is in no other way that we overcome balkiness in a horse: we divert his attention, do something to his nose or ear, lead him round in a circle, and thus get

him over a place where flogging would only have made him more invincible. A tactful teacher will never let these strained situations come up at all.

You perceive now, my friends, what your general or abstract duty is as teachers. Although you have to generate in your pupils a large stock of ideas, any one of which may be inhibitory, yet you must also see to it that no habitual hesitancy or paralysis of the will ensues, and that the pupil still retains his power of vigorous action. Psychology can state your problem in these terms, but you see how impotent she is to furnish the elements of its practical solution. When all is said and done, and your best efforts are made, it will probably remain true that the result will depend more on a certain native tone or temper in the pupil's psychological constitution than on anything else. Some persons appear to have a naturally poor focalization of the field of consciousness; and in such persons actions hang slack and inhibitions seem to exert peculiarly easy sway.

But let us close in a little more closely on this matter of the education of the will. Your task is to build up a *character* in your pupils; and a character, as I have so often said, consists in an organized set of habits of reaction. Now, in what do such habits of reaction themselves consist? They are so many constant tendencies to act characteristically when certain ideas possess us, and to refrain characteristically when possessed by other ideas. Our volitional habits depend, then, first, on the stock of ideas which we have; and second, on the habitual coupling of the several ideas with action or inaction respectively. How is it when an alternative is presented to you for choice, and you are uncertain what you ought to do? You first hesitate, and then you deliberate. And in what does your deliberation consist? It consists in trying to apperceive the case

successively by a number of different ideas, which seem to fit it more or less, until at last you hit on one which seems to fit it exactly. If that be an idea which is a customary forerunner of action in you, which enters into one of your maxims of positive behavior, your hesitation ceases, and you act immediately. If, on the other hand, it be an idea which carries inaction as its habitual result, if it ally itself with *prohibition*, then you unhesitatingly refrain. The problem is, you see, to find the right conception for the case. This search for the right conception may take days or weeks.

I spoke as if the action were easy when the conception is once found. Often it is so, but it may be otherwise; and when it is otherwise, we find ourselves at the very centre of a moral situation, into which I should now like you to look with me a little nearer.

The proper conception of the true head of classification may be hard to attain, for the case may be one with which we have contracted no settled habits of action. Or again, the action to which it would prompt may be dangerous and difficult, or the inaction may appear deadly cold and negative. And then, when our impulsive feeling is hot, it is extremely hard to hold the idea steadily enough before the attention to let it exert its adequate volitional effects. Whether it be stimulative or inhibitive, it is *too reasonable* for us; and the more instinctive passionial propensity then tends to extrude it from our consideration. We shy away from the thought of it; it twinkles and goes out the moment it appears in the margin of our consciousness, and we need a resolute effort of voluntary attention to drag it into the focus of the field, and to keep it there long enough for its associative and motor effects to be exerted. Every one knows only too well how the mind flinches from looking at considerations hostile to the reigning mood of feeling.



Once brought, however, in this way, to the centre of the field of consciousness and held there, the reasonable idea will exert these effects inevitably, for the laws of connection between our consciousness and our nervous system provide for the action then taking place. Our moral effort, properly so called, terminates in our holding fast to the appropriate idea.

If, then, you are asked, "*In what does a moral act consist, when reduced to its simplest and most elementary form?*" you can make only one reply. You can say that *it consists in the effort of attention by which we hold fast to an idea*, which but for that effort of attention would be driven out of the mind by the other psychological tendencies that are there. *To think*, in short, is the secret of will, just as it is the secret of memory.

This comes out very clearly in the kind of excuse which we most frequently hear from persons who find themselves confronted by the sinfulness or harmfulness of some part of their behavior. "I never *thought*," they say. "I never *thought* how mean the action was, I never *thought* of these abominable consequences." And what do we retort when they say this? We say: "Why *did n't* you think? What were you there for but to think?" And we read them a moral lecture on their irreflectiveness.

The hackneyed example of moral deliberation is the case of an habitual drunkard under temptation. He has made a resolve to reform, but he is now solicited again by the bottle. His moral triumph or failure literally consists in his finding the right *name* for the case. If he says that it is a case of not wasting good liquor already poured out; or a case of not being churlish and unsociable when in the midst of friends; or a case of learning something at last about a brand of whiskey which he never met before; or a case of celebrating a public holiday; or a case of stimulating himself to a more energetic resolve in favor

of abstinence than any he has ever yet made; then he is lost; his choice of the wrong name seals his doom. But if, in spite of all the plausible good names with which his thirsty fancy so copiously furnishes him, he unwaveringly clings to the truer bad name, and apperceives the case as that of "being a drunkard, being a drunkard, being a drunkard," his feet are planted on the road to salvation; he saves himself — by thinking rightly.

Thus are your pupils to be saved: first, by the stock of ideas with which you furnish them; second, by the amount of voluntary attention that they can exert in holding to the right ones, however unpalatable; and third, by the several habits of acting definitely on these latter to which they have been trained.

In all this, the power of voluntarily attending is the point of the whole procedure. Just as a balance turns on its knife edges, so on it our moral destiny turns. You remember that, when we were talking of the subject of attention, we discovered how much more intermittent and brief our acts of voluntary attention are than is commonly supposed. If they were all summed together, the time that they occupy would cover an almost incredibly small portion of our lives. But I also said, you will remember, that their brevity was not in proportion to their significance, and that I should return to the subject again. So I return to it now. It is not the mere size of a thing which constitutes its importance; it is its position in the organism to which it belongs. Our acts of voluntary attention, brief and fitful as they are, are nevertheless momentous and critical, determining us, as they do, to higher or lower destinies. The exercise of voluntary attention in the school-room must therefore be counted one of the most important processes of training that take place there; and the first-rate teacher, by the keenness of the remoter interests which he is able to awaken, will provide abundant opportunities for

its occurrence. I hope that you appreciate this already, without any further explanation.

I have been accused of holding up before you, in the course of these talks, a mechanical and even a materialistic view of the mind. I have called it an organism and a machine; I have spoken of its reaction on the environment as the essential thing about it; and I have referred this, either openly or implicitly, to the construction of the nervous system. I have in fact received notes from some of you begging me to be more explicit on this point.

Now, in these lectures, I wish to be strictly practical and useful, and to keep free from all speculative complications. Nevertheless, I do not wish to leave any ambiguity about my own position, and I will therefore say, in order to avoid all misunderstanding, that in no sense do I count myself a materialist. I cannot see how such a thing as our consciousness can possibly be *produced* by a nervous machinery, though I can perfectly well see how, if "ideas" do accompany the workings of the machinery, the *order* of the ideas might very well follow exactly the *order* of the machine's operations. Our habitual associations of ideas, trains of thought, and sequences of action might thus be consequences of the succession of currents in our nervous systems. And the possible stock of ideas a man would have to choose from might depend on his native and acquired brain powers exclusively. If this were all, we might indeed adopt the fatalist conception which I sketched for you but a short while ago. Our ideas would be determined by brain currents, and these by mechanical laws exclusively.

But after what we have just seen, — namely, the part played by voluntary attention in volition, — a belief in free will and purely spiritual causation is still open to us. The duration and amount of this attention *seem* within certain limits indeterminate. We *feel* as if we

could make it really more or less, and as if our free action in this regard were a genuine critical point in nature, a point on which our destiny and that of others might hinge. The whole question of free will concentrates itself, then, at this same small point: "Is, or is not, this most natural appearance of indeterminism at this point an illusion?"

It is plain that such a question can be decided only by general analogies, and not by accurate observations. The free-willist believes the appearance to be a reality; the determinist believes that it is an illusion. I myself hold with the free-willists; not because I cannot conceive the fatalist theory clearly, or because I fail to understand its plausibility, but simply because, if free will *is* true, it would seem absurd to have the belief in it fatally forced on our acceptance. Considering the inner fitness of things, one would rather think that the very first act of a will endowed with freedom should be to sustain the belief in the freedom itself. I accordingly believe in my freedom with the best of scientific consciences, and hope that whether you follow my example in this respect or not, it will at least make you see that such psychological and psychophysical theories as I hold do not necessarily force a man to become a fatalist or a materialist.

One final word about the will, and I shall conclude both that subject and these lectures.

There are two types of will; there are also two types of inhibition. We may call them inhibition by repression or by negation, and inhibition by substitution, respectively. The difference between them is that, in the case of inhibition by repression, both the inhibited idea and the inhibiting idea, the impulsive idea and the idea that negates it, remain along with each other in consciousness, producing a certain inward strain or tension there; whereas, in in-



hibition by substitution, the inhibiting idea supersedes altogether the idea which it inhibits, and the latter quickly vanishes from the field.

For instance, your pupils are wandering in mind, are listening to a sound outside the window, which presently grows interesting enough to claim all their attention. You can call the latter back by bellowing at them not to listen to those sounds, but to keep their minds on their books or on what you are saying. And by thus keeping them conscious that your eye is sternly upon them, you may produce a good effect. But it will be a wasteful effect and an inferior effect; for the moment you relax your supervision, the attractive disturbance, always there soliciting their curiosity, will overpower them, and they will be just as they were before; whereas if, without saying anything about the street disturbances, you open a counter attraction by starting some very interesting talk or demonstration yourself, they will altogether forget the distracting incident, and without any effort follow you along. There are many interests that can never be inhibited by the way of negation. To a man in love, for example, it is literally impossible, by any effort of will, to annul his passion; but let "some new planet swim into his ken," and the former idol will immediately cease to engross his mind.

It is clear that, in general, we ought, whenever we can, to employ the method of inhibition by substitution. He whose life is based upon the word "no," who tells the truth, not impulsively, but rather because a lie is wicked, and who has constantly to grapple with his envious and cowardly and mean propensities, is in an inferior situation in every respect to what he would be if the love of truth and magnanimity positively possessed him from the outset, and he felt no inferior temptations. Your born gentleman is certainly, for this world's purposes, a more valuable being than your "Crump, with his

grunting resistance to his native devils," even though, in God's sight, the latter, according to the phrase of the Catholic theologians, may be rolling up great stores of "merit."

Spinoza long ago wrote in his *Ethics* that anything that a man can avoid under the notion that it is bad, he may also avoid under the notion that something else is good. He who habitually acts *sub specie mali*, under the negative notion, the notion of the bad, is called a slave by Spinoza. To him who acts habitually under the notion of good he gives the name of freeman. See to it now, I beg you, that you make freemen of your pupils, by habituating them to act, whenever possible, under the notion of a good. Get them habitually to tell the truth, not so much by showing them the wickedness of lying as by arousing their enthusiasm for honor and veracity. Wean them from their native cruelty by imparting to them some of your own positive sympathy with an animal's inner springs of joy. And in the lessons which you may be legally obliged to conduct upon the bad effects of alcohol, lay less stress than the books do on the drunkard's stomach, kidneys, nerves, and social miseries, and more on the blessings of having an organism kept in lifelong possession of its full youthful elasticity by a sweet, sound blood, to which stimulants and narcotics are unknown, and to which the morning sun and air and dew will daily come as sufficiently powerful intoxicants.

I have now ended these talks. If to some of you the things I have said seem obvious or trivial, it is possible that they may appear less so when, in the course of a year or two, you find yourselves noticing and apperceiving events in the school-room a little differently, in consequence of some of the conceptions I have tried to make more clear. I cannot but think that to apperceive your pupil as a little sensitive, impulsive, associative, and re-

active organism, partly fated and partly free, will lead to a better intelligence of all his ways. Understand him, then, as such a subtle little piece of machinery.

And if, in addition, you can yourself see him *sub specie boni*, and love him too, you will be in the best possible position for becoming perfect teachers.

*William James.*

## THE BATTLE WITH THE SLUM.

THE slum is as old as civilization. Civilization implies a race, to get ahead. In a race there are usually some who for one cause or another cannot keep up, or are thrust out from among their fellows. They fall behind, and when they have been left far in the rear they lose hope and ambition, and give up. Thenceforward, if left to their own resources, they are the victims, not the masters, of their environment; and it is a bad master. They drag one another always farther down. The bad environment becomes the heredity of the next generation. Then, given the crowd, you have the slum ready-made.

The battle with the slum began the day civilization recognized in it her enemy. It was a losing fight until conscience joined forces with fear and self-interest against it. When common sense and the golden rule obtain among men as a rule of practice, it will be over. The two have not always been classed together, but here they are plainly seen to be allies. Justice to the individual is accepted in theory as the only safe groundwork of the commonwealth. When it is practiced in dealing with the slum, there will shortly be no slum. We need not wait for the millennium, to get rid of it. We can do it now. All that is required is that it shall not be left to itself. That is justice to it and to us, since its grievous ailment is that it cannot help itself. When a man is drowning, the thing to do is to pull him out of the water; afterward there will be time for talking it over. We got at it the other way in

dealing with our social problems. The doctrinaires had their day, and they decided to let bad enough alone; that it was unsafe to interfere with "causes that operate sociologically," as one survivor of these unfittest put it to me. It was a piece of scientific humbug that cost the age which listened to it dear. "Causes that operate sociologically" are the opportunity of the political and every other kind of scamp who trades upon the depravity and helplessness of the slum, and the refuge of the pessimist who is useless in the fight against them. We have not done yet paying the bills he ran up for us. Some time since we turned to, to pull the drowning man out, and it was time. A little while longer, and we should have been in danger of being dragged down with him.

The slum complaint had been chronic in all ages, but the great changes which the nineteenth century saw, the new industry, political freedom, brought on an acute attack which threatened to become fatal. Too many of us had supposed that, built as our commonwealth was on universal suffrage, it would be proof against the complaints that harassed older states; but in fact it turned out that there was extra hazard in that. Having solemnly resolved that all men are created equal and have certain inalienable rights, among them life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, we shut our eyes and waited for the formula to work. It was as if a man with a cold should take the doctor's prescription to bed with him, expecting it to cure him. The formula



was all right, but merely repeating it worked no cure. When, after a hundred years, we opened our eyes, it was upon sixty cents a day as the living wage of the workingwoman in our cities; upon "knee pants" at forty cents a dozen for the making; upon the Potter's Field taking tithe of our city life, ten per cent each year for the trench, truly the Lost Tenth of the slum. Our country had grown great and rich; through our ports was poured food for the millions of Europe. But in the back streets multitudes huddled in ignorance and want. The foreign oppressor had been vanquished, the fetters stricken from the black man at home; but his white brother, in his bitter plight, sent up a cry of distress that had in it a distinct note of menace. Political freedom we had won; but the problem of helpless poverty, grown vast with the added offscourings of the Old World, mocked us, unsolved. Liberty at sixty cents a day set presently its stamp upon the government of our cities, and it became the scandal and the peril of our political system.

So the battle began. Three times since the war that absorbed the nation's energies and attention had the slum confronted us in New York with its challenge. In the darkest days of the great struggle it was the treacherous mob; later on, the threat of the cholera, which found swine foraging in the streets as the only scavengers, and a swarming host, but little above the hog in its appetites and in the quality of the shelter afforded it, peopling the back alleys. Still later, the mob, caught looting the city's treasury with its idol, the thief Tweed, at its head, had, drunk with power and plunder, insolently defied the outraged community to do its worst. There were meetings and protests. The rascals were turned out for a season; the arch-thief died in jail. I see him now, going through the gloomy portals of the Tombs, whither, as a newspaper reporter, I had gone with him, his stubborn head held high as ever.

I asked myself more than once, a year ago, when the vile prison was torn down, whether the comic clamor to have the ugly old gates preserved and set up in Central Park had anything to do with the memory of the "martyred" thief, or whether it was in joyful celebration of the fact that others had escaped. His name is even now one to conjure with in the Sixth Ward. He never "squealed," and he was "so good to the poor." Evidence that the slum is not laid by the heels by merely destroying Five Points and the Mulberry Bend. There are other fights to be fought in that war, other victories to be won, and it is slow work. It was nearly ten years after the great robbery before decency got the upper grip in good earnest. That was when the civic conscience awoke in 1879.

In that year the slum was arraigned in the churches. The sad and shameful story was told of how it grew and was fostered by avarice that saw in the homeless crowds from over the sea only a chance for business, and exploited them to the uttermost, making sometimes a hundred per cent on the capital invested, — always most out of the worst houses, from the tenants of which "nothing was expected" save that they pay the usurious rents; how Christianity, citizenship, human fellowship, shook their skirts clear of the rabble that was only good enough to fill the greedy purse, and how the rabble, left to itself, improved such opportunities as it found after such fashion as it knew; how it ran elections merely to count its thugs in, and fattened at the public crib; and how the whole evil thing had its root in the tenements, where the home had ceased to be sacred, — those dark and deadly dens in which the family ideal was tortured to death, and character was smothered; in which children were "damned rather than born" into the world, thus realizing a slum kind of foreordination to torment, happily brief in many cases. The Tenement House Committee long afterward

called the worst of the barracks "infant slaughter houses," and showed, by reference to the mortality lists, that they killed one in every five babies born in them.

The story\* shocked the town into action. Plans for a better kind of tenement were called for, and a premium was put on every ray of light and breath of air that could be let into it. Money was raised to build model houses, and a bill to give the health authorities summary powers in dealing with tenements was sent to the legislature. The landlords held it up until the last day of the session, when it was forced through by an angered public opinion. The power of the cabal was broken. The landlords had found their Waterloo. Many of them got rid of their property, which in a large number of cases they had never seen, and tried to forget the source of their ill-gotten wealth. Light and air did find their way into the tenements in a half-hearted fashion, and we began to count the tenants as "souls." That is one of our milestones in the history of New York. They were never reckoned so before; no one ever thought of them as "souls." So, restored to human fellowship, in the twilight of the air shaft that had penetrated to their dens, the first Tenement House Committee was able to make them out "better than the houses" they lived in, and a long step forward was taken. The Mulberry Bend, the wicked core of the "bloody Sixth Ward," was marked for destruction, and all slumdom held its breath to see it go. With that gone, it seemed as if the old days must be gone too, never to return. There would not be another Mulberry Bend. As long as it stood, there was yet a chance. The slum had backing, as it were.

The civic conscience was not very robust yet, and required many and protracted naps. It slumbered fitfully eight long years, waking up now and then with a start, while the politicians did

their best to lull it back to its slumbers. I wondered often, in those years of delay, if it was just plain stupidity that kept the politicians from spending the money which the law had put within their grasp; for with every year that passed a million dollars that could have been used for small park purposes was lost. But they were wiser than I. I understood when I saw the changes which letting in the sunshine worked. We had all believed it, but they knew it all along. At the same time, they lost none of the chances that offered. They helped the landlords, who considered themselves greatly aggrieved because their property was thereafter to front on a park instead of a pigsty, to transfer the whole assessment of half a million dollars for park benefit to the city. They undid in less than six weeks what it had taken considerably more than six years to do; but the park was cheap at the price. We could afford to pay all it cost to wake us up. When finally, upon the wave of wrath excited by the Parkhurst and Lexow disclosures, reform came with a shock that dislodged Tammany, it found us wide awake, and, it must be admitted, not a little astonished at our sudden access of righteousness.

The battle went against the slum in the three years that followed, until it found backing in the "odium of reform" that became the issue in the municipal organization of the greater city. Tammany made notes. Of what was done, how it was done, and why, during those years, I shall have occasion to speak further in these papers. Here I wish to measure the stretch we have come since I wrote *How the Other Half Lives*, ten years ago. Some of it we came plodding, and some at full speed; some of it in the face of every obstacle that could be thrown in our way, wresting victory from defeat at every step; some of it with the enemy on the run. Take it altogether and it is a long way. Most of it will not have to be traveled over



again. The engine of municipal progress, once started as it has been in New York, may slip many a cog with Tammany as the engineer; it may even be stopped for a season; but it can never be made to work backward. Even Tammany knows that, and is building the schools she so long neglected, and so is hastening on the day when she shall be but an unsavory memory.

How we strove for those schools to no purpose! Our arguments, our anger, the anxious pleading of philanthropists who saw the young on the East Side going to ruin, the warning year after year of the superintendent of schools that the compulsory education law was but an empty mockery where it was most needed, the knocking of uncounted thousands of children for whom there was no room, — uncounted in sober fact; there was not even a way of finding out how many were adrift, — brought only the response that the tax rate must be kept down. Kept down it was. "Waste" was successfully averted at the spigot; at the bunghole it went on unchecked. In a swarming population like that you must have either schools or jails, and the jails waxed fat with the overflow. The East Side, that had been orderly, became a hotbed of child crime. And when, in answer to the charge made by a legislative committee that the father forced his child into the shop, on a perjured age certificate, to labor when he ought to have been at play, that father, bent and heavy-eyed with unceasing toil, flung back the charge with the bitter reproach that we gave him no other choice, that it was either the street or the shop for his boy, and that perjury for him was cheaper than the ruin of the child, we were mute. What, indeed, was there to say? The crime was ours, not his. That was but yesterday. To-day we can count the months to the time when every child who knocks shall find a seat in our schools. We have a school census to tell us of the need. In that most crowded neighbor-

hood in all the world, where the superintendent lately pleaded in vain for three new schools, five have been built, the finest in this or any other land, — great, light, and airy structures, with playgrounds on the roof; and all over the city the like are going up. The briefest of our laws, every word of which is like the blow of a hammer driving the nails home in the coffin of the bad old days, says that never one shall be built without its playground. So the boy is coming to his rights.

The streets are cleaned, — not necessarily clean just now; Colonel Waring is dead, with his doctrine of putting a man instead of a voter behind every broom, killed by politics, he and his doctrine both, — but cleaned. The slum has even been washed. We tried that on Hester Street years ago, in the age of cobblestone pavements, and the result fairly frightened us. I remember the indignant reply of a well-known citizen, a man of large business responsibility and experience in the handling of men, to whom the office of street-cleaning commissioner had been offered, when I asked him if he would accept. "I have lived," he said, "a blameless life for forty years, and have a character in the community. I cannot afford — no man with a reputation can afford — to hold that office; it will surely wreck it." That was then. It made Colonel Waring's reputation. He took the trucks from the streets. Tammany, in a brief interregnum of vigor and decency under Mayor Grant, had laid the axe to the unsightly telegraph poles and begun to pave the streets with asphalt, but it left the trucks and the ash barrels to Colonel Waring as hopeless. Trucks have votes; at least their drivers have. Now that they are gone, the drivers would be the last to bring them back; for they have children, too, and the rescued streets gave them their first playground. Perilous, begoggled by policeman and storekeeper, though it was, it was still a playground.

But one is coming in which the boy

shall rule unchallenged. The Mulberry Bend Park kept its promise. Before the sod was laid in it two more were under way in the thickest of the tenement house crowding, and each, under the law which brought them into existence, is to be laid out in part as a playground. They are not yet finished, but they will be; for the people have taken to the idea, and the politician has made a note of the fact. He saw a great light when the play piers were opened. In half a dozen localities where the slum was striking its roots deep into the soil such piers are now being built, and land is being acquired for small parks. We shall yet settle the "causes that operated sociologically" on the boy with a lawn mower and a sand heap. You have got your boy, and the heredity of the next one, when you can order his setting.

Even while I am writing, a bill is urged in the legislature to build in every senatorial district in the city a gymnasium and a public bath. It matters little whether it passes at this session or not. The important thing is that it is there. The rest will follow. A people's club is being organized, to crowd out the saloon that has had a monopoly of the brightness and the cheer in the tenement streets too long. The labor unions are bestirring themselves to deal with the sweating curse, and the gospel of less law and more enforcement sits enthroned at Albany. Theodore Roosevelt will teach us again Jefferson's forgotten lesson, that "the whole art of government consists in being honest." With a back door to every ordinance that touched the lives of the people, if indeed the whole thing was not the subject of open ridicule or the vehicle of official blackmail, it seemed as if we had provided a perfect municipal machinery for bringing the law into contempt with the young, and so for wrecking citizenship by the shortest cut.

Of free soup there is an end. It was never food for free men. The last

spoonful was ladled out by yellow journalism with the certificate of the men who fought Roosevelt and reform in the police board that it was good. It is not likely that it will ever plague us again. Our experience has taught us a new reading of the old word that charity covers a multitude of sins. It does. Uncovering some of them has kept us busy since our conscience awoke, and there are more left. The worst of them all, that awful parody on municipal charity, the police station lodging room, is gone, after twenty years of persistent attack upon the foul dens, — years during which they were arraigned, condemned, indicted by every authority having jurisdiction, all to no purpose. The stale beer dives went with them and with the Bend, and the grip of the tramp on our throat has been loosened. We shall not easily throw it off altogether, for the tramp has a vote, too, for which Tammany, with admirable ingenuity, has found a new use, since the ante-election inspection of lodging houses has made them less available for colonization purposes than they were. Perhaps I should say a new way of very old use. It is simplicity itself. Instead of keeping tramps in hired lodgings for weeks at a daily outlay, the new way is to send them all to the island on short commitments during the canvass, and vote them from there *en bloc* at the city's expense. Time and education must solve that, like so many other problems which the slum has thrust upon us. They are the forces upon which, when we have gone as far as our present supply of steam will carry us, we must always fall back; and this we may do with confidence so long as we keep stirring, if it is only marking time, as now. It is in the retrospect that one sees how far we have come, after all, and from that gathers courage for the rest of the way. Twenty-nine years have passed since I slept in a police station lodging house, a lonely lad, and was robbed,



beaten, and thrown out for protesting; and when the vagrant cur that had joined its homelessness to mine, and had sat all night at the door waiting for me to come out, — it had been clubbed away the night before, — snarled and showed its teeth at the doorman, raging and impotent I saw it beaten to death on the step. I little dreamed then that the friendless beast, dead, should prove the undoing of the monstrous wrong done by the maintenance of these evil holes to every helpless man and woman who was without shelter in New York, but it did. It was after an inspection of the lodging rooms, when I stood with Theodore Roosevelt, then president of the police board, in the one where I had slept that night, and told him of it, that he swore they should go. And go they did, as did so many another abuse in those two years of honest purpose and effort. I hated them. It may not have been a very high motive to furnish power for municipal reform; but we had tried every other way, and none of them worked. Arbitration is good, but there are times when it becomes necessary to knock a man down and arbitrate sitting on him, and this was such a time. It was what we started out to do with the rear tenements, the worst of the slum barracks, and it would have been better had we kept on that track. I have always maintained that we made a false move when we stopped to discuss damages with the landlord, or to hear his side of it at all. His share in it was our grievance; it blocked the mortality records with its burden of human woe. The damage was all ours, the profits all his. If there are damages to collect, he should foot the bill, not we. Vested rights are to be protected, but no man has a right to be protected in killing his neighbor.

However, they are down, the worst of them. The community has asserted its right to destroy tenements that destroy life, and for that cause. We bought the slum off in the Mulberry Bend at its own

figure. On the rear tenements we set the price, and set it low. It was a long step. Bottle Alley is gone, and Bandits' Roost. Bone Alley, Thieves' Alley, and Kerosene Row, — they are all gone. Hell's Kitchen and Poverty Gap have acquired standards of decency; Poverty Gap has risen even to the height of neckties. The time is fresh in every recollection when a different kind of necktie was its pride; when the boy murderer — he was barely nineteen — who wore it on the gallows took leave of the captain of detectives with the cheerful invitation to "come over to the wake. They will have a high old time." And the event fully redeemed the promise. The whole Gap turned out to do the dead bully honor. I have not heard from the Gap, and hardly from Hell's Kitchen, in five years. The last news from the Kitchen was when the thin wedge of a column of negroes, in their uptown migration, tried to squeeze in, and provoked a race war; but that in fairness should not be laid up against it. In certain local aspects it might be accounted a sacred duty; as much so as to get drunk and provoke a fight on the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne. But on the whole the Kitchen has grown orderly. The gang rarely beats a policeman nowadays, and it has not killed one in a long while.

So, one after another, the outworks of the slum have been taken. It has been beaten in many battles; but its reserves are unimpaired. More tenements are being built every day on twenty-five-foot lots, and however watchfully such a house is planned, if it is to return to the builder the profit he seeks, it will have that within it which, the moment the grasp of official sanitary supervision is loosened, must summon up the ghost of the slum. The common type of tenement to-day is the double-decker, and the double-decker is hopeless. In it the crowding goes on at a constantly increasing rate. This is the sore spot, and as against it all the rest seems often enough unavailing.

Yet it cannot be. It is true that the home, about which all that is to work for permanent progress must cluster, is struggling against desperate odds in the tenement, and that the struggle has been reflected in the morals of the people, in the corruption of the young, to an alarming extent; but it must be that the higher standards now set up on every hand, in the cleaner streets, in the better schools, in the parks and the clubs, in the settlements, and in the thousand and one agencies for good that touch and help the lives of the poor at as many points, will tell at no distant day, and react upon the homes and upon their builders. To any one who knew the East Side, for instance, ten years ago, the difference between that day and this in the appearance of the children whom he sees there must be striking. Rags and dirt are now the exception rather than the rule. Perhaps the statement is a trifle too strong as to the dirt; but dirt is not harmful except when coupled with rags; it can be washed off, and nowadays is washed off where such a thing would have been considered affectation in the days that were. Soap and water have worked a visible cure already, that must go more than skin-deep. They are moral agents of the first value in the slum. And the day must come when rapid transit will cease to be a football between contending forces in a city of three million people, and the reason for the outrageous crowding will cease to exist with the scattering of the centres of production to the suburbs. That day may be a long way off, measured by the impatience of the philanthropist, but it is bound to come. Meanwhile, philanthropy is not sitting idle and waiting. It is building tenements on the humane plan that wipes out the lines of the twenty-five-foot lot, and lets in sunshine and air and hope. It is putting up hotels deserving of the name for the army that but just now had no other home than the cheap lodging houses which Inspector

Byrnes fitly called "nurseries of crime." These also are standards from which there is no backing down, even if coming up to them is slow work: and they are here to stay, for they pay. That is the test. Not charity, but justice, — that is the gospel which they preach.

Flushed with the success of many victories, we challenged the slum to a fight to the finish a year ago, and bade it come on. It came on. On our side fought the bravest and best. The man who marshaled the citizen forces for their candidate had been foremost in building homes, in erecting baths for the people, in directing the self-sacrificing labors of the oldest and worthiest of the agencies for improving the condition of the poor. With him battled men who had given lives of patient study and effort to the cause of helping their fellow men. Shoulder to shoulder with them stood the thoughtful workmen from the East Side tenement. The slum, too, marshaled its forces. Tammany produced her notes. She pointed to the increased tax rate, showed what it had cost to build schools and parks and to clean house, and called it criminal recklessness. The issue was made sharp and clear. The war cry of the slum was characteristic: "To hell with reform!" We all remember the result. Politics interfered, and turned victory into defeat. We were beaten. I shall never forget that election night. I walked home through the Bowery in the midnight hour, and saw it gorging itself, like a starved wolf, upon the promise of the morrow. Drunken men and women sat in every doorway, howling ribald songs and curses. Hard faces I had not seen for years showed themselves about the dives. The mob made merry after its fashion. The old days were coming back. Reform was dead, and decency with it.

A year later, I passed that same way on the night of election. The scene was strangely changed. The street was unusually quiet for such a time. Men stood



in groups about the saloons, and talked in whispers, with serious faces. The name of Roosevelt was heard on every hand. The dives were running, but there was no shouting, and violence was discouraged. When, on the following day, I met the proprietor of one of the oldest concerns in the Bowery, — which, while doing a legitimate business, caters necessarily to its crowds, and therefore sides with them, — he told me with bitter reproach how he had been stricken in pocket. A gambler had just been in to see him, who had come on from the far West, in anticipation of a wide-open town, and had got all ready to open a house in the Tenderloin. "He brought \$40,000 to put in the business, and he came to take it away to Baltimore. Just now the cashier of — Bank told me that two other gamblers had drawn \$130,000, which they would have invested here, and had gone after him. Think of all that money gone to Baltimore! That's what you've done!"

I went over to police headquarters, thinking of the sad state of that man, and in the hallway I ran across two children, little tots, who were inquiring their way to "the commissioner." The older was a hunchback girl, who led her younger brother (he could not have been over five or six years old) by the hand. They explained their case to me. They came from Allen Street. Some undesirable women tenants had moved into the tenement, and when complaint was made that sent the police there, the children's father, who was a poor Jewish tailor, was blamed. The tenants took it out of the boy by punching his nose till it bled. Whereupon the children went straight to Mulberry Street to see the commissioner and get justice. It was the first time in twenty years that I had known Allen Street to come to police headquarters for justice; and in the discovery that the new idea had reached down to the little children I read the doom of the slum, despite its loud vauntings.

No, it was not true that reform was dead, with decency. It was not the slum that had won; it was we who had lost. We were not up to the mark, — not yet. But New York is a many times cleaner and better city to-day than it was ten years ago. Then I was able to grasp easily the whole plan for wresting it from the neglect and indifference that had put us where we were. It was chiefly, almost wholly, remedial in its scope. Now it is preventive, constructive, and no ten men could gather all the threads and hold them. We have made, are making headway, and no Tammany has the power to stop us. She knows it, too, and is in such frantic haste to fill her pockets while she has time that she has abandoned her old ally, the tax rate, and the pretense of making bad government cheap government. She is at this moment engaged in raising taxes and assessments at one and the same time to an unheard-of figure, while salaries are being increased lavishly on every hand. We can afford to pay all she charges us for the lesson we are learning. If to that we add common sense, we shall discover the bearings of it all without trouble. Yesterday I picked up a book, — a learned disquisition on government, — and read on the title-page, "Affectionately dedicated to all who despise politics." That was not common sense. To win the battle with the slum, we must not begin by despising politics. We have been doing that too long. The politics of the slum is apt to be like the slum itself, dirty. Then it must be cleaned. It is what the fight is about. Politics is the weapon. We must learn to use it so as to cut straight and sure. That is common sense, and the golden rule as applied to Tammany.

Some years ago, the United States government conducted an inquiry into the slums of great cities. To its staff of experts was attached a chemist, who gathered and isolated a lot of bacilli with fearsome Latin names, in the tenements

where he went. Among those he labeled were the *staphylococcus pyogenes albus*, the *micrococcus fervidosus*, the *saccharomyces rosaceus*, and the *bacillus buccalis fortuitus*. I made a note of the names at the time, because of the dread with which they inspired me. But I searched the collection in vain for the real bacillus of the slum. It escaped science, to be identified by human sympathy and a conscience-stricken community with that of ordinary human selfishness. The antitoxin has been found, and is applied successfully. Since justice has replaced charity on the prescription the patient is improving. And the improvement is not confined to him; it is general. Conscience is not a local issue in our day. A few years ago, a United States Sena-

tor sought reelection on the platform that the decalogue and the golden rule were glittering generalities that had no place in politics, and lost. We have not quite reached the millennium yet, but to-day a man is governor in the Empire State who was elected on the pledge that he would rule by the ten commandments. These are facts that mean much or little, according to the way one looks at them. The significant thing is that they are facts, and that, in spite of slipping and sliding, the world moves forward, not backward. The poor we shall have always with us, but the slum we need not have. These two do not rightfully belong together. Their present partnership is at once poverty's worst hardship and our worst fault.

Jacob A. Riis.

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## PORTO RICO.

THE people of the United States have acquired along with Porto Rico a load of serious governmental embarrassments, — problems difficult of solution, and abuses even more difficult of correction, bequeathed us by Spanish misrule.

There is a more or less general impression abroad, dating from the time we captured the island, that the Porto Rican character is a compendium of virtues: that the natives are thrifty and industrious, kindly and hospitable; that they will fall in immediately with our methods of reasoning; that they will prove as adaptable to democratic institutions and as amenable to government as the best class of European immigrants. Let us dismiss such erroneous impressions; the sooner, the better. The natives, it is true, have been grossly oppressed, but not in quite the way we have imagined. A rational appreciation of their recent history will modify both our conception of their patriotism and

our estimate of their docility. They are less brave and less meek than we have supposed.

Until the year 1887 the country was under a government very different from that since in operation. Porto Rico was then far more prosperous; there was a large number of foreign residents in the island; and though corruption was practiced on a magnificent scale, the rights of the individual were respected and freedom of speech was general. That was the golden age, to which every Porto Rican looks back with regret. In 1887 came an attempt at rebellion, — an attempt conceived by a few officials in San Juan who sought private vengeance upon personal enemies, — a scheme rather than a fact. It must be remembered, however, that 1887 was the year in which the slaves were freed, and there were undoubtedly very many discontented individuals whose known inclinations afforded Spain a plausible excuse for the



outrages subsequently committed. The island was declared under martial law. A reign of terror at once began, and continued for several months, with numerous arrests, a few executions, and even some instances of cruel and excruciating torture. The Guardia Civile was increased in number, and was authorized to shoot suspected persons at sight, — a prerogative which continued till our occupation. Ever since those days of bloodshed the island has been seething with discontent. Although very little physical violence has been offered by the Spaniards, — their oppression assuming the milder form of official corruption, — the memory of 1887 remains so vividly imprinted on the native mind that reminiscence often takes the place of present fact, when a Porto Rican recounts his wrongs. Indeed, it is astonishing that only a few paltry attempts have been made to achieve independence.

In discussing public affairs with natives, one learns to expect hyperbole and to make allowance for passionate exaggeration. A few years ago, a Porto Rican, Louis Muñoz Rivera by name, established at Ponce a newspaper called *La Democracia*, in which he advocated complete freedom from Spanish rule. If the existing tyranny had been as severe as some would have us believe, the paper would have been immediately suppressed. No such interruption occurred. *La Democracia* continued to be read by a numerous class of islanders, and Rivera became the champion and sponsor of all who had grievances. His subsequent career is broadly illustrative. That clever, unprincipled journalist is Porto Rico in epitome. When the liberal ministry, headed by Sagasta, was called to power in Spain, Rivera, with characteristic insight into future events, repaired to the mother country. There he remained for several months, enjoying frequent interviews with the prime minister. The danger of an armed uprising in Porto Rico was really about as imminent as

the oft-predicted war between capital and labor, — surely not more so; but by plausible representations, of no very agreeable character, Rivera succeeded in alarming Sagasta. There was, said the revolutionary journalist, an imperative necessity for granting some sort of autonomy to Porto Rico. It is difficult to follow the mental movements of deceiver and deceived. Possibly a desire to give an object lesson to refractory Cuba had more weight with the premier than any apprehension of a Porto Rican rebellion. However that may be, Rivera returned from Spain decorated with the grand cross of the Holy Order of Catholics, pledged to win the consent of his countrymen to as farcical a system of autonomy as mind can conceive, and assured of the full support of the Spanish army.

Then commenced a vigorous campaign of political propagandism. Traveling about the island with a military escort, his decorations glittering on his breast, Rivera harangued the populace. He recounted his difficulties in obtaining the inestimable boon of autonomy for his beloved Porto Ricans at the hands of the Sagasta ministry; he described his untiring entreaties; he recounted his trials; he spoke with florid eloquence of his final success. Then he modestly alluded to his journey, explaining that he had gone to Spain at his own expense, and that he had lived there for many months, devoting himself to the sacred cause of his countrymen.

In the meantime, while Rivera was making his theatrical tours, the more thoughtful people began to wonder why this obscure newspaper editor was so suddenly advanced to a post of conspicuous honor. Was Sagasta frightened at the progress of the Cuban rebellion? Was the premier fearful of a similar outburst in Porto Rico? If so, would he not be disposed to grant genuine independence, if the people rejected this ridiculous substitute for it? An auto-

nomy in which the people were allowed to elect a *congreso*, but the *congreso* itself was not allowed to do anything, — let us have none of it, they said. All who reasoned thus declared for absolute independence, and were called Puros; the followers of Rivera took the name of Autonomistas. The Puros numbered within their ranks most of the stable, far-seeing men of the island. Aside from international considerations, a distrust of Rivera played an important part in determining their actions. As the day of election drew near, Rivera extended a proposal to the Puros. "Accept this proffered autonomy," said he, "and we will unite to elect a Puro congress, thereby demonstrating our desire for thoroughgoing reform." The ruse succeeded. Puro candidates were everywhere nominated, often with no apparent opposition. Then was accomplished a daring stroke of perfidy. The day before the election the telegraph lines were kept busy with messages from Rivera. Autonomista candidates were thrust forward against the seemingly unopposed Puro nominees, and rewards were liberally promised to the prominent men of each district. The wires were then held so that not a message passed for eighteen hours. The next day the treachery was revealed; but the soldiers were out in force, and held the polls. A few disturbances occurred, but the Puros carried only a third of their nominees, and Rivera became president of an Autonomista congress.

This scandalous intrigue took place but fifteen months ago. It is, therefore, the newest as well as the most conspicuous example of the political condition of Porto Rico, the sacredness of which our American authorities at San Juan are passionately entreated to revere.

Rivera, as president of the congress, wrote to the papers, at the opening of the war, that he would sooner become a Chinaman or a Hottentot than an American citizen. Rivera, having expe-

rienced the termination of his lucrative office, is now seeking another, and cultivating with particular assiduity every American upon whom he can make an impression; giving interviews to the American papers, calling upon the United States government to respect the civic freedom of Porto Rico, and in every way endeavoring to pose before the natives as their loyal benefactor and savior.

And yet Rivera is no reprobate, as Porto Ricans go. The difference between him and his kind is not so much one of nature as of ability. He is typical of a race whose instability and inconsistency are temperamental. The Porto Ricans are essentially volatile, a people of fluent adjectives, a people of extravagant superlatives, a people of indefatigable loquacity. They delight to rhapsodize upon their own prowess or virtues. As this sort of self-eulogy goes forward, the listeners attend in much the same way as American Indians would under similar circumstances, each expecting a reciprocal courtesy for his own trumpet when it comes his turn to blow. Lacking solidity or persistence of character, the Porto Ricans will work with great industry until the mood suggests a spree, and then nothing can restrain them. The lower classes are destitute of moral perception, and disgusting in their habits of life.

In estimating such a people, one cannot escape the argument *a fortiori*. There has never been a case in history where an inferior race has conquered, and held in subjection for any prolonged period, a race superior in physical or in mental endowment. Porto Rico has always been a vassal state. The Spaniard in Porto Rico was undoubtedly immoral, corrupt beyond the wildest dreams of American scandalmongers, filthy in body and mind, and execrably cruel, — in all which respects the native was fully his equal. But the Spaniard was somewhat of a man "for a' that." He possessed a fair amount of physical courage, a



strongly pronounced religious tendency, and had occasional glimmerings of a sense of honor. The native Porto Rican, however, can make good his claim to none of these commendable traits. For arrant, despicable cowardice the world cannot produce his match. This I say not merely in regard to his lack of fighting capacity; his deficiency is much more pronounced. While I was in the island I visited every sugar plantation between Ponce and Dorado, via Guayama, Yabucoa, Humacao, Fajardo, and San Juan, conversing with the owners, and frequently riding over the estates in their company. During all the time I did not find one native Porto Rican who was not afraid of his horse. As soon as the animal became the least mettlesome, the gallant caballero frantically clutched the high pommel of his saddle and called for help. After an American has witnessed a caballero's wild flight from a placid cow, it is impossible for him to desire such a contemptible poltroon as a fellow citizen.

Yet the native is not without redeeming qualities. He is invariably courteous, uniformly respectful. The peon regards the señores very much as the feudal serf must have regarded the neighboring gentry. Consequently, he is in a very "governable" state of mind. He is free with his money, long-suffering under oppression, but intensely excitable. He will remember a favor, though his gratitude will disappear upon the receipt of some real or fancied slight. He is proud, but only for applause. His self-esteem depends solely on his neighbor's estimate of him. Horsewhip him privately, and he will forgive you. Snub him publicly, and he is your lifelong enemy.

It is without the slightest desire to criticise our army and navy that I speak of their treatment of the Porto Ricans as one continuous mistake. Our officials have shown from the first an intense

desire to demonstrate to the natives the reality of that golden era which awaits them under the rule of the United States. However laudable the motive, it was not the part of wisdom. The error lay in ascribing too much importance to the native Porto Rican.

General Miles, when embarking upon his initial campaign, took with him a motley collection of nondescripts called the Porto Rican Junta. According to their own account, they were political exiles and refugees. Their more urgent motives for quitting the island, however, traversed a category of offenses in which politics played but an insignificant part, the graver charges being manslaughter, thieving, and embezzlement. General Miles of course soon saw through their pretense of being prominent citizens, and they found it advisable to scatter, but not before one of them had donned a uniform, and employed his newly acquired authority for the furtherance of private ends.

The interpreters of the commission that we sent were not of the most savory reputation, but they were by odds better than the army's earlier associates. One of those worthies belonged to a prominent Porto Rican family, had studied in the United States, and while here had been naturalized. Returning to Porto Rico, he took an active part in the politics of the island, joining the Puros and opposing Rivera with fervid vehemence. Whenever he was threatened by his enemies, he would throw himself back upon his American citizenship. Some time before the outbreak of war, he was informed by our vice-consul in San Juan that, if arrested, he could expect no aid from the consulate, as he had forfeited his rights to American protection by mixing in the political affairs of a foreign country. The man left San Juan almost immediately, and taking residence in New York city remained there until the close of the war. While in New York, he represented himself as an

American citizen who had been obliged to leave Porto Rico, barely escaping with his life, because he had refused to join the volunteers and bear arms against the country of his adoption. Favored by the state of American feeling at the time, he received no little sympathy, and personal friends easily helped him to obtain the position of interpreter to the commission.

Now, this particular man is by no means a bad fellow, as Porto Ricans go; personally, he is rather pleasing. But his history affords a clear demonstration of the errors into which the Americans are apt to fall, — errors which are practically unavoidable while our officials are under the necessity of acting upon partial information. I believe that the Spaniards have in many cases been surprised to find American citizens among imprisoned malcontents. I know of numerous instances in Porto Rico of ardent Spanish sympathizers who have astonished their friends by exhibiting naturalization certificates after the occupation of their district by the United States troops. I call to mind the owner of a foundry and machine shop, an officer of volunteers, engaged upon Spanish government contracts. When the Spanish work was finished, and the American about to begin, he promptly advanced his claim as an American citizen to preferment over alien competitors.

Such instances are beyond doubt representative. Few who are to-day enjoying American favor belong to the most worthy class. This is a matter of extreme seriousness. Above and beyond the comparatively petty consideration as to whether we are rewarding according to merit is the effect of this spectacle upon the people at large. When Porto Ricans see us so easily "buncoed" by men whom they have ostracized, their opinion of us must suffer. This already begins to appear. As I was sitting one day in the rotunda of the Hotel Inglaterra, in San Juan, in company with Ad-

miral Schley, an interpreter presented a fellow Porto Rican, whom the admiral received with his usual approachableness and courtesy. I afterward heard that the price of that introduction was five dollars!

The ridiculous affair at Fajardo, though in itself a matter of no great importance, affords a complete and picturesque illustration of the manner in which we Americans have been duped by the wily natives. At the beginning of the war, the more influential citizens of this little town were the most ardent Spaniards imaginable. I have seen letters from one of them, speaking of the defense Fajardo could be expected to make in the event of an American invasion. The unanimity with which they assured the Spanish officials of their determination to die rather than yield was inspiring. But when the monitors *Amphitrite* and *Puritan* anchored in the harbor, and sent a detachment of marines ashore to tend the Cape San Juan light, about five miles from the town, the aspect of affairs changed at once. These ardent Spaniards, foreseeing the American occupancy of the island, and having also an alluring vision of political preferment, waited upon the commander of the warships. Fajardo, they said, was ultra-American; its inhabitants burned to welcome their saviors, their friends, their brothers in the love of liberty. They, being the most prominent citizens, could rally round them nearly a thousand men, and would undertake, if furnished arms, to hold the town until the arrival of the United States troops. Nevertheless, as there were some twenty-five representatives of the *Guardia Civil* in Fajardo, the Americans would confer a favor by landing and driving them away.

Just what motives induced the commander of the expedition to assent to their proposition cannot now be determined. If any reliance was to be placed in their representations, he might have



considered it a shrewd move to annoy the enemy. As things fell out, he lost nothing but his colors, — the only American flag captured during the war. At all events, some marines were landed and marched up to the town, the twenty-five members of the Guardia Civile passing out on the other side. After considerable palaver, the American flag was raised and arms were given to the natives. Meanwhile, Governor-General Macias had been informed of the affair, and had dispatched about four hundred troops from Rio Grande, thirty miles away. When news of this came, Fajardo was thrown into pitiable confusion. The peons scattered to the hills. Their valiant leaders scampered to the lighthouse, — all but three, and those the most valued, who were taken aboard a warship in a condition of profound mental depression. As to their wives and families, the lighthouse was good enough for them; as to the American flag, it was left idly floating over the abandoned town for the incoming Spaniards to pull down and trail in the dust.

There was a fight that night. The entire Spanish force attacked the lighthouse, lost about eleven men in killed and wounded, and then retired. During the defense of the building, fourteen marines and one officer constituted the number actively engaged. All were Americans. The Porto Ricans lay huddled in the safest corner, having lost all desire to die for their beloved *Americanos*. The next day, the whole litter of patriots was bundled aboard ship and taken to Ponce, where they recovered fortitude, and commenced to estimate the fabulous sums which the Spanish government would give for their heads.

Having had an extended acquaintance with these people in Ponce, I went to Humacao shortly after the cessation of hostilities. The military governor of the district, Ubervilliers by name, was highly amused at my description of the refugee "insurgents" from Fajardo.

He told me they were entirely at liberty to return unmolested, as they were too insignificant to invite Spanish vengeance. However, they did not return until after the 12th of September. During the interim, they contented themselves with writing their friends accounts of their intimacy with the American officials, and their assured prominence in the future government of the island.

This, you say, is all very trivial and unimportant. So it would be but for what it represents. The officers of our army and navy have shown an unfortunate even if natural disposition to put faith in these flamboyant enthusiasts, whose treachery, linked with vain expectations and their consequent disappointment, is likely to aggravate the difficulties of mild though firm control.

Beside the perplexities arising from native depravity and American indiscretion, we shall find ourselves confronted by an ugly assortment of problems relative to the civil administration of the island. It will be no easy task to undo the mischief wrought by centuries of Spanish misrule. A single instance of the intolerable abuses awaiting remedy at our hands is the present system of levying taxes. Once, in conversation with a wealthy native planter, I happened to speak of the methods in use here at home. He listened with unmistakable interest, and when I had finished he pressed me for further information. "Ah, yes, señor," said he, "I understand all you have said, but you leave out the main point. Tell me, *whom do you have to bribe?*"

Heretofore, in every village, one or more representatives of the Spanish conservative party have dominated local affairs. To them the government applied when information was wanted, and appointments were always made with respect to their wishes. In return, these petty autocrats were expected to keep a thumb on the pulse of public opinion, and

to stand ready at any time to do yeoman service for the cause of Spain.

The land taxes fell into two classes, the Madrid and the municipal. Under Spanish rule, every village was a municipality, and its taxes sustained the local government, paid a percentage to the district government, and supported numerous public officials and their friends. The Madrid taxes maintained the general government, supported the army, navy, and church of the island, and remitted a surplus to Spain. The chief power of the local autocrat came into play in the system of levying these various taxes. To show how the system operated, I will take for example a sugar estate. The value of the crop was sworn to by the owner. If he did not stand in the good graces of the officials, he was obliged to submit to an excessive valuation; on the other hand, if he was close to the local autocracy, he could represent his crop at half its worth. Official favoritism meant all the difference between wealth and bankruptcy.

Now, to the Porto Ricans their future taxation is the most important issue. A fair assessment on land, whether developed or not, is beyond their comprehension. They naturally wish to cultivate an intimacy with their new governors, and therein lies the opportunity of those who have obtained an acquaintance among the Americans.

Another problem before us is the policing of the island. The constabulary system of Spain was remarkably complete. Every municipality had its detachment of the Guardia Civile, whose business it was to be personally acquainted with the inhabitants. A member of the guard was judge, jury, and executioner combined, — efficient beyond comparison, — and yet his license to shoot any offender on refusal of surrender was open to tremendous abuse. Where the officer's deposition was sufficient evidence to justify such a shooting, the ordinary citizen was naturally reluctant to cross

him. It speaks well for this picked corps of Spanish veterans that instances of summary shooting were extremely rare, only one having occurred in recent years. How well it speaks for the natives can be readily appreciated. Terrorized to the point of absolute obedience, the Porto Ricans have acquired an undeserved reputation as law-abiding citizens. Moreover, the system engendered a ferocious hatred, which is ready to spring into flame whenever the restraining fear is removed, as is shown by the recent outrages — murder and incendiarism — committed in the name of revenge.

Now that the two splendid organizations, the Guardia Civile and the Guardia del Orden Publico, have been entirely removed, the problem is pressing. To be sure, it is contrary to our whole conception of military practice to send the private soldier to patrol the countryside, like a policeman "traveling" his beat. Yet without some visible reminders of governmental authority the native will consider himself unrestrained. If our system of county sheriffs is to be introduced, we must provide each sheriff with a posse of American deputies. The shrievalty in a native's hands is much more likely to be used as a means of revenge than as an instrument of justice. Perhaps the best possible solution would be the organization of a system of mounted police similar to that in South Africa or in the Canadian Northwest. Without some force other than that now existing, lynch law, with all its attendant evils, will probably be introduced by American adventurers.

Next to that for lighter taxation, the Porto Rican's chief prayer is for better roads. There are at present three classes of roads in the island: *carreteras del Rey*, or military highways, which are excellent; ordinary *carreteras*, which are but poor apologies for country roads; and bridle paths. Almost all the money devoted to road-building has been expended upon the first class of thorough-



fares. The ordinary country roads are sufficient in extent, but they are at times impassable. Fortunately, the island is not without resources to meet the expense of development in this respect. Spain has left Porto Rico with a clean sheet as regards indebtedness. If the seven military departments — Bayamon, Arecibo, Mayaguez, Ponce, Guayama, Humacao, and the island of Vieques — were organized similarly to our counties, they could float bonds and improve their own roads. Moreover, the Porto Ricans are justified in their demand for adequate highways. The present conditions are intolerable. It has been costing the sugar planters around Juncos more than six pesos to haul a hogshead of sugar (whose gross value is but forty-five pesos) downhill, some twelve or thirteen miles to the seaboard.

Another problem of urgent importance, and one which cannot be solved without incidental injustice to somebody, is that of exchange. In 1894 Spain coined provincial money to take the place of the Mexican dollars until then in circulation. The new peso, or dollar, weighed but four hundred grains, as against four hundred and twenty grains in the Mexican dollar, and four hundred and twelve grains in the American. The government proceeded to fix the value of the Mexican coin at but ninety-five per cent of that of the new peso, and set a date on which the legality of the former as tender was to cease. The total amount of this issue was six million pesos, of which sum the Spanish government made ten per cent by the transaction. This debased currency will now have to be demonetized, and the rate at which demonetization shall be effected is a source of no little speculation to the natives.

Whoever undertakes this task must bear in mind a few considerations which are of prime importance to the island as a whole. Most of the ready money, probably three fourths of it, is to-day in the hands of the Spaniards. Spain long

ago announced her intention of making the Porto Rican provincial coinage legal tender in the mother country at ninety-five per cent, which meant that the government owned a large amount of it, and saw no other way of getting rid of it. Now, all the governmental money, and large sums belonging to the Spanish officials and wealthy residents whose past record has made them afraid to stay in the country, will, of course, leave the island. Porto Rico will consequently be subjected to a money famine for some time. If, however, the rate of exchange is fixed at such a figure as to give an inflated value to the provincial money, all the outgoings will consist of American gold and will be of much larger volume, with the result that, though the provincial money will be more plentiful, the Americans will lose by having to exchange it at an inflated value two, three, perhaps even five times over. Most of the natives argue that if the United States government really has the good of the island at heart, it should accept their native currency peso for dollar, recouping itself for the initial outlay by a process of gradual taxation. It is a little difficult, however, to understand why the United States should make up to the Porto Ricans what they have lost by Spanish dishonesty and extortion.

Still further difficulties await us in the religious affairs of Porto Rico. The natives are nominally Roman Catholics, the Protestant church at Ponce being the only one of its kind on the island. But to the Porto Ricans the priest has been better known as a temporal oppressor than as a spiritual guide. Paid by the state, he performed his duties pretty much as he pleased. All Porto Rican mothers are eager enough to have their children baptized, but few of the natives seek the marriage ceremony, the lower classes preferring the economy of primitive savages. Nor is there much reason to hope for improvement under the new régime. With the outgoing of Spanish government,

there is absolutely no means of support for the Catholic Church; and I do not think that any Protestant denomination would succeed much better financially just at present. The peons regard the Church as part and parcel of the Spanish system, and they include it in their violent hatred of all things Castilian. They possess at best but little religious sentiment or principle, making up for it in superstition. That the clergy now in the island, many of whom are vicious, dissolute men, could or would assume the task of bringing these degenerates into a state of moral order is out of the question. If our Irish Catholic clergy could be substituted for them, the condition would be greatly improved. Yet even they could expect no adequate support from the natives.

Now, for all these national embarrassments which we have accepted, what reward do we reap? A strategic position in a possible series of future naval operations. There lies a palpable gain. But the foremost consideration is commercial. What, then, are the opportunities for American capital, American brains, and American energy, in this new possession of ours?

It is the easiest thing in the world to assert in a by and large way that the island is open for development. It is not so easy to determine the exact lines on which such development might be profitably directed. The bald statement that Porto Rico is destitute of railways, docks, trolley lines, good roads, — in a word, destitute of the machinery of commerce and convenience, — is enough to arouse the lively interest of American capitalists. Yet the operators of such machinery must draw their revenues from the small spendings of large numbers; and though Porto Rico is thickly populated, only the rich (or between one and two per cent of its people) can be relied upon to spend money for railway tickets, or for illuminating gas, or for

electric lights, or for any other such luxury.

When the American workman, earning a dollar and a half a day, pays five cents twice daily for transportation, he is expending six and two thirds per cent of his wages. A Porto Rican of the same relative wealth is earning but fifty cents (Spanish), and would have to spend forty per cent of his earnings if his nickels were reduced to a gold basis. Undoubtedly, the peons will become richer, but until they do they will rarely ride. Arrangements have been completed to build a trolley road from Ponce to its port, or *playa*. The financial prospects of the undertaking are instructive. In war time, when the number of stage-coaches had been doubled because of the increased traffic due to the presence of the American army, some twenty vehicles filled all the requirements. These coaches carried passengers for one real, or six and a quarter cents (American), and made about three trips daily. Consequently, if the new road takes in fifty dollars in gold a day, it will be doing all that can be expected.

Ponce has also a gas plant. During the war it was closed for lack of fuel, and it has not yet resumed operations. It has a capacity of twenty thousand cubic feet, and when once the holder was full the works shut down for a couple of days. That this should have been possible in a city of forty thousand inhabitants is a sufficient commentary upon the advisability of inaugurating municipal enterprises in Porto Rico.

It would be impossible for a steam railroad to penetrate to the centre of the island without enormous expense for construction. If the island were encircled, the road would be some three hundred miles long. Suppose that this road handled every ton of goods exported, and hauled its freights an average distance of one hundred miles; also suppose that it handled an equal amount of importation tonnage: the traffic would then



reach a total of twenty-five million ton-miles. If the almost prohibitive rate of three cents a ton-mile were received, the aggregate yearly freight revenue would be seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or ten per cent of the cost of the railroad, — and this upon the assumption that the road could be constructed for twenty-five thousand dollars a mile.

The situation becomes clearer when we compare these conditions with the figures of productive railroad enterprise in America. In 1867, in the United States, 1.925 cents were received for freight per ton-mile; in 1877 the rate was 1.286 cents; in 1887 it became .984 of a cent; and in 1896 the fraction was further reduced to .806. Moreover, the average cost of construction has been above sixty thousand dollars per mile. Yet even with our gratuitous assumptions in favor of the Porto Rican undertaking, we find that its income would be extremely low. No American road receives less than fifteen per cent, if it pays dividends. We must note also that the receipts from passenger traffic in this country are equal to about half those received from freight charges, — a condition which is an impossibility in Porto Rico. A freight aggregate of two hundred and fifty thousand tons will seem a small amount to supply a million people, but the actual freight taken from place to place in Porto Rico last year was probably less than fifty thousand tons. In all such calculations as this, it must be remembered that the products of the tropics are relatively large in value and small in weight.

The supreme opportunity for Americans in Porto Rico lies, not in the development of modern facilities, but in the tillage of the soil. The agricultural methods at present employed are extremely crude and wasteful. The full productive capacity of the island has never been reached. Beside the two main staples, there are inviting possibilities in cocoa, pineapples (fresh and canned), dried cocoanut meat, bayberry leaves,

and a thousand other products. Still, the chief importance must always attach to coffee and sugar. Coffee may be grown on any of the hill lands. Labor is cheap, particularly agricultural labor. The field workers have been receiving a daily stipend of fifteen cents in gold, and in addition a half pound of *bacalao*, or salt codfish, and two plantains. The consequent cost of production has been a little over three dollars and a half per hundredweight, the coffee selling for from twelve to fourteen dollars in gold. Yet, when business is conducted on a gold basis, the laborers' wages will be approximately doubled; so the percentage of profit will be materially diminished. On the other hand, a tree now produces about one pound annually, while English growers in other tropical countries have increased the yield to eight pounds, by proper tilth and by recourse to such well-known agricultural devices as "topping," of which the Porto Ricans are still ignorant.

The raising of sugar costs the native planter about two and a half cents a pound. He gets only a little more than a ton to the acre, while its cultivation takes forty dollars. The best extraction on the island secures but seventy-two per cent of the cane in juice, and about eight and a half per cent in sugar. The Porto Rican ploughs his land with four yoke of oxen and five men, the labor alone costing him five and a half dollars an acre, and he plants his cane with spades, at an expense of seven dollars. Compare this with what *can* be done! An increase to twelve per cent extraction and a yield of four tons of sugar by the mere introduction of modern machinery; proper selection of canes for seed, thus increasing the sucrose contents of the juice from eight degrees Baumé to eleven; ploughing with a tandem plough, cutting three inches deeper than the kind now employed, at only a dollar and seventy-five cents for labor per acre; increasing the yield of cane thirty or forty per cent

by a little judicious manuring, — here are possibilities that mean wealth to American investors, and unexampled prosperity to the island of Porto Rico.

The news of General Henry's recent measures brings with it great hopes for the future. He has but lately dissolved the island Cabinet with Rivera at its head, and in future will do the work with Americans. He has divided the

lands, according to their value, into three classes, and fixed an equable rate of taxation for each. He is organizing an American police force for San Juan, and promises to extend its functions over the whole island when its organization is perfected. Such measures are not only eminently just in themselves, but indicate a thorough knowledge of the conditions with which he has to deal.

*William V. Pettit.*

### SOME ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF THE LIQUOR PROBLEM.

LORD KELVIN once observed "that no real advance could be made in any branch of physical science until practical methods for a numerical reckoning of phenomena were established."<sup>1</sup> The same remark applies with equal pertinence to social science. We can make no advance until we can measure our phenomena in such a way as to be able to institute fair comparisons between different times, different places, different classes of individuals.

It was for the realization of some such thought that the Committee of Fifty for the Investigation of the Liquor Problem was originally organized, and it is in this spirit that it has been prosecuting its work for the past six years. The use of alcoholic drinks has produced physical, social, economic, moral, and political evils of such magnitude that all recognize their existence, and a large body of devoted persons give much time to fighting these evils in various ways. And yet, in spite of the mass of literature upon the subject, it cannot be said that we have any considerable body of information which commands the confidence of impartial minds. It was in the hope of contributing toward the

world's fund of accurate knowledge upon this subject, though not in the expectation of giving final results in any one department, that the Committee of Fifty undertook its work. One of its sub-committees published in 1897 a report upon the legislative aspects of the case, a summary of which, by President Eliot, was printed in *The Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1897. The Physiological Sub-Committee has been carrying on experiments and investigations in a number of the biological laboratories of the country, the results of which may be given to the public before long. Other committees are at work upon other phases of the subject, and the Economic Sub-Committee has just completed an investigation into some of the economic aspects of the problem, which will soon be published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

That there is a demand for the kind of information which this sub-committee hopes to give is shown by the numerous attempts which have been made in the past to supply it. As far back as 1839, de Gerando published the much-quoted statement that 75 per cent of the cases of pauperism in the United States were due to drink. He referred for proof to the *New York Observer*, vol. vi., and to the *Christian Almanack* for 1824; but a

<sup>1</sup> Quoted from a report, in *Nature*, vol. xxviii. p. 91, of a lecture delivered May 3, 1883, before the Institution of Civil Engineers.



careful search in both of these authorities has failed to yield the least justification, or even suggestion, of this fraction. More recently, Mr. Boies, in his excellent work entitled *Prisoners and Paupers*, has not only given confident estimates of the amount of criminality, pauperism, and insanity caused by alcohol, but has endeavored to charge up against alcohol the losses for which it is responsible. He has even added a touch of the dramatic to his argument by clothing it in the form of a court record, in which Alcohol is summoned before the "Court of Public Welfare of the People of the United States," to show cause why he should not be fined \$289,984,000 on account of the damage inflicted upon the people. This figure is arrived at by multiplying three fourths of the number of prisoners and one half of the number of paupers and insane in the United States, as returned in the census of 1890, by \$2000; this sum being taken to represent the capitalized value of each individual who becomes a public burden. In this trial a good deal of testimony is introduced by the prosecution, and many persons are quoted as giving estimates of the amount of crime, pauperism, and insanity due to drink; but the prisoner presents no testimony on his own behalf, and is "dumb before the court."

If Mr. Boies had really appreciated the magnitude of the liquor interest, he would at once have recognized the artistic mistake of introducing so opulent a prisoner into his allegory unaccompanied by eminent and learned counsel. Even a lawyer's apprentice might have made some such reply as the following. There is no evidence that three fourths of the crime of the country are due to alcohol alone. Alcohol appears as the first of several causes in but 31 per cent. We should therefore reduce the number of criminals whose value figures in the bill to 26,539 at the most. Of the almshouse population, not 50 per cent, but at most 37 per cent, have come to their poverty

through the use of liquor, either directly or indirectly. This fact cuts down the number of paupers appearing in the bill to 27,026. If we take for the insane the Massachusetts figures, in the absence of any general investigation, we have at the most but 39 per cent, including the "not ascertained" cases which by any possibility could be charged to liquor. This reduces the insane in the bill to 38,039, and the aggregate of the three classes ruined through liquor to 91,604. On Mr. Boies's own estimate of \$2000 apiece, the bill ought not to exceed \$183,208,000. But Alcohol already pays toward the support of the government \$183,000,000 a year, so that it pays in a single year almost exactly the capitalized value of its victims. Or if, to put the comparison in a simpler form, we take Mr. Boies's estimate of the annual loss of productivity of these persons as \$200 per capita, and compare that with the annual contribution of the prisoner toward the expenses of the state, we see that while the annual loss would be \$18,320,800, the annual contribution of Alcohol toward the expenses of the government is actually ten times that amount.

These figures are given, not for the sake of criticising a meritorious book, but to show the great difficulty of establishing any kind of a balance sheet, with our present knowledge. In spite of the many figures already published, we have not yet gained enough accurate information to enable us to establish even a tentative balance sheet. For while we have found it necessary to reduce Mr. Boies's percentages, and thus his total bill against liquor, by a large amount, certain other items, which are quite beyond the power of any one to calculate, should be added to it in order to make it complete. We should first of all add the burden thrown upon private charities by liquor, and for this sum we have not even approximate figures. We should also add the loss of productivity of those who may not become public charges at all, but who

are serious burdens upon their own families. We shall perhaps never be able to get more than a vague estimate of this sum. We must therefore give up the seductive but delusive idea of showing the total cost of alcohol to the country.

Yet some progress has been made, and though our knowledge is still fragmentary, several additions of much value have been recently made to it. Besides the Twelfth Annual Report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics, published in 1881, and the figures of the eleventh census, which have a bearing upon this subject, a very full and valuable report was issued in 1896, by the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics, on *The Relations of the Liquor Traffic to Pauperism, Crime, and Insanity in that state*. In 1897 the Federal Department of Labor published the results of an investigation made by it into a number of economic questions connected with liquor. Lastly, we shall soon have the report of the Economic Subcommittee of the Committee of Fifty. The chairman of this committee was originally President Francis A. Walker, who served it with characteristic interest and enthusiasm until his death in 1897. The committee at present consists of the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, commissioner of labor, as chairman; Dr. Z. R. Brockway, director of the Elmira Reformatory; Dr. John Graham Brooks, of Cambridge; Dr. E. R. L. Gould, of New York; Professor J. F. Jones, of Marietta; and the writer of this paper, who has acted as its secretary from the beginning. The active work of the committee has been conducted, since 1896, by Mr. John Koren, who was one of the two authors of *The Liquor Problem in its Legislative Aspects*. In the pages that follow, an attempt will be made to show what light is thrown by these three reports upon the liquor question.

In general, it may be said that the investigation of the Department of Labor contributes items for the credit side of

Alcohol's account, while the reports of the Committee of Fifty and of the Massachusetts Bureau give items for the debit side. The Department of Labor has carefully investigated the amount of produce which goes into the production of various kinds of alcoholic liquor, the value of the product, the capital invested, the number of persons employed, and the amount contributed as taxes toward the expenses of government. Most of these statistics apply to the year of the investigation, 1896; others apply to the census year, 1890. They are not strictly comparable, therefore, but together they present an imposing picture of the amount of human activity spent upon the production and sale of liquor, and of the aggregate wealth represented by that product.

The different grains alone entering into the production of various liquors in 1896 amounted to 58,000,000 bushels. In comparison with the total consumption of the country, the production of alcoholic drinks used up .93 per cent of the corn, 11 per cent of the rye, and 40 per cent of the barley. The total capital invested was estimated at over \$957,000,000, of which 59 per cent was found in the retail trade exclusively, and 15 per cent in the retail combined with some other business. The value of the product for 1896 was not given, but the census figures show that in 1890 the total was estimated at over \$289,000,000, of which \$182,000,000 represent the value of malt liquors, \$104,000,000 that of distilled liquors, and \$2,800,000 that of vinous liquors.

Such a large product — and it was doubtless larger in 1896 than in 1890 — must have employed the activity of a good many persons. An exact census of the whole country was not made by the Department of Labor, but an estimate based upon a careful canvass of a limited area is published in the report, and this shows that there were 191,519 proprietors of establishments interested



in the various forms of the liquor traffic, employing 241,755 persons. In some cases but a part of the time of the employees was given to the liquor traffic in itself. It was estimated that if their entire time had been given, 172,931 persons, mostly of the male sex, would have been employed. Taking this figure and adding it to the number of proprietors, we learn as a result that the liquor traffic sufficed to give support to over 364,000 bread-winners; and if we assume that each of these maintains on the average a family of four persons, we have a sum total of 1,800,000 persons supported by the manufacture and sale of intoxicants, entirely apart from the farmers who produce the raw material, the transportation agencies which carry it, and the owners of real estate who draw rents from it. If this population were spread out over New England, it would suffice to people the states of New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, and Connecticut as densely as they were peopled in 1890, and would send eight Senators to the United States Senate.

The value of this interest is fully appreciated by the government, and the total revenue collected from it by the federal government, states, counties, and cities in 1896 was over \$183,000,000. This traffic, therefore, not only supports a large number of people and furnishes a market for 58,000,000 bushels of agricultural products, but also contributes toward the expenses of government a sum larger than the entire cost of managing the federal government before the civil war, and as much as its ordinary expenditures, excluding interest on the public debt, in most of the twenty years following.

It is unfortunate that we are not able to compare the value of the liquor product with the amount paid in taxation in the same year. Even allowing for a considerable increase in the liquor product for 1896, it would appear that the tax forms a large element in its value.

The liquor trade is thus seen to be a machine for contributing taxes to the various governments, — and a highly efficient machine, if we look simply at the immediate results. In 1896 it furnished more than was furnished by the customs duties or any other single item of federal revenue. It has therefore come to play an important part both in the creation of individual wealth and in the support of the government.

How far is this economic force delusive? How far is the wealth created calculated to destroy rather than to increase the well-being of mankind? In order to answer this question, we must turn to the report of the Committee of Fifty, and study that part of it which relates to poverty and crime. The investigation of these topics was not easy. Both pauperism and crime present peculiar difficulties of their own, which beset the path and even baffle the ingenuity of the statistician.

In studying pauperism, we are met at once by the familiar experience that it is not always easy to answer with a simple "yes" or "no" the question, "Is the poverty of an individual due to the use of liquor?" In many cases several causes coöperate. The use of stimulants may have intensified the natural laziness of the individual, or it may have brought on sickness, or it may have led to a premature senility. And it may be difficult to state whether the poverty should be attributed to liquor in all of these cases, or to laziness, sickness, and old age respectively. It may be possible in the future to devise some satisfactory method of combining different causes. Indeed, such methods have been suggested. But in the absence of any recognized statistical device for representing all phases of a complex subject, it seemed wiser simply to ask the question as it is ordinarily asked, it being understood that liquor was to be given as a cause of poverty only when it appeared so prominently in the life history of the individual con-

cerned that any reasonable person would have no hesitation in attributing the poverty to liquor as the predominant factor in the case.

The investigation of crime presents even greater difficulties. In studying this subject, it seemed unwise, indeed impossible, to put the question in so simple a form. Crime implies an intentional act; poverty is only an economic condition. To account for an intentional act, we must know the motives which led to it; and the motives of men are almost always the result of many influences. In the case of criminals, therefore, we did not merely ask the question whether liquor was or was not *the* cause of the crime, but we also asked whether it figured as a first, second, or third cause, and how it compared in importance with lack of industrial training and unfavorable environment. The resulting tabulation was, consequently, more intricate in the case of crime than in the case of poverty, and hence it is not so easy to determine exactly what share liquor has played in causing crime. We believe, however, that the matter is represented as simply as the circumstances of the case permit. It goes without saying that, in such an investigation, it would be illogical to include under the term "crime" offenses which consist in the use of liquor itself or in a violation of liquor laws. The investigation of the committee was confined to state's prisons and reformatories, and shows the effect of liquor in causing the more serious crimes against persons and property, commonly known as felonies. We did not endeavor to investigate liquor habits. People often confuse the liquor habits of the inmates of institutions with the cause of their poverty or depravity. This is an obvious mistake. A person may be a drunkard, and yet have committed a crime upon which his habits had no influence; or a man may be only a moderate or occasional drinker as a matter of habit, and yet have committed some impulsive

crime when exceptionally under the influence of alcohol.

In the study of pauperism and crime alike, we could not canvass the entire country owing to the great expense. We could only take samples here and there. Thus, the influence of liquor upon poverty and destitution was tested by a careful inquiry into the cases treated by 33 charity organization societies, 60 almshouses, and 11 societies and schools for the care of destitute children. Over 52,000 such cases were studied. The figures for crime are based upon the study of over 13,000 convicts, confined in 17 prisons and reformatories, distributed throughout 12 states. But while we cannot present totals for the whole country, it is believed that the cases studied are representative, and that averages based upon them may be applied to the United States without serious error. Great care was taken in the selection of those through whom the information was first gathered. The investigations were not undertaken by a single enumerator, or a group of enumerators, sent out to question the paupers and prisoners, nor in turn did we rely upon the formal records of institutions. In every case, some one intimately associated with the persons concerned — often the chaplain or warden of a prison, or the superintendent of an almshouse, or the secretary of a charity organization society — undertook, by a careful study of the individual circumstances, to answer our questions. As only those institutions and societies were asked to cooperate in which it was possible to secure the aid of some one who was at once interested, intelligent, and impartial, it is believed that the highest confidence can be placed in their returns.

If we now ask what this inquiry yielded, the first answer to be made is that it teaches us the danger of mere estimates or guesswork, and also the futility of making broad generalizations about such matters. We found that the figures



differed considerably in different parts of the country, according to the industrial character of the population and its nationality. We also found a marked difference between the inmates of almshouses and the applicants of the charity organization societies. It appeared, moreover, that it is of the first importance to know, what has rarely been asked in previous inquiries, whether liquor was a direct or an indirect cause of the poverty in question. In the case of the clients of the charity organization societies, we found that 18 per cent owed their poverty to the personal use of liquor, and that 9 per cent could trace it to the intemperance of others, especially of husbands, parents, or guardians. As in some instances both these causes contributed, the aggregate number of cases which were due, directly and indirectly, to the liquor habit was somewhat less than the percentage obtained by adding these two percentages together, and amounted to 25 per cent. In the case of the almshouses, the liquor habit played a much larger part. In over 32 per cent of the paupers studied their condition was found to be due to the personal use of liquor, while in over 8 per cent it was due to the intemperate habits of others. In all, 37 per cent of the cases could be traced to liquor in one way or the other. These figures are considerably smaller than the vague estimates made by such people as de Gerando, but they are also considerably higher than the figures obtained from the printed reports of societies, or than the figures based upon the liquor habits of paupers. Fortunately, our confidence in their general accuracy is confirmed by the results of the investigation made by the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor, and published in its Twenty-Sixth Annual Report. This showed that in Massachusetts alone about 39 per cent of the paupers in almshouses had been brought to their condition by the personal use of liquor; and that 10 per cent, some of whom may have been in-

cluded in the 39 per cent, had come there through the intemperate habits of parents, guardians, or others. As the figures for individual charity organization societies in Massachusetts show a larger percentage of poverty due to liquor than the average obtained for the United States, it is to be expected that the almshouses of Massachusetts will likewise show a percentage above the general average. These figures, therefore, by the mere fact that they are somewhat higher than our general average, confirm our belief in the reliability of our investigation. The highest percentage of destitution due to liquor is naturally found in the case of the societies for the rescue of children; the fault here being, not on the part of the children themselves, but on the part of their natural guardians. Not less than 45 per cent of the cases investigated were found to involve liquor as a cause of the destitution of children.

If we consider the different classes of the poor which go to make up these general percentages, we find a great diversity. The males uniformly show a much larger percentage of poverty due directly to liquor than the females; but the latter, as might be expected, show many more cases due to the intemperate habits of others. The women and children are the greatest sufferers from the intemperate habits of those who should be their bread-winners and protectors.

A study of nationalities likewise shows a great diversity, but it is a diversity in which the different nationalities almost invariably keep the same rank. Thus, whether we study the paupers in almshouses or the applicants for aid from the charity organization societies, the Irish yield the largest percentage of cases due to liquor; the Italians, Russians, Austrians, and Poles, the smallest. Between these two extremes the native-born Americans fall midway, being, as a rule, more addicted to liquor than the Germans and Scandinavians, but less so than the English, Canadians, and Scotch. The colored

race, however, as compared with the white, shows a good record. Uniformly, the Negroes return fewer cases of poverty and pauperism due to liquor than the whites. The tables of the report distinguish still other classes, grouped according to the political condition and the nativity of parents. Each group has its own characteristics, the naturalized citizens making, as a rule, an unfavorable showing as compared with the citizens born on the one hand, and the aliens on the other. These figures and the figures regarding parent nativity, giving as they do percentages for various combinations, offer much food for thought, but cannot be quoted at length within the limits of this paper.

The study of criminals is beset with peculiar difficulties, from the very nature of the case. Of the 13,402 whose life histories were studied for our report, it appeared that their crime stood in some direct or indirect connection with liquor in 50 per cent; but in only 31 per cent of the cases was liquor set down as the first cause; in the others it was simply contributory, but was not the principal outward circumstance inducing the crime. These figures indicate that many of the current guesses regarding the effect of liquor upon crime are exaggerated as far as they apply to offenses which do not in themselves involve liquor as a necessary element. The complexity of the subject, however, precludes the possibility of making any exact computation of that part of the cost of supporting criminals which is occasioned by the use of liquor; 50 per cent, or even 31 per cent, of the total would probably be excessive.

While the greater part of the report of the Economic Sub-Committee is devoted to the statistical study of pauperism and crime, other topics are also taken up. Among them, special investigations are made of the influence of liquor upon the Indians and upon the Negroes of the South, and the result of this latter investigation confirms at all points

the statistical figures already quoted. These studies, made on the spot by persons especially familiar with Negro life, and especially competent to form an opinion, indicate that the liquor habit is not the worst vice of the Negroes, and that, on the whole, it is much less prevalent among them than among the whites.

One chapter of the report deals with the saloon as a factor in the social life of the city. A generation ago, Charles Loring Brace pointed out the peculiar position occupied by the saloon in large cities, and the manner in which it caters to the social needs of the man who works with his hands. "The liquor shop is his picture gallery, club, reading room, and social *salon* at once."<sup>1</sup>

Investigations made by well-qualified correspondents of the committee in several large cities (New York, Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco) confirm this observation. The saloon naturally varies with the character and nationality of the population which surrounds it, and with the city in which it is located; but that it supplies many wants besides the craving for intoxicants is seen in the fact that saloons flourish even among such races as the Jews, who are exceptionally temperate in the use of stimulants.

The report of the Committee of Fifty contents itself with presenting facts. From what has been said of its plan and purpose, it is evident that the time has not come for it to give any utterance with regard to practical ways and means; nor does the writer feel that enough is known to justify him in expressing, personally and unofficially, an opinion respecting the relative efficacy of the different methods of combating intemperance.

The facts presented, however, do warrant the belief that a careful study of the purely economic aspects of the subject must be of value to practical work-

<sup>1</sup> The Dangerous Classes of New York, 1872, p. 64.



ers. That such an investigation is expected to be useful is seen from the generous readiness with which persons engaged in the practical work of philanthropy and the care of criminals and paupers have assisted in collecting material for the report. And while this does not deal with specific ways and means, it does point out certain economic forces which should be taken account of in all practical measures. The magnitude of the liquor interest is in itself of importance, as showing the force which is sure to be opposed to any radical proposals which aim at complete prohibition. It would obviously be impossible, suddenly and in a short time, to wipe out a trade which supports 1,800,000 persons, and involves a capital of \$957,000,000. It is not surprising that those whose livelihood is connected with this business should resist to the uttermost such attempts. Even the farmers, who sell 58,000,000 bushels of produce, have a considerable interest in the matter, as well as the landowners who rent buildings, and the railroads and steamboats which furnish transportation. There is no reason, however, to suppose that those who live by this traffic would not be quite as willing to take up some other enterprise, if it offered the same profits and the same opportunities for employment. Any measure, therefore, that is aimed at the liquor traffic will improve its chances of success if it can, at the same time, create a new field of employment for those who will inevitably be thrown out of work by the restriction of the consumption of alcohol.

Our committee has not entered into this investigation in detail, for lack of time; but it is obvious that such means of amusement as the bicycle, the camera, and most out-of-door sports are important competitors of the saloon, and that the producers of these articles constitute a part of the economic force directly opposed to the liquor traffic. In a sense, the interests of the producers of light

drinks are opposed to those of the producers of heavy drinks, and, as shown by the figures of the Department of Labor, they are greater. The total product of distilled liquors in 1890 was \$104,000,000, while that of malt liquors was \$182,000,000; and this interest is constantly growing, as may be seen from the figures giving the consumption of malt liquors and distilled liquors for a period of years. While the consumption of the latter is estimated to have fallen since 1840 from 2.52 gallons per capita to 1 gallon, that of the former has risen from 1.36 to 15.16 gallons. This tendency has been quite marked within the past few years. Thus, from 1891 to 1896 there was a considerable falling off in the consumption of distilled spirits, with practically no increase in the consumption of malt liquors.

The increase in the use of lager beer is regarded by many persons as a dangerous symptom; and Mr. Boies, putting together the figures which show the increase in its consumption and the figures which show the increase in crime, and arguing *post hoc ergo propter hoc*, infers that one is the cause of the other. It is, however, quite proper to point out, in reply to this argument, that the greater part of beer (from 83 to 95 per cent) consists of water, and only a very small part of alcohol. The analyses made by Professor Chittenden of malt liquors consumed in the United States show the percentage of alcohol to vary from 8.9 per cent to .67 per cent; the smaller figure is probably nearer the truth, for the bulk of the cheap beer consumed in our country, than the larger one. Now, it is undoubtedly the alcohol, and not the water in the beer, that produces intoxication, and leads in some cases to pauperism and crime. Even assuming the alcohol in beer to average 4 per cent, it would still be true that the consumption of alcohol per capita has been steadily falling. Whatever one may think of the effect of beer in itself, therefore, and

of the present amount of poverty and crime due to liquor, our progress seems at least to have been in the right direction.

But there are other economic forces which work unequivocally and intentionally in the direction of moderation. All employers of labor have a direct concern in the soberness of their employees; and in certain enterprises, in which the disasters due to negligence may be great, such as railroad and steamboat transportation and many manufactures, this interest has already led them to exercise a strong pressure in favor of sobriety among those who work for them. The investigation made by the Department of Labor into this matter is most suggestive. Circulars were addressed by it to large employers of labor throughout the country. Many circulars, as usually happens, were unanswered; but over 7000 establishments, employing 1,700,000 persons, took the trouble to reply. In transportation lines alone 713 employers replied, representing 458,000 employees. Of those who answered the specific inquiry regarding liquor, 5363 reported that means were taken to ascertain the habits of employees, and 1794 stated that they prohibited, either in whole or in part, the use of intoxicating drinks by their employees. In very few of these cases did the motive of philanthropy or public spirit seem to count for much. Sobriety was insisted upon from motives of pure self-interest. Of those who restricted their employees, only 28 gave as their reason, "to make good example for their employees;" 2, "to guard against temptation;" and 2, "for the good of employees." In the large majority of cases, the object was either to prevent accident, or to secure better work, closer economy, or stricter accountability in positions of trust. The increasing refinement and precision of machinery, the higher speed at which it is run, the greater intensity with which people work, the immense responsibility often placed upon

a single man, render a clear head and steady nerves an absolute necessity in many trades, and their number is constantly increasing. In the employers of labor, therefore, the advocates of temperance find another powerful economic interest which can be enlisted on their side.

But the employees, too, have special interests, apart from the desire to retain their places and earn good wages, which make for temperance. The development of labor organizations, and the increase in their power and responsibilities, have given them a strong incentive to watch the habits of their members. A great change has taken place in their practice in this respect. In the early part of the century, drinking was incorporated in the rules and regulations of some of the societies as a regular institution; the place of meeting was commonly in a public house; the rations of grog were a privilege, the withdrawal of which might involve a strike. But the unions can no longer afford to subject their members to this temptation. The magnitude of their financial operations necessitates the election of temperate men to the higher offices, while the development of an elaborate system of insurance benefits gives each member a direct interest in the sobriety of his fellows. No member of a union likes to see his contributions, which he has laboriously saved from small earnings, squandered in the support of a drinking fellow member.

The importance of conciliating public opinion during strikes furnishes another powerful motive for maintaining temperance in the unions. The result is that already many by-laws and rules of our larger unions contain special clauses inculcating moderation. In some cases, no steps are to be taken to reinstate a man discharged on account of drunkenness; in other cases, a man is excluded from the union who engages in the liquor traffic; in still others, men are



finer who attend meetings in an intoxicated condition; while, in very many cases, any person who loses his work, falls sick, or meets with an accident on account of the use of liquor is excluded from the benefits which he would otherwise enjoy. The Trades and Labor Council of Fort Wayne, Indiana, goes so far as to provide that "the Council shall never, on any occasion where it is giving a demonstration, celebration, excursion, picnic, ball, or entertainment of any description, sell intoxicating liquors itself, or grant the privilege to sell intoxicating liquors to any person or persons, firm, society, or company." Here is another economic force, already powerful and constantly growing, which is committed to moderation, and which might perhaps be reinforced and stimulated to greater activity.

The importance of this interest is recognized by many trade-union leaders, such as John Burns, who is a teetotaler, Samuel Gompers, and others. Mr. Gompers, the president of the American Federation of Labor, in a letter to the writer says: "I think I could convince you or any one that trade unions have done more to instill temperate habits, not only in drink, but in all things, among the workers, than all other agencies combined."

An economic interest allied to that of the trade unions is found in the numerous and powerful fraternal orders of the country. At a congress held at Baltimore in November, 1898, delegates were present who represented a mem-

bership of over 2,000,000. According to the reports then made, there were benefit certificates in force at the end of the year amounting to over \$33,000,000,000, and \$34,000,000 had been distributed during the year to disabled members and beneficiaries of deceased members. We have here another powerful social influence on the side of moderation. It is true that all life insurance companies have a direct interest in the sobriety of their policy holders. The peculiarity of the trade unions and of the fraternal societies is that this pecuniary interest is represented, not by a soulless corporation, but by the friends, neighbors, and fellow workers of the insured themselves. We not only have the economic interest, but we also have the means of social pressure, which is a factor of very great moment in such matters.

Since the early part of the century, when temperance societies began to be formed, there has been a strong moral movement in the United States and in other countries, directed against the evils of the liquor habit. In many cases the arm of the law has been invoked, and this has resulted in an elaborate, complicated, and constantly changing body of liquor legislation. The facts set forth in this paper give us a partial view of some economic forces which, in the evolution of society, have come to stand for moderation, and suggest that the moral agencies of reform may yet find in purely economic elements their most powerful allies.

*Henry W. Farnam.*

## IMPROVEMENT IN CITY LIFE.

## II. EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS.

In the history of our civic progress, the problems that may be grouped under the head of education early had the advantage of harmonious treatment. The public schools gave a unity to educational effort that was slow in asserting itself in philanthropic endeavor. With the sentiment chiseled on one of the sides of the Boston Public Library, "The Commonwealth requires the Education of the People as the Safeguard of Order and Liberty," the public school system has grown, till no American community is too small or too poor to have its school-house, no city district so rich and cultivated as not to need one. All other educational movements dovetail into it. But it sometimes seems as if the excellence of the idea and the magnitude of the machine had dazed us, for we stand aside to watch the wheels go round, with a strange sense of individual irresponsibility. We talk proudly and bravely, and let local shortcomings grow into common abuses. We do more to supplement the work of the public school than to improve it; and now no problem in the field of civic education is more urgent than reform of the school system by the personal interest of parents.

Fortunately, public spirit is turning to this fundamental problem. In a few cities, the curious spectacle is presented of the teachers summoning the parents to come to the schools and offer criticisms. And these invitations are accepted. In Brooklyn, for instance, in the winter of 1898, it was not unusual for the school halls to be crowded by parents who came in hundreds. But in a number of cities the abuses in the schools have been such as to invite, with a very direct invitation, more vigorous measures. A recent illustration is afforded in Buffalo. A school

association was formed. In June, 1896, it appointed a visiting committee, who, at a public meeting in March, 1898, presented a report that was a severe arraignment for bad sanitation and overcrowding, and later published the report in press and pamphlet. Within three years similar investigations have been carried on at Boston, Cleveland, New Haven, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and San Francisco. In Cleveland, where several basements were found to be utilized as schoolrooms, a committee of the common council investigated the matter, and made a rousing statement. In Chicago, an educational commission was recently appointed by Mayor Harrison, which, after studying the school systems of various cities and consulting leading educators, recommended changes and offered suggestions for the management of the schools. In New York, the Public Education Association, composed of women, called a conference, a year ago, of similar associations in other cities, with such success that another congress is to be held in Philadelphia this year.

The common, hasty judgment is that political control is alone responsible for the evils that have crept into the school system. In response to that idea has come the formation of bodies, of which the Independent Women Voters Association and the Public Schools Association of Boston are good examples. It is their purpose to eliminate politics from the School Board, by the election to it of capable men and women who have no interests at heart but those of the schools. The premise, however, is not entirely sound. The appropriation of many thousands of dollars, to be expended for contracts or in the payment of salaries to those who have no vote,



does offer strong temptations to politicians. But the investigations by citizens show also that, making allowance for the greater cost of public than of private work, much of the condition complained of is due to the recent very rapid growth of the cities. The fact was pointed out at Buffalo, for instance, that the average growth in population jumped from 4000 a year in the decade from 1870 to 1880 to more than 10,000 a year in the following decade. The former annual provision of new accommodations was, therefore, most inadequate; and yet, every year, in the absence of definite census returns for an argument, the School Board had hesitated to make the larger demand for new structures which actual conditions required.

The important point is the evidence of the increasing popular supervision of the public schools. No department of city government now receives more earnest attention from city charter reformers. In none are more experiments tried, in an effort to eliminate objectionable features; nor is there any public work in which women have taken a more prominent part. So closely is the welfare of the child connected with the school that such a condition is natural, and for this task a woman is well fitted. Tradition is nothing to her, since she did not found the system; her mother love is not dazed by the splendor of statistics; and there could scarcely be a surer way to drive her to a demand for the ballot than the assertion that in one city 2000 women teachers receive smaller pay than do the voting sweepers of the streets. At its meeting in 1896, the General Federation of Women's Clubs officially adopted, as the cause it would specially work to advance, the system of public education, from the kindergarten to the university. At that time 2000 clubs had membership in the state federations. The larger clubs, if their efforts are diversified, almost invariably have a committee on education. The big Wednesday Club of

St. Louis, for example, is credited with having secured the passage of the School Age Bill by the legislature. It established also a free kindergarten for poor children under the legal school age, out of which grew the kindergarten association. The Chicago Woman's Club, which is said to be the largest of its kind in the country, has done important work through its department on education. For one thing, it raised \$40,000 in three months to make the manual training school at Glenwood possible. In good contrast, it gave an illustration of how it thought the schools should be cleaned. The recurrence in many different cities of the club name Woman's Educational and Industrial Union is properly indicative of the direction which women's earnest efforts take. Mixed clubs, such as the Twentieth Century Club of Boston, usually include an educational department. In city after city, also, women have worked their way into the School Board.

Aside from this external reformatory force, there has been a strong influence working within the school system itself. It dates from about 1870. Since that time, manual training, kindergarten, nature study, and the study of literature have appeared, the high school has been generally developed, and the whole system has had a new impulse. This is due in part to changes in its urban organization which need not here be specified. Industrial training schools and courses have been grafted on the system of public education, in an effort to make it more practical. In Denver, Washington, Chicago, St. Paul, Baltimore, Boston, Cambridge, Brookline, Portland (Maine), Springfield (Massachusetts), Camden (New Jersey), New York, Cleveland, Louisville, Toledo, Philadelphia, and some other cities, there are, as a part of the public school system, institutions which offer such training. The creation of many of these institutions is interesting, illustrating how individual influence

affects urban education. At Louisville, in 1892, the beneficence of an individual presented the lot, building, and equipment of a manual training school to the public school system. At Toledo, the organization of such a school was made possible by the legacy of a citizen, and the supplementary gifts of his sons and others. At Philadelphia, in response to the request of an individual, a course in woodwork was established in 1880 at one school, for classes which met two days a week. The success of the experiment led the Board of Education to take charge of it the next year, and place it on a permanent basis. In 1885 the boys' manual training school had grown out of it. The result was so cheering that in four years another such school was opened. These schools are ranked as of high school grade. As for the girls, sewing is common, and cooking is by no means rare, nowadays, in the city schools. The general course is again illustrated by Philadelphia, where sewing was introduced in 1880 in the girls' high and normal schools, and extended to the elementary grades in 1885. Cooking was brought into the girls' grammar schools two years later. Boston is said to be the leader in the number of cooking and manual training departments in the public schools. Chicago took up the work for girls in the present school year, and is about to try the experiment of a commercial training school as a part of her system. Washington has a business high school, and Philadelphia has just opened a school for commerce.

In several cities are to be found special industrial training schools, considerably advanced, and not a part of the public school system. The first of these was established at Chicago, in 1882, under the patronage of the Commercial Club, and while not free was largely helped by an endowment fund furnished by individuals. Other schools of this kind are the manual training school of Washington, the technical school of Cin-

cinnati, the University of St. Louis, the New York trade school, and the Baron de Hirsch trade schools, also in New York. The facilities of the last are soon to be increased by the expenditure of \$2,000,000 or more. Other of these institutions are in the care of philanthropic societies, and even of churches. For instance, the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the Children's Aid Society, and the United Hebrew Charities, in New York, are among those which maintain industrial or training schools. Beyond these, again, are such monuments to individual civic spirit and philanthropy as the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, Cooper Union in New York, the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia, and the Armour Institute of Technology in Chicago. At some of these tuition is entirely free. At others, as at Pratt Institute, a merely nominal charge is made, to be expended in the advancement of the work. At all, classes by day and by night are opening better and wider avenues of profitable employment to thousands of young men and women of the cities. Still other cases represent the associated effort of so many public-spirited citizens as to be properly looked upon as belonging to the whole community. In New Bedford (Massachusetts), a few months ago, there was laid the corner stone of the first building in the United States especially designed for a textile school, where theory will be offered as well as practice; and Trenton, after years of talk, has now secured an art school for workmen in the potteries.

The extension of the system of public instruction at its base, by the establishment of kindergartens, dates from 1871. In the next year the matter came up at St. Louis, and a committee reported to the authorities that the only "play school" that received the direct support of a Board of Education was in Newark, New Jersey. In 1873 one was opened at St. Louis, and carried on by supplementing the city appropriation with private mu-



nificence. Philadelphia, which quickly took and has long kept the lead in the movement, was without city kindergartens until 1887. But associated private effort, under the title of the Sub-Primary School Association, had been so active for seven years that the city system was able to start with 32 kindergartens and more than 1100 pupils. The movement has spread very irregularly, but lately with great speed. How irregular was the early kindergarten development is shown by some figures selected from the report of the United States Commissioner of Education for 1895-96. At that time, Boston was credited with 62, Detroit with only 1, Chicago with 37, St. Louis 95, New York 15, Milwaukee 39, Springfield (Massachusetts) 4, and Denver 25. There are now few cities in the United States without a school of this kind. Kindergartens founded by private philanthropy preceded official schools. Perhaps there is no more welcome instance of that sort than the success which last fall crowned the efforts of the District Colored Woman's League of Washington, in conjunction with the Columbian Association, to have kindergartens adopted in the city's school system. For two years the league had maintained a training school for young colored women, so that teachers might be ready when the time came. In most cases, municipal adoption of the kindergarten has not gone so far that private associations do not still find a field for work in supplementing them. In the limits of the old city of New York, for example, where in 1898 the number of public kindergartens was put at only 42, 15 others were maintained by the kindergarten association. Again, at Cleveland, the Free Kindergarten and Day Nursery Association relieved the pressure on the public kindergartens by about an equal number under its own direction. The beginnings of the movement may be studied in Tacoma, where some earnest women, comprising the kinder-

garten association, conducted one free kindergarten in a room which the School Board lent. Contemporaneously with this effort, the third international kindergarten convention held meetings in Philadelphia. In New York, last summer, kindergartens were opened on the play piers.

It need scarcely be added that in the cities this movement is conducted by philanthropic and even religious bodies, as well as by those whose first object is education. Two concomitant movements have grown out of it: the training schools for kindergartners, as illustrated by the work of the Chicago Froebel Association, and an effort to bring the home and school into closer relationship. In Duluth, for instance, where there were 15 kindergartens in 1897, the Board of Education reported that, during the fiscal year, 45 mothers' meetings had been held in connection with them, 1827 visits had been made by kindergartners to the children's homes, and a mothers' club had been successfully organized, — "all this for the sake of broader acquaintance and sympathy." At Dayton, Ohio, each of the 12 kindergartens connected with the public schools has a mothers' club, and in some cities courses of lectures are offered to mothers. Another interesting development is in the way of coöperation. At Cincinnati there is a kindergarten association which maintains 5 kindergartens (the first founded in the city) and a kindergartners' training school. To encourage the spread of the system, the association volunteered to organize and supervise kindergartens which might be supported by other organizations or by individuals, and to furnish these with pupil assistants from the training school, free of expense. Fifteen church and charitable associations and 9 private kindergartens promptly availed themselves of the offer.

Many trials, of varying wisdom, have recently been made to improve the intellectual quality of the instruction which

is given in the public schools. Of these, none is of greater value than the effort directed toward teachers. It has acted in multiplying normal schools and making a psychological study of childhood. It raises the standard of appointment; it provides lectures, institutes, and summer schools for teachers; and — though only lately, and still in little measure — it encourages higher salaries. Improvement in textbooks and in facilities for instruction, and rearrangement of courses, are other commendable results. But the impulse is not thus exhausted. With a generosity that in some cases is unwise, it adds demands for drawing, music, and physical culture. Against some of these efforts, which the less imaginative of the community tersely blast as "fads," protest has arisen. It is pointed out that while doubtless creditable to the heart, and representing a high ideal of education, they would take the scant time of pupils from the essentials of instruction, scatter their attention, and absorb money needed in other ways. In at least two Western cities which have come under my notice, drawing and music were offered in the public schools; but the school funds ran short during the winter, and the community had the choice of closing the schools or keeping them open by a popular subscription. However advisable the ornamental branches may be, it would seem good sense to provide first for the essentials of education. An example has been furnished lately by Providence, where, last fall, the school committee, forced to cut their coat according to their cloth, discussed the choice of three propositions: (1) to reduce the school year by two months; (2) to cut the salaries of teachers; (3) to discontinue a number of branches of study recently introduced. The third course was chosen.

Possibly, the effort of this nature to which least objection can be made is the now popular one to bring art into the schools by means of casts and pictures.

Boston was the pioneer in the movement with a Public School Art League which was founded in 1892. As yet, the universal idea is, to make no demand upon the public funds for the work, but by popular subscription and individual gift to encourage the adornment of the rooms of the public schools, so that the old bareness may give place to a beauty both uplifting and gratifying. The idea is credited to John Ruskin; yet as far back as 1870, ten years before the formation of the Art for Schools Association in London, there had been an attempt on the part of two individuals to bring art into Boston schools. When the league was formed, the movement rapidly radiated from the city, reaching the immediate suburbs, and also Salem and Springfield. At Brookline the movement started the same year as in Boston, with a meeting of parents at one of the schools. So, gaining impetus as it traveled, it spread over the whole country. Books, pamphlets, and catalogues have been published on the subject. In the State Library of New York and in the Public Library at Boston there are permanent exhibitions of such works of art. An exhibition of this sort which was held in Brooklyn three years ago, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute, was better than any similar exhibition that has been held in New England. In Philadelphia, in 1896, there was an exhibition under the auspices of the Civic Club. Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, San Francisco, and Milwaukee are notable Western centres of the movement. At Cleveland an Art Education Society has been founded, and at Rochester and some other cities the movement is under the patronage of a woman's club. Exhibitions are the popular means for awakening interest in the matter. They not only raise money to purchase works of art, but suggest gifts for individuals to make, whence, in some cases, memorial rooms have resulted.

Within a few years vacation schools



have appeared. Here the educational purpose is secondary to the wish to take the children off the streets, and to entertain and interest them. The movement has met with large success. In New York city there were half a dozen vacation schools in 1896. In the summer of 1897 there were ten, all in the poorer districts, and crowded to their utmost capacity. At one of them, on the first day, which was insufferably hot, there was such a throng about the doors that it was merely an act of humanity to open them an hour before the appointed time. Then a thousand tickets of admission were issued. In New York this work was charitable, the instruction being paid for by voluntary contributions. With the season of 1898 it became part of the public educational system. All these schools are in the poorer districts, and, to their credit be it recorded, teachers and principals often volunteer to do the work, in continuance of their winter labors and without compensation. Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore, Indianapolis, Newark, Hartford, Cambridge, and Buffalo are other cities in which the movement has started. It is a very interesting one, full of picturesque details; and here again, as so often, private philanthropy precedes official action.

School savings banks, of which the avowed purpose is "to teach children to save," are educational mainly in the phrase. Two methods are used, — the stamp and the direct deposit. In 1897 the savings bank had been adopted in 280 schoolhouses of 63 American communities, and pupils had deposited \$451,211, mainly in pennies; about one third of this amount was still on deposit.

<sup>1</sup> An interestingly liberal example of this is to be found in the City History Club of New York. Started only in 1895, it had risen to the dignity in 1898 of having more than sixty teachers and nearly a thousand members, and it hired a theatre for a rally of its classes. A newspaper, speaking of the club, said: "Its work is based on the principle that we must

The School Children's Street-Cleaning Leagues, inaugurated in New York by Colonel Waring, and since copied in many cities, aim to lead children to a higher sense of civic duty. Object lessons in the principles of city government and the machinery of elections have a similar general purpose. So have lectures on local urban history,<sup>1</sup> such larger courses as the Old South course in Boston, and the excursions for school children to patriotic shrines. It is common to extend to pupils of the public schools special privileges in admission to, or use of, many of the things which do much in cities to stir the intellectual life.

Efforts for the intellectual betterment of the public schools, by extension of the course or its refinement, have their counterpart in efforts for its material advancement. A good deal of this is forced on the system. Buildings have been enlarged reluctantly to meet the insistent demands of growing population, and, except in a few new buildings in the larger cities, the sanitary advance has barely kept pace with the general gain in that direction. Yet it is impressive to learn how far the village school has been left behind by the system in our great modern cities. A report of the Board of Education of the metropolis, at the beginning of the fall term of 1897, showed that within three years it had expended \$8,000,000 for sites for school buildings. Within eighteen months it expected to open more than thirty new schools, some of which would cost \$300,000 each, and would provide for between 1800 and 2500 pupils. In the fall of 1898 the estimates for the coming year asked for \$24,500,000 for the schools. The newer buildings, in ex-

know a thing before we can love it. Its hope is to teach the people of New York to know the city — its history, traditions, growth, and conditions — so well that they will not only love it, but will know all about it, and be able to think, talk, work, and vote intelligently and affectionately for it."

terior design and interior sanitary and pedagogical equipment, are equal to the best model schools in the world. But the interest in healthful surroundings is carried beyond the scrutiny of new buildings. The demand that old buildings be improved, though less spectacular in its results, is quite as important. Daily medical inspection of schools, a practice which had its beginning in Boston, has been productive of such important discoveries that other cities are falling into line. In an argument by the superintendent of instruction at Springfield, Massachusetts, for baths in the public schools, an idea appears which is quite new in the United States, but which has been accepted in Germany. At least, it shows with what proper seriousness we are coming to regard the hygienic condition of city schools. To be classed with these movements are the occasional swimming lesson and the familiar fire drill.

Comment on the universities and colleges opens a wide field. We have more institutions, creations of private or state munificence, which take one or other of these ambitious names, than we have great cities. The point pertinent to this review is that nearly all of the larger cities and many of the "second class" contain not only institutions of higher technical or manual training, but also schools of higher academic instruction. These, by means of their scholarships, financial aid to worthy poor students, and low tuition fees where any are charged, extend in practice the system of public instruction to the furthest limit. In many of our cities, it is now possible, for one who lives at home, to pass from the kindergarten to the end of the university course without paying a cent for tuition. His instruction will form a harmonious whole, and he will make the progress in perfect gradation. Nor will he feel himself entirely indebted to private munificence even in his later work. The Western universities derive their support from the state; and in the East

it is usual for a city in which a college is situated to own free scholarships in it. At Philadelphia, the University of Pennsylvania received its magnificent site as a gift from the city. The higher education, though less general, is become little less democratic than the intermediate, and recent years have seen its field opened to girls. Another point to be noted is that the high schools of our cities to-day stand virtually where the colleges stood fifty years ago. They give nearly as good training, and have generally longer student rolls.

It is hard to feel the confidence and enthusiasm for the intellectual chances which cities offer to their adults that one feels for those offered to their youth. But the movement is becoming very characteristic. The majority of those who avail themselves of the instruction of lectures, libraries, galleries, and museums are persons who have profited by the earlier opportunity, and the value does not seem doubtful nor the outlay incommensurate with the work. The success of University Extension lectures, and the wide adoption of the system, make it a feature of urban life. In addition, an interesting experiment in free lectures to the people has been made in New York, under the management of the Board of Education, and is spreading to other cities. They are addressed to adults, are delivered in the evening in the schoolhouses, and are practically a lecture extension of the public school system, or "a people's university." They began at New York in 1889. In 1896-97 the number of lectures was 1066, in thirty-three centres, with an attendance of nearly 500,000. The cost was only \$40,000. In 1897-98 there were forty-one centres and nearly 1600 lectures. The listeners are almost all workingmen and their families. The subjects treated are serious, but of universal interest. A recent annual report says that the intellectual advance is no less remarkable than is the statistical success of the lec-



tures. Courses are now given which eight years ago would have been impossible. Within the last few months, a number of lectures on sanitation, civil government, and American history have been given in Italian and colloquial Hebrew; and for a course on educational topics some of the most eminent educators in the country were obtained. Chicago, Brooklyn, and a few other cities have since adopted the plan; the course at Chicago having had the backing of the Field Columbian Museum, Northwestern University, Lake Forest University, and Armour Institute; that at Brooklyn, of the Brooklyn Institute. Public-spirited citizens, not officially connected with education, have also taken up the work; in Philadelphia the University Extension Society joined this year with the Board of Education for the purpose, while in Boston the Twentieth Century Club provided, in 1898, a course of six free evening lectures at each of six public schools. Most of the lectures, following the rule in other cities, had illustration by stereopticon, piano, or blackboard; and at two of the schools all were pertinent to one general subject. These lectures have been continued this year on Saturday mornings, in a smaller way; but the city, under the guidance of Mayor Quincy, has taken up the evening lectures in school and other halls. The Lowell lectures at Boston, founded by the bequest of a private individual, have been carried on for about sixty years. Five lectures are delivered each week from October to May, in a hall seating 800 persons. The high praise is bestowed on these that, by their excellence, they have given in America a dignity to the term "popular lecture" which is elsewhere unknown. In another city an historical society provided in 1898 a course of lectures; and it is needless to say of what an endless round of clubs, papers, and lectures, all instructive in purpose, the social life of cities is made up. In New York, again, the Educational Alliance

does a great work. It is said that its building is daily visited by nearly 6000 persons, to attend lectures, clubs, classes, etc.

From the lectures one comes to the great public libraries. Their foundation has been one of the earliest and possibly most striking proofs, after the parks, that our cities are outgrowing the first stage of development. In that stage even the large increase in city wealth left little chance for higher demands; but our public libraries are said to-day to contain more books than those of France, Great Britain, and Germany combined. The libraries of the cities are of various creation. Boston's splendid building and magnificent administration give evidence of municipal largess and breadth of view. In Chicago, the three great libraries, now working in harmony, show how generously individuals add to official provision. The public library of New York, homeless as yet, illustrates a city's combination and use of private beneficence. Philadelphia, in her recent vote of \$1,000,000 for a building for a public library which has long had corporate existence, is an instance of gradual development; while St. Louis, which recently paid nearly \$500,000 for a site for a library structure which it had not the money in hand to build, represents the effort at an earlier stage. Allegheny City and Pittsburg have received their libraries as gifts from a citizen, on the condition that they be maintained, at least in part, by taxation. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the donor, said, in emphasizing this condition: "I am clearly of the opinion that it is only by the city maintaining its public libraries, as it maintains its public schools, that every citizen can be made to feel that he is a joint proprietor of them."

Libraries have branches which are of great service in nearly every case. In Boston, a department called the Home Library brings books directly to the tenements. A tenement house is selected to

be the neighborhood library for two or three months. A number of good books and children's magazines are taken there and lent, and once a week a "person of sense," as Dr. Hale has put it, meets the children and talks the books over. When the time is up, the library is passed on to another place. A similar work, though managed a little differently, is carried on in Chicago. The New York Free Circulating Library is also engaging in this work; and last summer, through the interest of other associations, traveling libraries made their appearance in the vacation schools and playgrounds. In several cities there are libraries in the public schools. At Buffalo, where ten schools were so provided this year, the libraries are under the direction of the public library. A thousand books are put in a library, and three times a year there is a transfer between the schools, so that the pupils in each have access to 3000 volumes during the year. A writer, in attempting to sum up the civic duty of an ideal librarian, said, in the *Century* magazine for March, 1897, that it was "to adapt the contents of shelves and tables to the specific manufacturing, commercial, and artistic needs of a community, as at Worcester; to name works illuminating the living question of the hour, as at Providence; to court helpful relations with the schools, as at Detroit."

Provision of opportunities for the study of art comes later in the cities, whether its impulse be of private or of public origin. New York, Boston, and Chicago have their notable public galleries. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, is the largest in the country. Washington has its Corcoran Gallery; Baltimore its Walter Collection, to which the public have access; and Pittsburgh, largely through the generosity of a citizen who has given the endowment of \$50,000 a year for the purchase of American paintings, has begun to form an interesting collection, and holds an-

nual exhibitions which rank high, and for which there is an international commission of award. As lately as November, 1897, Philadelphia appropriated by popular vote \$200,000 for the erection of an art gallery. A collection of paintings belonging to a citizen had been offered to the city on condition that a building be erected to contain them. These works of art, said to represent the expenditure of \$1,000,000, enable the Philadelphia art gallery to open its career with paintings valued at \$5,000,000, — happily not the only indication of their artistic worth. It also has a large endowment fund (by a legacy) for annual purchases. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, was the direct outgrowth of a public meeting held in 1869. It was ten years later that the legislature permitted the park board to begin the erection of the present building on park lands. The consideration was an agreement by the society to admit the public free on four days of the week and holidays, besides giving special privileges to public school pupils and teachers. But the museum owes its collections to the public spirit of individuals. In New York, the spring exhibitions of the various art societies, of clubs, and of the Academy of Design have also that educational value which belongs to a city's higher life. In Philadelphia, at the exhibitions of the Academy of the Fine Arts, the Civic Club arranges free evening receptions, the tickets for which are distributed through societies, guilds, manufactories, etc. Attendants in each gallery explain the pictures. In Boston, the Museum of Fine Arts has received nothing from city or state save the land on which it stands; but it grants privileges similar to those of the Metropolitan Museum, and only one fourteenth of the persons who now visit it pay an admission fee. Private generosity has provided it with treasures and furnished a substantial endowment, and annual private subscriptions meet the current expenses.



For instruction in art, opportunities have improved rapidly within a few years. The "art atmosphere" is indeed still missing; but those traditions which contain its subtle suggestion are beginning to appear around the Art Students' League in New York, while Copley Square in Boston has begun to be likened to the "Quartier" in Paris. In New York, the art schools of the Metropolitan Museum, of Cooper Union (free), and of the National Academy of Design (free) perform a different but valuable function. The league, which has been called the most powerful and active academic art school in the country, has some fifteen hundred men and women enrolled in its classes every winter. It is self-supporting. In Philadelphia, the Academy of the Fine Arts has two hundred and fifty pupils in advanced work, and the city pays for free scholarships in the Pennsylvania School of Industrial Art, the Art Academy, and the School of Design for Women. In Washington, the free classes at the Corcoran Gallery are so well attended that the accommodation has been recently doubled. Cincinnati is proud of its Art Academy; Detroit of the school in its Museum of Art, organized in 1889. Both occupy splendid buildings, and both offer, as do some other art societies, traveling scholarships. In Detroit, Sunday museum lectures for the people have lately become a unique and popular feature. Chicago, besides its large gallery and school, has originated a peculiar and pleasant development of the art purpose in forming a collection of pictures from which the poor can take a picture as one would take a book from a public library. The borrower takes it home and keeps it for two weeks, and then returns it, to renew the loan or to draw another. The Civic Club of Philadelphia also manages a circulating gallery. In each of the larger cities, within the last few years, there have been free loan exhibitions of good paintings in the poorest quarters of the city, the

interest in which is sometimes stimulated by asking visitors to name their favorite pictures.

In other museums American cities have thus far made but little progress. The American Museum of Natural History in New York, which is probably the best outside of the national collection in Washington, was organized about the same time as the Metropolitan Museum, on similar lines, and has had a similar history. The additions of 1898 to its structure include a lecture hall to seat twenty-five hundred persons, which is an index to its educational function. The Field Columbian Museum at Chicago is an outgrowth of the World's Fair. The meeting of citizens in the summer of 1893 resolved "to establish in Chicago a great museum that shall be a fitting memorial of the World's Columbian Exposition, and a permanent advantage and honor to the city." Very generous private donations were made, and extensive purchases and many gifts secured large and valuable exhibits from distant lands. The remarkable collection was housed in the Fair's Art Building. It has already become a great institution, — has inaugurated popular lectures, established a publication series, and sent out some scientific expeditions. In some of the older cities, as Philadelphia and Boston, there are excellent historical collections on public view. Within a few years local historical societies have sprung up, indeed, in nearly all the cities, and have gathered collections of interest and preserved many an historic shrine. The new Philadelphia commercial museums fill an immense building with a collection of natural and manufactured products, to which every city in the United States, it is said, has contributed, and all countries in the world.

Museum exhibits in the department of natural history are supplemented by small collections of flora and fauna in the parks of many cities. These rarely deserve, or assume, the title of botani-

cal and zoölogical gardens. The value, interest, and instructiveness of the exhibits, however, are bringing them rapidly into favor. The Arnold Arboretum at Boston — not strictly a municipal possession — is one of the famous gardens of the world; Philadelphia is arranging a botanical garden on a strip of river bank that has long been an eyesore; New York has made liberal provision of land in Bronx Park for a garden, which public spirit is splendidly equipping. In St. Louis, Shaw's Garden, a unique gift, is just cause for pride. It is not only an exhibition, but a school of botany. The donor gave the land for it and another tract for its endowment, and both scientific botany and market gardening are taught. Philadelphia and Cincinnati have for some years had notable zoölogical gardens. Philadelphia's garden contains more than 1000 living animals, and was visited in 1897 by nearly 200,000 persons. Chicago has an important collection in one of the parks. New York, which has recently furnished the land (in Bronx Park) for a "zoo," found public spirit ready to face the task of raising \$250,000 by private gift for buildings and collections. The garden will be by far the largest of its kind in the world. In line with this movement is the city aquarium in New York, which was opened in Battery Park on December 10, 1896, and has gained a popularity measured by 10,000 admissions in a day.

Music has a place in city problems and progress. By unofficial patronage, which is very liberal, New York has become one of the great musical cities of the world. In no European capital is the opera given on a grander scale, and the National Conservatory of Music of America does a large work in the line of musical education. New Orleans has its French opera company; and many cities have musical societies that, where the foreign element is large, have a dis-

tinct effect on the city life. Boston, in maintenance of its claim to culture, does the most for pure music. It has a music commission, officially appointed, to preserve the excellence of public music. It has a permanent orchestra, thanks to the generosity of an individual citizen, who cheerfully meets deficits in the thought that thus he makes it possible for citizens to hear the best music at popular prices; and the New England Conservatory of Music, which has an expense account of \$250,000 a year, enrolls about twenty-three hundred pupils. In Baltimore the Peabody Institute does a large work of this sort, and Cincinnati has in the endowed College of Music a conservatory of high worth. Chicago supports a permanent orchestra by subscription; Pittsburgh has one as a detail of the Carnegie Institute, though it has not required a subsidy; New York was stirred to make a serious effort to secure one, and Indianapolis, thanks to the enterprise of its women, is in a fair way to succeed. Cincinnati maintained such an orchestra some years ago, and Buffalo has had one, largely through the generosity of an individual. In Boston, again, free organ concerts, serially arranged and with instructive programmes, have been tried with success; and in a number of cities there are annual musical festivals.

So, from the kindergarten and the university with its millions of endowment, from the whirl of machinery in the technical school and the stillness of the public library, as well as from the crowded lecture hall, comes the impulse of education into the throbbing life of a great city. The improvement within a few years has been very marked. Not all is gained; much must yet be done in many ways. But it was never possible before, in any land, to chronicle such diverse and earnest activity for the upbuilding of the culture and the character of the whole people. These movements are without precedent in human history.

*Charles Mulford Robinson.*



## MISS WILKINS: AN IDEALIST IN MASQUERADE.

ON any walk or drive in rural New England, in the springtime, one is sure to find on some abandoned farm an unkempt old apple orchard. The gnarled and twisted trees uphold on their rotting trunks more dead than living branches, and bear, if at all, only a few scattered and ghostly blossoms. And in that group of pitiable trees, dying there in the warm sunshine, there will be nothing to suggest life and joyousness except the golden woodpeckers with their flickering flight, and the bluebirds with their musical, low warble. If, indeed, the orchard stands upon a sloping hillside, one can glance away and see in the valley prosperous villages, smiling, fertile farms, and other orchards, well kept, healthy, and looking from their wealth of blossoms like white clouds stranded. But if one be of a pessimistic complexion, he can shut his eyes to that pleasanter prospect, gaze only at the old orchard, and think of it as typical of New England. So, in fact, in its limited degree, it is; but almost to the ultimate degree of exactness is it typical of the New England village which Miss Wilkins delights to draw. In place of the worn-out trees there are gnarled and twisted men and women. There are, of course, the young people, with their brief, happy time of courtship, to take the place in it of the birds; but her village, like the orchard, is a desolate and saddening spectacle. In that community of Pembroke which she has celebrated, what twisted characters! Barney Thayer refuses to marry Charlotte Barnard because, as the result of a quarrel with her father, Cephas, he hastily vows never to enter the house again. Not the anger of his mother, not the suffering of his sweetheart, not even jealousy of handsome Thomas Paine, — who, seeing her forsaken, makes bold to woo, — has pow-

er to move him from his stubborn stand. The selfish pride of Cephas is so great that he lets his daughter's happiness be destroyed rather than admit himself wrong, or take the smallest step to reconcile him with her lover. Barney Thayer inherits his self-will from his mother, a woman of indomitable will, who rules her family with an iron hand. When she hears that Barney has refused to marry Charlotte, she forbids him ever to step within her door again; when her youngest son, Ephraim, who has a weak heart and whom the doctor has forbidden her to whip, disobeys her, she whips him, and he dies; when her daughter Rebecca falls in love with William Berry, she forbids the marriage for a trivial cause, and when Rebecca, denied the legitimate path of love, steps aside into the other way, she disowns and casts her out. She loses all her children rather than yield to them the least shadow of her authority. Charlotte Barnard's cousin, Sylvia Crane, leaving her own house on the Sunday night of Charlotte's quarrel with Barney to comfort her, misses the weekly call of Richard Alger, her lover. His nature, compounded of habit and pride and stubbornness, does not let him come again, once his pride has been offended, once his habit has been broken. Silas Berry — William Berry's father — is determined to sell his cherries for an exorbitant price. When the young people refuse to buy, he tells William and Rose, his children, to invite them to a picnic and cherry-picking. When the guests are departing, he waylays them to demand payment for his cherries. He outrages common decency with his mean trickery, but he has his way. Nearly every character in the book is a monstrous example of stubbornness, — of that will which enforces its ends, however trivial, even to self-destruction.

The people are not normal; they are hardly sane. Such is Miss Wilkins's village, and it is a true picture; but it wholly represents New England life no more than the dying apple orchard wholly represents New England scenery.

But the purpose of this comparison is to set forth a truth comforting to those who wish to believe that a race full of good qualities has not yet run its full course, and not to pick a quarrel with the author. The realist makes it his boast that he tells the truth, but he exercises as rigid a selection in incidents and characters as the most arrant romancer, and, as this novel of *Pembroke* aptly illustrates, tells a story often as far away from average truth. As a matter of fact, there is small meaning in the terms "realism" and "romanticism." The logical application of the principles of either would lead to the production of the unreadable. That wise Frenchman who said that style is the man said everything. Art is the expression of personality. A certain definite character, with a gift for expression, more or less great, is acted upon by a certain environment and reacts upon it, with certain literary results. A striking novel like *Pembroke* is a miracle no more than a thunderstorm, but is the result of natural causes working in accordance with natural laws. If *Pembroke* gives a picture of New England life which is more fairly to be called incomplete than inaccurate, the reason lies in the personality of the writer and the nature of her environment, the two factors of her limitations. And so the real task is, not to find fault with her for not going outside the circle of her talent, but to measure the length of its radius, and to guess, if possible, what determined it.

May it be many years before that intimate biography appears from which alone can be gathered the knowledge necessary to understand fully the causes of Miss Wilkins's qualities and limitations; but from the known circumstances

of her life a few inferences may be drawn which will in a measure account for them. The known facts are meagre enough, and do not include the date of her birth in Randolph, Massachusetts. Her father, an architect and builder, a graduate of the building trades, and not of the technical schools, was a native of cosmopolitan Salem, and a descendant from Bray Wilkins, a prominent Puritan who played his part as judge in that New England inquisition before which the witches stood their lamentable trial. Her mother was of the Holbrooks of Holbrook, — "fine, 'genteel' people of the old sort." Her formative years were passed in Brattleboro, Vermont, where her father kept a store, and her schooling was not in the contemporary sense extensive. Her most valuable education in all likelihood was derived in part from her own observation of life, and in part from her own independent reading, to the excellence of which as literature occasional references in her writings to such authors as Marvel and Herrick bear significant witness. On leaving Brattleboro she returned to Randolph, where she has lived ever since. The events of her quiet life have been the publication of her books. These appeared in the following order: *A Humble Romance*, stories, 1887; *A New England Nun*, stories, 1891; *Jane Field*, a novel, 1892; *Young Lucretia*, stories for children, 1892; *Giles Corey, Yeoman*, a play, 1893; *Pembroke*, a novel, 1894; *Madelon*, a novel, 1896; *Jerome*, a novel, 1897; and *Silence*, stories, 1898.

This biographical sketch, brief and imperfect as it is, will, if examined attentively, be found to contain much which explains the nature and the direction of the author's talent. It appears, for example, that her opportunities for the observation of life have been only those afforded by two country towns, — in the impressionable days of her girlhood, by one. Of Brattleboro, I know only that it is a prosperous village in



the lovely Connecticut Valley, with the Green Mountains behind it, and the hills of New Hampshire before it. But many another Vermont town I know well, and I suppose myself safe in assuming that the current of life and progress has followed substantially the same course there as elsewhere in the state.

In general, the development of the Vermont village has been marked by three periods. The first is that of the founders. The pioneers came and builded it in the wilderness. Energy and hope were high, and faith in the ultimate good fortunes of the new community was complete. Of course no village in that stage of development now exists.

The second period begins when the faith and energy of the founders are passed away, and the village lives an isolated, humdrum life, unbroken by any incident more exciting than the arrival of the daily stage. If the village is built high and far away upon a hill, it probably survives in this second stage of development to this day. It has its general store, serving as a club for the men; its little square schoolhouse, where elementary instruction is given to the children; its church, to which a minister from some more prosperous community drives on an occasional Sunday and charitably holds service. It is inhabited mainly by old men and old women; for the young people have gone out into the world to seek their fortunes. In such a village as this will be found those rare beings, Yankees who talk the full Yankee dialect. They are, for the most part, simple and sane folk with a large fund of humor and shrewdness, who lead happy and healthful lives. They are drawn with a comprehension and sympathy the most complete, and with a touch infinitely loving, in the sweet and wholesome works of Mr. Rowland E. Robinson. Yet these people, who in Mr. Robinson's books live in a Yankee Arcadia upon which the sophisticated have every reason to turn envious glances,

are the same as those who, interpreted by a different temperament, make Pembroke seem a town of battling lunatics. Both writers tell the truth. There is another side to the shield which shows so fair in Mr. Robinson's exhibiting hands. In these little remote communities can be found personalities which, if weak, have narrowed and deadened, or which, unchecked by any effective public opinion, have assumed forms of willful distortion. In them live people who, having no large matters upon which to exercise naturally active minds, give importance to trifles; who, lacking social life, grow morbid and wrong-headed. And among them it is easy to find such perverted strength of will as that shown by Barney Thayer, or such contemptible meanness as that of old Silas Berry. From such a village, and from the lonely farms about it, come the saddening inmates of the two insane asylums of Vermont, — Vermont, which has a smaller population than the city of Boston!

The third period is that of most of the larger valley towns. To them, about 1850, came the railway and the telegraph, and by bringing them into touch with the great world gave them a renaissance into life and activity. Brattleboro is in that third stage. It should have been well begun, but still far from completely attained when Miss Wilkins lived there as a child. The older people then alive should have been relics of the narrower day. They should have been sprinkled through the population of the revived community like old wooden buildings in the midst of smart brick blocks in a growing town, — the subjects of many a story, their eccentricities the material of many a joke. Any one who has lived in such a village at a time not too far removed from its period of transition knows that the local store of anecdote — sometimes, in truth, a precious one — has been furnished by the queer doings of just such people. Generally these stories are told as humorous, but if one has

the bent he may take them as pathetic; and there are other stories, too, which he may hear, if he have ears, that are grim and tragic enough.

What influence the accident of this environment had upon Miss Wilkins becomes plain when we consider that the best part of any story-teller's equipment lies in his store of vivid childhood memories. There is evidence that Miss Wilkins remembers the time when the electric cars did not slide, with griding trolley, through the streets of modern, prosperous Randolph. In no book of hers are there mountains such as those which stand behind and in front of Brattleboro, nor is there any broad and beautiful river perpetuating her memories of the Connecticut. The scenery — never in any case much dwelt upon — is that of a flat country, of eastern Massachusetts, of Randolph. And from Randolph, too, she got her knowledge of the trade of shoe-making as it was before the days of the factory. But the circumstance that her formative period was spent in Brattleboro, and the internal evidence of her work, otherwise than in the exceptions named, suggest, if they do not command, the conclusion that the larger part of her material was obtained there. The narrow field for the observation of life thus afforded her was still further restricted, of course, by the fact of her sex. Had she been a boy, she would have roamed the fields, gone fishing and hunting, had the privilege of sitting in the country store and listening to the talk of the men of evenings; she would have taken an interest in the local politics, and have learned to look at life as the men look at it, with the larger and more catholic view which is theirs not by virtue of greater insight, but by virtue of the undeniably larger, freer lives they are permitted to live. As she was a girl, her outlook was confined to the household; her sources of information were the tales of gossiping women, which would naturally relate mostly to the family quar-

rels and dissensions that are the great tragedies of their lives.

To the restriction of environment and of sex must also be added the restriction of temperament. Miss Wilkins has a keen and deep sense of humor, but it is never so keen and deep as her sense of the pathetic, and when a scene or a situation is in quarrel between them, her sense of humor is sure to come lamely off. The most distinctly humorous of her stories, and also one of her best and best known, is *The Revolt of Mother*. In this, a situation which in the hands of a writer more exclusively humorous would be laughable becomes in hers one over which it seems heartless to smile, so clearly is its underlying pathos revealed. Without burdening too much the weary back of heredity we may recall her witch-persecuting Puritan ancestors in Salem, and, remembering Hawthorne's similar ancestry, say to ourselves that she was probably a serious, imaginative child, with a faculty for brooding over questions of conduct, who could be expected to feel the pathos in the humorous stories, and deeply to relish the grim and tragic ones. She should have had a memory for detail even greater than that which children commonly possess, and because, as her biography shows, she was of the strain of New England gentlefolk and of a sensitive, imaginative disposition, the hardness and the narrowness of the lives which interested her must have seemed more painful than they ever did to those who lived them. For this is the fallacy of the sensitive: to attribute their own sensitiveness to those grown callous to hardship, and to pity them accordingly.

Here, then, was a powerful mind, fond of the dramatic, interested in the problem of the will, — as any child whose ancestors have debated predestination and freedom of the will time out of mind has a perfect right to be, — thrown into a community in which persons of broad culture and knowledge of the world are



rare, and in which the more striking deviations from the commonplace are provided by personalities deformed by ungenerous circumstance. To her sensitiveness, the narrowness and poverty of many of the lives would seem notably pitiful; to her dramatic imagination and inborn taste for metaphysics, the strange tragedies of morbid conscientiousness and perverted will would appeal as problems of absorbing interest. With an outlook upon life restricted at best, and still further limited by the peculiarly serious quality of her mind, with few or no distractions, how could she do otherwise than observe and brood and wonder, until the special portion of the life about her which she saw clearly and which interested her most should be known to her in every detail of its physical accompaniments, in every one of its psychological nooks and crannies? However painfully and slowly she may have spelled out the A B C's of its lives and characters, she came at last to know the whole alphabet, to be its absolute and tyrannous mistress, able to write with it whatever story she might wish. Is it any wonder that such a mind, working on such material, should have produced as its first work such stories as compose the volume entitled *A Humble Romance*?

This book, which appeared in 1887, came with the force of a new revelation of New England to itself. The literary merit of the stories was remarkable. The short, terse sentences, written in the simplest, homeliest words, had a biting force. Its skillfully lavish use of homely detail, always accurate, always significant, gave it an astonishing reality. The paragraphs were as simple and direct as the sentences, and each advanced the story swiftly and easily upon its predestined course. There was no wavering from the direct line, there were no stumbling-blocks of impertinent description or incident, no superfluities even. There was no annoying striving after elegance of diction, no self-conscious attempt at

cleverness of phrase or an artistic manner. Everywhere was the sharp definiteness of the writer who sees clearly. Everywhere was the unconsciousness of an absorbed artist, not preoccupied with theories of art, with personal vanities, with fear of the critics or anxiety to please the public, but dominated by the one idea of setting down accurately the definite vision which her imagination had conceived and matured, and which now of necessity must be born. The stories had, furthermore, a certain rare quality which always gives strength to fiction. It is the air on the part of the author of being exterior to his story and irresponsible for it, of seeming to say, "I do not explain, I do not justify, I find no fault, I neither laugh over them nor grieve; these events are not of my invention, — they happened. I report them, and allege nothing about them except that they are true." It is this quality, as much as any, which gives a peculiar impressiveness to the tales of Guy de Maupassant. So far as method is concerned, his story called in its English version *A Bit of String* might have been written by Miss Wilkins.

A good literary style is always more or less of a miracle. It cannot be acquired by industry, it cannot be taught in the schools. Like any other aptitude of the mind it may be trained and perfected, but it is essentially a gift of nature. A gift of nature, then, we must call Miss Wilkins's style; but the especial form of its development may be accounted for in part by the fact that she served her apprenticeship as a writer of stories for children and young people, — a capital school in which to practice clearness and simplicity of phrase and directness of narrative. And as young people are avid of detail and great lovers of the realistic method, — for example may be cited their love of *Robinson Crusoe*, and *Gulliver's Travels*, and *Pilgrim's Progress*, — writing for children could but strengthen any natural inclination to

these qualities of style. But excellent as in many respects the style of this first book was, it yet had numerous and serious blemishes. Although direct references to bygone writers and now and then the use of a word in an obsolete sense showed Miss Wilkins to be acquainted with literature of a good sort, her style was deficient in grace, in music, as if written by one whose ear is untrained by any attentive listening to the rich harmonies of old prose. And it was deficient also in correctness and in elegance: it was to some degree an uneducated and uncultured style. She could be so tasteless as to speak of cottages as being "natty," and of an attractive woman as being the "merry feature of the place;" she could stoop to use such a newspaperish phrase as "sacred edifice" instead of "church;" she did not avoid such colloquialisms as "the girl colored up," "the air *felt like* snow," as the use of "directly" in the sense of "at once," of "quite" in the sense of "very," of "smart" in the sense of "efficient;" she was ignorant enough to speak of "calm equanimity," and to say that a girl looked into another person's eyes "directly with no circumlocution;" she was frequently ungrammatical, as when she said of one of her characters that he "chose the site of his buildings because *they* would be easily accessible to the railway;" she invariably split her infinitives; occasionally she even failed to be clear. This sentence is certainly puzzling: "Some might have questioned if her subtle fineness of strength was on a plane equal enough to admit of any struggle." This criticism of detail only serves to make plain that, as the biographical sketch implies, Miss Wilkins, as a writer, belongs to the noble army of the self-made. These defects of form show how much, in the beginning, she was hampered by the lack of a liberal education in literature, just as the limitations of substance show how much she is hampered by the lack of a liberal education in life. Imagination is a quality

the manifestations of which are various. There have been persons of restricted lives who have written, and written well, of kinds of life which they had never seen; but I think they have not done so whose dependence lay upon the mastery of homely detail. For such, the immediate vision of their eyes, or, better yet, the vivid memories of the life which lay about them in childhood, are the only source of effective writing. The romancer, the poet, the philosopher, may live and die in his own library and yet write well, but the novelist who reports men in their habit as they lived must write of the life he knows. And as Miss Wilkins is such a writer, the limitations of her environment determine the scope of her work, and they are unfortunately great. If we keep them in mind, the fact is not surprising that of the twenty-eight stories in *A Humble Romance* every one is told from the point of view of some woman, — and that there are very few which do not deal with one of those family or neighborhood quarrels which have been referred to as the staple of the women's gossip in small country towns. The book is, in fact, a collection of twenty-eight special cases of unhappiness among a peculiarly isolated and small-minded class of countrywomen. Their mental attitude is caught with astonishing precision, but by this very success the stories gain an atmosphere at once narrow and mean. They are saved from being unpleasant by their undeniable pathos, and by being so thoroughly human, if petty, as readily to excite sympathy. As the author may not be asked to spoil her effect by labeling her incidents special cases, it becomes easy to see how distorted and untruthful an impression of New England life — an impression all the more untruthful in the general because so accurate in the particular — she would succeed unconsciously in conveying. By the path of this analysis we come in sight once more of the dying apple orchard of the opening simile.



Continuing along this path a little farther, we find ourselves standing fairly in the midst of the gnarled and twisted trunks; for observe, at least seventeen of the stories are tales of happiness postponed, or misery caused by an unbending will, which, abnormally developed, has become the master of its possessor instead of the servant of his intellect. They are stories of people who won't simply and solely because they won't.

I confess that in considering Miss Wilkins's work I ask myself again and again, with a never failing and perhaps impertinent curiosity, what circumstances in her life could so have revealed to her and impressed upon her imagination the awful power for evil of a perverted will. But her favorable environment and Puritan ancestry make it easy to understand how the problem of the will, once it had attracted her attention, should appeal with extraordinary force to one of her analytic, brooding, somewhat sombre temperament, and how it should seem to be laid upon her, as with a heavy hand, to embody her impressions in dramatic form. The dramatic value of unreasonable stubbornness is her own personal discovery, the particular thing which gives her work psychological interest and distinction. I know of no writer who has treated it so persistently, so variously, who has seemed so infatuated with it. In no study of New England character — in the form either of history or of fiction — has the native strength of will been made so prominent. Consciously or unconsciously, she has seized upon it and set it forth as the keystone of New England character. It is not the exclusive possession of New England people, of course; but that it is in a marked degree characteristic no one can doubt. The stubborn Puritan came to no relaxing land, but to one from which only dogged perseverance could wring a living, and so it is not strange if his descendants have acquired a character which may be described as granitic. Psychologists and

pathologists have found a study of abnormal conditions to be most profitable; Miss Wilkins has followed in their footsteps, and has studied the will in its perversities. But as from disease we may learn what health is, so from her abnormal people we may learn what is the normal New England character. Notable for its significance in the case of such poverty-stricken people as those whom Miss Wilkins describes is the fact that their contests of will, their long-drawn battles of stubbornness, are seldom fought for sordid ends. I spoke just now of the atmosphere of *A Humble Romance* as being "mean:" it is so on account of the family bickerings of which it is full; but these bickerings have their fine aspect in that they are almost always upon some question of personal dignity, or freedom, or point of ethical opinion. These people are nonconformists to their backbones. They are fanatics or martyrs according to the point of view. Were the theatre upon which they moved larger, or their own natures more generously cultivated, so that their rebellions should be upon really vital points, their tragedy would have beauty, and perhaps grandeur. The old Puritans exercised their stubbornness upon a great issue; these country descendants, living in narrow ways and thinking narrow thoughts, exercise their stubbornness upon petty issues. That is the only difference. And these perverted and abnormal wills — baleful forces in characters diseased — attest the real strength of New England character. It is easy to understand the success of a book which reproduces with a great wealth of accurate and homely detail a life which is still close to the richest and most cultivated of us, and which is of the very fibre of our thought and character, — a book which, in a land where women are the larger portion of the reading public, is written exclusively from the feminine point of view; but I choose to think that it was mainly the insistence upon a fine basic quality of

New England character which made *A Humble Romance* come with all the force of a new revelation of New England to itself.

This long examination of *A Humble Romance* would be disproportionate were not this first book, and its succeeding sister volume, *A New England Nun*, in a way a brief memorandum of Miss Wilkins's entire message to the world, which her later work, for the most part, only serves to amplify and make clear. When one begins to read the novels, the short stories assume almost the aspect of preliminary sketches of their scenes and episodes, for they are similar not only in substance, but in method. Those cogent reasons which publishers urge, reinforced by the ambition which every writer of fiction feels to try his hand in the most important form of his art, made it inevitable that, sooner or later, Miss Wilkins should write novels. But, natural as it was, it is none the less regrettable. For years she studied the shorter form and wrote in it, — years which necessarily left their indelible impress upon her talent. Some acute person once said that every author learns to think in the length in which he is accustomed to write, — the paragrapher in the length of paragraphs, the editorial writer in the length of editorial articles, the historian in the length of the monograph or full-bodied history. Miss Wilkins, whose earliest and longest training has been in the short story, thinks in the length of the short story. Her novels, with the apparent exception of *Jane Field*, which is simply a short story of unusual extent, have the air of a chronological series of short stories about the same people. She has never been able to see the larger proportions of the novel in their proper perspective. Moreover, in writing short stories she taught herself, with a thoroughness the results of which she will never be able wholly to overcome, a genuine mastery of the short, terse sentence. To its telling force

as used by her in *A Humble Romance* tribute has been paid. The value of that tribute is not diminished by the suspicion that the sentences were short so invariably because the author at that time lacked the ability to combine clauses and subclauses into a compact, forcible whole, or by the admission that, effective as they are in the short stories, they grow monotonous when page of them follows page throughout a long book. Their lack of variety can be seen, their monotony can be guessed, from these typical quotations from *A Conquest of Humility*, in *A Humble Romance*: —

"The young girl trembled and caught hold of her mother's dress; her eyes grew big and wild. Hiram Caldwell drove up the road. He met the gaze of the people with solemn embarrassment. But he was not so important as he had been. There was a large, white-headed old man who drew the larger share of attention. He got lumberingly out of the buggy when Hiram drew rein at the gate. Then he proceeded up the gravel walk to the house. The people stood back and stared. No one dared speak to him except Mrs. Erastus Thayer. She darted before him in the path; her brown silk skirts swished."

"Her features were strong and fine. She would have been handsome if her complexion had been better. Her skin was thick and dull."

Mastery in the methods of the short story, and a fixed habit of writing in short sentences, are not the most useful qualifications to bring to the task of writing novels. Many lessons of technique have to be laboriously unlearned by the writer thus trained when he attempts the new and ampler form. That Miss Wilkins has succeeded in overcoming the results of her earliest training in any measure is due, no doubt, to the artistic restlessness which is one of her most marked characteristics. She has written for children; she has written society verses; she wrote little prose



poems in the day, fortunately brief, when they were popular under the absurd name of "etchings" or "pastels in prose;" she has tried her hand more than once at the drama, as Giles Corey, Yeoman, remains to witness; she has written a detective story; she has tried historical fiction; and she has composed romances not only of the kind in which passionate love is the theme, but also of the kind in which, as in Hawthorne, idealistic beauty is the end. Some of these experiments have been so obviously outside the range of her abilities that those who have watched her progress with a loving solicitude — and these are not a few — have trembled for her future. But whether partial failures or full successes, they showed artistic health, a talent curious about itself and ambitious to miss no possible development, a commendable desire to find out for itself its own strength and its own limitations. And these experiments have served their useful purpose in developing both her talent and her style.

As a result of her practice in so many varieties of composition, she has advanced much in her understanding of the form of the novel; but it has had its chief effect, naturally enough, upon her style. In the art of constructing sentences she has made really remarkable gain. Those who are interested in style simply as style will find much to reward their curiosity in tracing her progress from the direct bald statements of her earliest manner through the florid sentences of Madelon and the long loose ones of Jerome to the really excellent prose style which she at last attains in *Evelina's Garden*, a story in her latest work, *Silence*. But the point here is that the practice which gave her talent its direction was not of the kind to fit her for the writing of novels. She made herself a specialist in the beginning, and, like all specialists, made her irretrievable sacrifice of possibilities of development.

In the novels, as in the short stories,

the will is still the theme. Willfulness, of a good or bad kind, is still the predominating characteristic of the people, from stern Jane Field, whose sense of justice and whose self-confident determination to judge moral questions for herself lead her stubbornly to pursue the path of crime, to haughty Jerome, ready to sacrifice everything good and sweet in life upon the altar of his own inordinate, willful pride. But *Pembroke* — her first real novel, and to my mind unquestionably the best — contains the most complete summary of her observations upon the stubbornness of the New England character. Its plot, which has already been roughly outlined, shows clearly enough why it should be, in an artistic sense, her most successful novel. The scene and the characters are those which she knows in every detail of their interior and exterior life; its psychological problems are those which have most interested her, and upon which she has thought most deeply and persistently. The novel is great by its fidelity to life, by its dignity of theme, and by its social significance. On the other hand, it has the expected and unavoidable defects. The first impulse of the reader is to dispute the assumption that such a community as *Pembroke* ever existed; but on reflection he will admit that although it may not actually exist, it could be easily assembled, and that the exaggeration of which it is indubitably guilty is due to a legitimate selection, for the purpose of artistic emphasis, of circumstances unusual in combination, but in themselves and separately usual enough. Then, being the study of an entire community, it lacks any broad central current of interest. The reader is lost in a multitude of details, episodes, and characters, out of which he emerges rather with a sense of the undesirableness of an uncontrollable will than with any definite idea of one or two supremely interesting characters or of a connected chain of events. The sense of confusion inevita-

ble in a study of a community is increased by the writer's inability, already noted, not to deal with separate episodes as if they were short stories. It is owing to this lack of homogeneity, partly necessary, partly due to want of skill, that what one remembers about the novel are particular pages and passages of great beauty and strength. Many people would refer to *Pembroke*, I think, as the novel which contained — let us say for example — that capital description of the boy Ephraim's solitary, joyous coasting, pages remarkable for their rich blending of humor and pathos.

In two important technical respects *Jerome* is a better novel than *Pembroke*; for it has a strong central interest in the personality of its hero which binds its many short-story-like episodes together, and its style, in *Miss Wilkins's* later acquired manner of flowing sentences pleasantly varied in cadence and in length, makes it much more easily readable. *Jerome* himself, however, is a most unsympathetic person. The reader cannot help feeling a growing impatience with this wrong-headed young man, who, in a way repugnant to all common sense, insists upon taking the very roughest and hardest road to the success for which his strength of character plainly destines him. Besides, the plot, slight and weak at best, shocks one's sense of average probabilities. But worse than all, *Miss Wilkins* departs from that fine impartiality of the disinterested observer, which gives such force to her short stories and to *Pembroke*, and becomes a preacher and a sentimentalist. The book is written to insinuate an accusation against the present social system. Now, a story must by its nature be an appeal to the emotions, and to a logical person any attempt to influence him upon matters of fact and reason by a story touched with emotion, and made up of selected, even if true incidents, must and always will be annoying. It is fighting in ambush, and no novel with a purpose should

ever be written which does not proclaim itself such on its title-page. Those who wish to hear a song will not turn out to hear a sermon. This particular offender is redeemed, however, by many excellent pages of narrative, description, and character drawing, in which *Miss Wilkins* reaches as high levels of artistic achievement as she has ever attained. Although not the strongest of her novels, it is easily the most readable.

In all its pages, there are none which are more pleasant than those which deal with Squire Merritt's family, and with his three friends, Eliphalet Means, John Jennings, and Colonel Lamson. In all that has been said heretofore about *Miss Wilkins's* work, the idea has been conveyed that she knows no other side of New England life than that typified by the dying apple orchard. As a matter of fact, not only the Merritts and their friends, but handsome Thomas Paine in *Pembroke*, and the Gordons and Parson Fair in *Madelon*, are witnesses to her understanding of the old-time New England gentry, — charming people, charmingly drawn, whom it is a great pleasure to meet in her generally graceless world, and her success with whom leads to the hope that there may yet come from her some more comprehensive and generally truthful picture of New England life. Perhaps it is because she knows how gracious and beautiful New England life can be at its best that *Miss Wilkins* has cried out so sharply over its deformities, as is the wont of sensitive natures knowing the good and seeing the evil. A plausible argument could indeed be made to show that the best realists are idealists at heart, whose very sensitiveness has made them more ready than the average person to perceive ugly realities, and who have consciously or unconsciously tried to rouse sluggish humanity to endeavor by unsparing pictures of the petty and the mean and the ignoble in human life. Were such an argument to be made *Miss Wilkins* would furnish a telling example;



for back of all her work is the idea, the sense of the mystery of human life, the question, "Why is this?" and she gently pushes selected incidents and characters before you, as if filled with the desire to learn, from any one who knows, the meaning of these problems, — clues doubtless, each one in its degree, to the answer to the Great Problem. Her preoccupation with the mystery of life shows itself in little ways, — in the sense which some persons have of the unreality of her people; in her indifference to scenery, which she may well consider as of small moment in comparison with human beings; in her indifference to accuracy in antiquarian detail as compared with artistic truth. Behind all her work one feels that he encounters the questioning eyes of an idealist. Although she is ranked in the popular judgment as a realist, there is in her work the purest vein of romance and ideality, and even a certain touch of mysticism and allegory, which allies her, however distantly, to the literary family of Hawthorne. These qualities may be noticed even in her early short stories, and in *Pembroke* their presence, in spite of their bungling and mechanical expression here, is to be perceived in the physical deformity which seems to accompany Barney Thayer's deformity of character. They show themselves most conspicuously, if not most agreeably, however, in *Madelon*. Like her other volumes in describing the fortunes of people of various kinds and degrees of stubbornness, it is unlike them in having romantic love for its theme, and in presenting as one of its principal characters, Lot Gordon,

a man in whom mysticism and ideality are unexpectedly the most notable qualities. They show themselves most charmingly in *Evelina's Garden*, a little tale which is a gem of its kind, and which shows that Miss Wilkins can command at least a hesitating comparison to the author of the most beautiful American romances. It is to be hoped that she will cast aside in favor of this kind of work the tales of antiquarian interest, such as *Silence* itself, which ought to be moving but is not, and *The Little Maid at the Door*. She does not breathe freely in the musty atmosphere of colonial history. Her Puritans, with their stilted speech, are uncommonly tiresome.

How is such a writer to be classified? I think she cannot be classified at all. A modest and conscientious artist, unfortunately limited by an imperfect education in books, and by an equally imperfect experience of life; who has cultivated her great natural gift for expression to the best of her opportunities and ability, and used it to set forth as vividly as possible such few of the multitudinous aspects of life as her temperament and environment have permitted her to see, — that is Miss Wilkins. Only writers of mediocre ability — natural imitators — can be put in a class and accurately labeled. A really original writer, like Miss Wilkins, no matter how limited, is *sui generis*. She can be described, she cannot be classified. But if she must have her tag, the most nearly satisfactory will be that which declares her an idealist masquerading in the soiled and ragged cloak of realism.

Charles Miner Thompson.

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

## ST. PETERSBURG ; JOURNEY TO WESTERN EUROPE.

## VII.

FOR the last few years the health of my father had been going from bad to worse, and when my brother Alexander and I came to see him, in the spring of 1871, we were told by the doctors that with the first frosts of autumn he would be gone. He had continued to live in the old style, in the Stáraya Konúshennaya, but everything had changed around him in this formerly aristocratic quarter. The rich serf-owners, who once were so prominent there, had gone. After having spent in a most reckless way the redemption money which they had received at the emancipation of the serfs, and after having mortgaged and remortgaged their estates in the new land banks which preyed upon their helplessness, they had withdrawn at last to the country or to provincial towns, there to sink into oblivion. Their houses had been taken by "the intruders," — rich merchants, railway builders, and the like, — while in nearly every one of the old families which remained a young life struggled to assert its rights upon the ruins of the old one. A couple of retired generals, who cursed the new ways, and relieved their griefs by predicting for Russia a certain and speedy ruin under the new order, or some relative occasionally dropping in, were all the company my father had in his house. Out of our many relatives, numbering nearly a score of families at Moscow alone in my childhood, two families only had remained in the capital, and these had joined the current of the new life, the mothers discussing with their girls and boys such matters as schools for the people and women's universities. My father looked upon them with contempt. My stepmother and my younger

sister, Pauline, who had not changed, did their best to comfort him ; but they themselves felt strange in their unwonted surroundings.

My father had always been unkind and most unjust toward my brother Alexander, but Alexander was utterly incapable of holding a grudge against any one. When he entered the sick-room, with the deep, kind look of his large blue eyes and with a smile revealing his infinite kindness, and when he immediately discovered what could be done to render the sufferer more comfortable in his sick-chair, and did it as naturally as if he had left the sick-room only an hour before, my father was simply bewildered ; he stared at him without being able to understand. Our visit brought life into the dull, gloomy house ; nursing became more bright ; my stepmother, Pauline, the servants themselves, grew more animated, and my father felt the change.

One thing worried him, however. He had expected to see us come as repentant sons, imploring his support. But when he tried to direct conversation into that channel, we stopped him with such a cheerful "Don't bother about that ; we go on very nicely," that he was still more bewildered. He looked for a scene in the old style, — his sons begging pardon — and money ; perhaps he even regretted for a moment that this did not happen ; but he regarded us with a greater esteem. We were all three affected at parting. He seemed almost to dread returning to his gloomy loneliness amidst the wreckage of a system he had lived to maintain. But Alexander had to go back to his service, and I was leaving for Finland.

When I was called home again, I hurried to Moscow, to find the burial cere-



mony just beginning, in that same old red church where my father had been baptized, and where the last prayers had been said over his mother. As the funeral procession passed along the streets, of which every house was so familiar to me in my childhood, I noticed that the houses had changed little, but I knew that in all of them a new life had begun.

Less than twelve months later, in a house within a stone's throw of my father's, I received Stepniák, clothed as a peasant, he having escaped from a country village where he had been arrested for socialist propaganda amongst the peasants; and a couple of doors further on, we held one of our secret meetings at the house of Nathalie Armfeld, the Kara "convict" whom George Kennan has so touchingly described in his book on Siberia.

#### VIII.

The next year, early in the spring, I made my first journey to Western Europe. In crossing the Russian frontier, I experienced, even more intensely than I was prepared to do, what every Russian feels on leaving his mother country. So long as the train runs on Russian ground, through the thinly populated northwestern provinces, one has the feeling of crossing a desert. Hundreds of miles are covered with low growths which hardly deserve the name of forests. Here and there the eye discovers a small, miserably poor village buried in the snow, or an impracticable, muddy, narrow, and winding village road. But everything — scenery and surroundings — changes all of a sudden, as soon as the train enters Prussia, with its clean-looking villages and farms, its gardens, and its paved roads; and the sense of contrast grows stronger and stronger as one penetrates further into Germany. Even dull Berlin seemed animated, after our Russian towns.

And the contrast of climate! Two days before, I had left St. Petersburg thickly covered with snow, and now, in

middle Germany, I walked without an overcoat along the railway platform, in warm sunshine, admiring the budding flowers. Then came the Rhine, and later Switzerland bathed in the rays of a bright sun, with its small, clean hotels, where breakfast was served out of doors, in view of the snow-clad mountains. I never had realized before so vividly what Russia's northern position meant, and how the history of the Russian nation had been influenced by the fact that the main centres of its life had to develop in high latitudes, as far as the shores of the Gulf of Finland. Only then I fully understood the uncontrollable attraction which southern lands have exercised on the Russian people, the colossal efforts which they have made to reach the Black Sea, and the steady pressure of the Siberian colonists southward, further into Manchuria.

At that time Zürich was full of Russian students, both women and men. The famous Oberstrasse, near the Polytechnic, was a corner of Russia, where the Russian language prevailed over all others. The students lived as most Russian students do, especially the women; that is, upon almost nothing. Tea and bread, some milk, and a thin slice of meat cooked over a spirit lamp, amidst animated discussions upon the latest news of the socialistic world or the last book read, — that was their regular fare. Those who had more money than was needed for such a mode of living gave it all for the "common affairs," — the library, the Russian review which was going to be published, the support of the Swiss labor papers. As to their dress, the most parsimonious economy reigned in that direction. Pushkin has written in a well-known verse, "What hat may not suit a girl of sixteen?" Our girls at Zürich seemed defiantly to throw this question at the population of the old Zwinglian city: "Can there be a simplicity in dress which does not become a

girl, when she is young, intelligent, and full of energy?"

With all this, the busy little community worked harder than any other students have ever worked since there were universities in existence, and the Zürich professors were never tired of showing the progress accomplished by the women at the university as an example to the male students.

The International Workingmen's Association was then at the height of its development. Great hopes had been awakened in the years 1840-48 in the hearts of European workers. Only now we begin to realize what a formidable amount of socialist literature was circulated in those years by socialists of all denominations, Christian socialists, state socialists, Fourierists, Saint-Simonists, Owenites, and so on; and only now we begin to understand the depth of this movement, and to discover how much of what our generation has considered the product of contemporary thought was already developed and said — often with great penetration — during those years. The republicans understood then under the name of "republic" a quite different thing from the democratic organization of capitalist rule which now goes under that name. When they spoke of the United States of Europe, they understood the brotherhood of workers, the weapons of war transformed into tools, and these tools used by all members of society for the benefit of all; not only the reign of equality as regards criminal law, but particularly economic equality. The nationalists saw in their dreams the Young Italy, the Young Germany, and the Young Hungary taking the lead in far-reaching agrarian and economic reforms.

The defeat of the June insurrection at Paris, of Hungary by the armies of Nicholas I., and of Italy by the French and the Austrians, and the fearful reaction which followed everywhere in Eu-

rope, totally destroyed that movement. Its literature, its achievements, its very principles of economic revolution and universal brotherhood, were simply forgotten, lost, during the next twenty years.

However, the understanding which was reached by some English workers and a few French workers' delegates to the London International Exhibition of 1866 became quite unexpectedly the starting point for a formidable movement, which soon spread all over Europe, and included several million workers. The hopes which had been dormant for twenty years were awakened once more, when the workers were called upon to unite, "without distinction of creed, sex, nationality, race, or color," to proclaim that "the emancipation of the workers must be their own work," and to throw the weight of a strong, united, international organization into the evolution of mankind, — not in the name of love and charity, but in the name of justice, of the force that belongs to a body of men moved by a reasoned consciousness of their own aims and aspirations.

Two strikes at Paris, in 1868 and 1869, more or less helped by small contributions sent from England, Germany, and Spain, insignificant though they were in themselves, became the origin of an immense movement in which the solidarity of the workers of all nations was proclaimed in the face of the rivalries of the states. The idea of an international union of all trades, and of a struggle against capital with the aid of international support, carried away the most indifferent of the workers. The movement spread like wildfire in France, Italy, and Spain, bringing to the front such a number of intelligent, active, and devoted workers, and attracting to it such a number of men, young and old, from the wealthier educated classes, that a force never before suspected to exist grew stronger every day. If the movement had not been arrested in its growth



by the ill-omened Franco-German war, great things would probably have happened in Europe, deeply modifying the aspects of our civilization, and undoubtedly accelerating human progress; but the crushing victory of the Germans brought about abnormal conditions in Europe, and stopped for a quarter of a century the normal development of France.

All sorts of partial solutions of the great social question had currency at that time among the workers: coöperation, productive associations supported by the state, people's banks, gratuitous credit, and so on *ad infinitum*. Each of these solutions was brought before the "sections" of the association, and then before the local, regional, national, and international congresses, and eagerly discussed. Every annual congress of the association marked a new step in advance, in the development of ideas about the great social problem which stands before our generation and calls for a solution. The amount of intelligent things which were said at these congresses, and of scientifically correct, deeply thought over ideas which were circulated, — all being the results of the *collective* thought of the workers, — has never yet been sufficiently appreciated; but there is no exaggeration in saying that all schemes of social reconstruction which are now in vogue under the name of "scientific socialism" or "anarchism" have their origin in the discussions and reports of the congress of the International Association. The few educated men who joined the movement have only put into a theoretical shape the criticisms and the aspirations which were expressed in the sections, and subsequently in the congresses, by the workers themselves.

The war of 1870-71 had hampered the development of the association, but had not stopped it. In all the industrial centres of Switzerland numerous and animated sections of the International existed, and thousands of workers flocked to their meetings, at which

war was declared upon the existing system of private ownership of land and factories, and the near end of the capitalist system was proclaimed. Local congresses were held in various parts of the country, and at each of these gatherings the most arduous and difficult problems of the present social organization were discussed, with a knowledge of the matter and a depth of conception which alarmed the middle classes even more than did the numbers of adherents who joined the sections, or groups, of the International. The jealousies and prejudices which had hitherto existed in Switzerland between the privileged trades (the watchmakers and the jewelers) and the rougher trades (weavers, and so on), and which had prevented joint action in labor disputes, were disappearing. The workers asserted with increasing emphasis that, of all the divisions which exist in modern society, by far the most important is that between the owners of capital and those who not only come into the world penniless, but are doomed to remain producers of wealth for the favored few.

Italy, especially middle and northern Italy, was honeycombed with groups and sections of the International; and in these the Italian unity so long struggled for was declared a mere illusion. The workers were called upon to make their own revolution, — to take the land for the peasants and the factories for the workers themselves, and to abolish the oppressive centralized organization of the state, whose historical mission always was to protect and to maintain the exploitation of man by man.

In Spain, similar organizations covered Catalonia, Valencia, and Andalusia; they were supported by, and united with, the powerful labor unions of Barcelona. The International had no less than eighty thousand regularly paying Spanish members; it embodied all the active and thinking elements of the population; and by its distinct refusal to meddle with the

political intrigues during 1871-72 it had drawn to itself in an immense degree the sympathies of the masses. The proceedings of its provincial and national congresses, and the manifestoes which they issued, were models of a severe logical criticism of the existing conditions, as well as admirably lucid statements of the workers' ideals.

In Belgium, Holland, and even in Portugal, the same movement was spreading, and it had already brought into the association the great mass and the best elements of the Belgian coal miners and weavers. In England, the always conservative trade unions had also joined the movement, at least in principle, and were ready to support their Continental brethren in direct struggles against capital, especially in strikes. In Germany, the socialists had concluded a union with the rather numerous followers of Lassalle, and the first foundations of a social democratic party had been laid. Austria and Hungary followed in the same track; and although no international organization was possible at that time in France, after the defeat of the Commune and the reaction which followed (Draconic laws having been enacted against the adherents of the association), every one was persuaded, nevertheless, that this period of reaction would not last, and that France would soon join the association again and take the lead in it.

While I was in Switzerland, wanting to know all about the Workingmen's Association, I joined the local section. I also asked my Russian friends where I could learn more about the great movement which was going on in other countries. "Read," was their reply, and they brought me large numbers of books and collections of newspapers for the last two years. I spent days and nights in reading, and received a deep impression which nothing will efface; the flood of new thoughts awakened is associated in my mind with a tiny clean room

in the Oberstrasse, commanding from a window a view of the blue lake, with the mountains beyond it, where the Swiss fought for their independence, and the high spires of the old town, — that scene of so many religious struggles.

Socialistic literature has never been rich in books. It is written for workers, for whom one penny is money, and its main force lies in its small pamphlets and its newspapers. Moreover, he who seeks for information about socialism finds in books little of what he requires most. They contain the theories or the scientific arguments in favor of socialist aspirations, but they give no idea how the workers accept socialist ideals, and how the latter could be put into practice. There remains nothing but to take collections of papers and read them all through, — the news as well as the leaders, perhaps even more than the leaders. Quite a new world of social relations and methods of thought and action is revealed by this reading, which gives an insight into what cannot be found anywhere else, — namely, the depth and the moral force of the movement, the degree to which men are imbued with the new theories, their readiness to carry them out in their daily life and to suffer for them. All discussions about the impracticability of socialism and the necessary slowness of evolution are of little value, because the speed of evolution can only be judged from a close knowledge of the human beings of whose evolution we are speaking. What estimate of a sum can be made without knowing its components?

The more I read, the more I saw that there was before me a new world, unknown to me, and totally unknown to the learned makers of sociological theories, — a world that I could know only by living in the Workingmen's Association and by meeting the workers in their every-day life. I decided, accordingly, to spend a couple of months in such a life. My Russian friends en-



couraged me, and after a few days' stay at Zürich I left for Geneva, which was then a great centre of the international movement.

The place where the Geneva sections used to meet was the spacious Masonic Temple Unique. More than two thousand men could come together in its large hall, at the general meetings, while every evening all sorts of committee and section meetings took place in the side rooms, or classes in history, physics, engineering, and so on were held; free instruction being given to the workers by the few, very few, middle-class men who had joined the movement, and mainly by French refugees of the Paris Commune. It was a people's university as well as a people's forum.

One of the chief leaders of the movement at the Temple Unique was a Russian, Nicholas Ootin, — a bright, intelligent, and active man; and the real soul of it was a Russian lady, who was known far and wide amongst the workers as Madame Olga. She was the working force in all the committees. Both Ootin and Madame Olga received me cordially, made me acquainted with all the men of mark in the sections of the different trades, and invited me to be present at the committee meetings. So I went, but I preferred being with the workers themselves. Taking a glass of sour wine at one of the tables in the hall, I used to sit there every evening amid the workers, and soon became friendly with several of them, especially with a stone-mason from Alsace, who had left France after the insurrection of the Commune. He had children, just about the age of the two whom my brother had so suddenly lost a few months before, and through the children I was speedily on good terms with the family and their friends. I could thus follow the movement from the inside, and know the workers' view of it.

The workers had built all their hopes

on the international movement. Young and old flocked to the Temple Unique after their long day's work, to get hold of the scraps of education which they could obtain there, or to listen to the speakers who promised them a grand future, based upon the common possession of all that man requires for the production of well-being, and upon a brotherhood of men, without distinction of caste, race, or nationality. All hoped that a great social revolution, peaceful or not, would soon come and totally change the economic conditions. No one desired class war, but all said that if the ruling classes rendered it unavoidable through their blind obstinacy, let it be war, if only it should bring with it well-being and liberty to the downtrodden masses.

One must have lived among the workers at that time to realize the effect which the sudden growth of the association had upon their minds, — the trust they put in it, the love with which they spoke of it, the sacrifices they made for it. Every day, week after week and year after year, thousands of workers made sacrifices in order to support the life of each group, to secure the appearance of the papers, to defray the expenses of the congresses, to support the comrades who had suffered for the association, — nay, even to be present at the meetings and the manifestations. Another thing that impressed me deeply was the elevating influence which the International exercised. Most of the Paris Internationalists were almost total abstainers from drink, and all had abandoned smoking. "Why should I nurture in myself that weakness?" they said.

Outsiders never realize the sacrifices which are made by the workers. No small amount of moral courage was required to join openly a section of the International Association, and to face the discontent of the master and a probable dismissal at the first opportunity, with the long months out of work which

usually followed. Even a few pence given for the common cause represent a burden on the meagre budget of the European worker, and many pence had to be disbursed every week. Frequent attendance at the meetings means a sacrifice, too. For us it may be a pleasure to spend a couple of hours at a meeting, but for men whose working day begins at five in the morning those hours have to be stolen from necessary rest.

I felt this devotion as a standing reproach. I saw how eager the workers were to gain instruction, and despairingly few were those who volunteered to aid them. I saw how much the toiling masses needed to be helped by men possessed of education and leisure, in their endeavors to spread and to develop the organization; but how few and rare were those who came to assist without the intention of making political capital even of that helplessness! More and more I began to feel that I was bound to cast in my lot with them. Stepniák says, in his *Career of a Nihilist*, that every revolutionist has had a moment in his life when some circumstance, maybe unimportant in itself, has brought him to pronounce his oath of giving himself to the cause of revolution. I know that moment; I lived through it after one of the meetings at the Temple Unique, when I felt more acutely than ever before how cowardly are the educated men who hesitate to put their education, their knowledge, their energy, at the service of those who are so much in need of that education and that energy. "Here are men," I said to myself, "who are conscious of their servitude, who work to get rid of it; but where are the helpers? Where are those who come to serve the masses, not to utilize them for their own ambitions?"

Gradually, some doubts began to creep into my mind as to the soundness of the agitation which was carried on at the Temple Unique. One night, a well-

known Geneva lawyer, Monsieur A., came to the meeting, and stated that if he had not hitherto joined the association, it was because he had first to settle his own business affairs; having now succeeded in that direction, he came to join the labor movement. I felt shocked at this cynical avowal, and when I communicated my reflections to my stonemason friend he explained to me that this gentleman, having been defeated at the previous election, when he sought the support of the radical party, now hoped to be elected by the support of the labor vote. "We accept their services for the present," my friend concluded, "but when the revolution comes, our first move will be to throw all of them overboard."

Then came a great meeting, hastily convoked, to protest, as it was said, against the calumnies of the *Journal de Genève*. This organ of the moneyed classes of Geneva had simply ventured to suggest that mischief was brewing at the Temple Unique, and that the building trades were going once more to make a general strike, such as they had made in 1869. The leaders at the Temple Unique called the meeting. Thousands of workers filled the hall, and Ootin asked them to pass a resolution, the wording of which seemed to me very strange, and concluded a hurried speech in support of it with the words, "If you agree, citizens, with this resolution, I will send it to the press." He was going to leave the platform, when somebody in the hall suggested that discussion would not be out of place; and then representatives of all branches of the building trades stood up in succession, saying that the wages had lately been so low that they could hardly live upon them; that with the opening of the spring there was plenty of work in view, of which they intended to take advantage to increase their wages; and if an increase were refused they would begin a general strike.

I was furious, and next day hotly re-



proached Ootin for his behavior. "As a leader," I told him, "you were bound to know that a general strike was really spoken of." In my innocence I did not suspect the real motives of the leaders, and it was Ootin himself who made me understand that a strike at that time would be disastrous for the election of the lawyer, Monsieur A.

I could not reconcile this wire-pulling by the leaders with the burning speeches I had heard them pronounce from the platform. I felt disheartened, and spoke to Ootin of my intention to make myself acquainted with the other section of the International Association at Geneva, which was known as the Bakúnists. The name "anarchist" was not much in use then. Ootin gave me at once a word of introduction to another Russian, Nicholas Joukovsky, who belonged to that section, and, looking straight into my face, he added, with a sigh, "Well, you won't return to us; you will remain with them." He had guessed right.

#### IX.

I went first to Neuchâtel, and then spent a week or so among the watch-makers in the Jura Mountains. I thus made my first acquaintance with that famous Jura Federation which for the next few years played an important part in the development of socialism, introducing into it the no-government, or anarchist, tendency.

At that time, the Jura Federation was becoming a rebel against the authority of the general council of the International Workingmen's Association. The association was essentially a workingmen's movement; it had its origin in a union concluded between workers across the Channel for mutual support in labor struggles, and its first public steps were internationally supported strikes. The workers understood it as a labor movement, not as a political party, and in east Belgium, for instance, they had introduced into the statutes a clause in

virtue of which no one could be a member of a section unless employed in a manual trade; even foremen were excluded.

The workers were federalist in principle. Each nation, each separate region, and even each local section had to be left free to develop on its own lines. But the middle-class revolutionists of the old school who had entered the International, imbued as they were with the notions of the centralized, pyramidal secret organizations of earlier times, had introduced the same notions into the Workingmen's Association. Beside the federal and national councils, a general council was nominated at London, to act as a sort of intermediary between the councils of the different nations. Marx and Engels were the leading spirits of the London general council. It soon appeared, however, that the mere fact of having such a central body became a source of substantial inconvenience. The general council was not satisfied with playing the part of a correspondence bureau; it strove to govern the movement, to approve or to censure the action of the local federations and sections, and even of individual members. When the Commune insurrection began in Paris, — and "the leaders had only to follow," and could not say whereto they would be led within the next twenty-four hours, — the general council insisted upon directing the insurrection from London. It required daily reports about the events, gave orders, favored this and hampered that, and thus put in evidence the disadvantage of having a governing body, even within the association. It set people thinking about the uselessness of any government, democratic though its origin may be. This was the first spark of anarchism.

The separation between leaders and workers which I had noticed at Geneva did not exist in the Jura Mountains. There were a number of men who were more intelligent, and especially more

active, than the others; but that was all. James Guillaume, one of the most intelligent and broadly educated men I ever met, was a proofreader and the manager of a small printing office. He was then translating a novel from German into French, and was paid eight francs — one dollar and sixty cents — for sixteen pages!

In a little valley in the Jura hills there is a succession of small towns and villages, whose French-speaking population was entirely employed, at that time, in the various branches of watchmaking. Whole families used to work in small workshops; in one of them I found another leader, Adhemar Schwitzguebel, with whom, also, I afterward became very closely connected. He sat among a dozen young men who were engraving lids of gold and silver watches. I was asked to take a seat on a bench, or table, and soon we were all engaged in a lively conversation upon socialism, government or no government, and the coming congresses.

In the evening a heavy snowstorm raged; it blinded us and froze the blood in our veins, as we struggled to the next village. But, notwithstanding the storm, about fifty watchmakers, chiefly old people, came from the neighboring villages and towns, — some of them as much as seven miles distant, — to join a small informal meeting that was called for that evening.

The very organization of the watch trade, which permits men to know one another thoroughly and to work in their own houses, where they are free to talk, explains why the level of intellectual development in this population is higher than that of workers who spend all their life from early childhood in the factories. There is more independence and more originality among them. But the absence of a division between the leaders and the masses in the Jura Federation was also the reason why there was no question upon which every member

of the federation would not strive to form his own independent opinion. Here I saw, that the workers were not a mass that was being led and made subservient to the political ends of a few men; their leaders were simply their more active brethren, — initiators rather than leaders. The clearness of insight, the soundness of judgment, the capacity for disentangling complex social questions, which I noticed amongst these workers, especially the middle-aged ones, deeply impressed me; and I am firmly persuaded that if the Jura Federation has played a prominent part in the development of socialism, it is not only on account of the importance of the no-government and federalist ideas of which it was the champion, but also on account of the expression which was given to these ideas by the good sense of the Jura watchmakers. Without their aid, these conceptions might have remained mere abstractions for a long time.

The theoretical aspects of anarchism, as they were then beginning to be expressed in the Jura Federation; the criticisms of state socialism — the fear of an economic despotism, far more dangerous than the merely political despotism — which I heard formulated there; and the revolutionary character of the agitation, appealed strongly to my mind. But the equalitarian relations which I found in the Jura Mountains, the independence of thought and expression which I saw developing in the workers, and their unlimited devotion to the cause appealed far more strongly to my feelings; and when I came away from the mountains, after a week's stay with the watchmakers, my views upon socialism were settled. I was an anarchist.

A subsequent journey to Belgium, where I could compare once more the centralized political agitation at Brussels with the economic and independent agitation that was going on amongst the clothiers at Verviers, only strengthened my views. These clothiers were one of



the most sympathetic populations that I ever knew of in Europe.

X.

During my journey I had bought a number of books and collections of socialist newspapers. In Russia, the books were "unconditionally prohibited" by censorship; and some of the collections of newspapers and reports of international congresses could not be bought for any amount of money, even in Belgium. "Shall I part with them, while my brother and my friends would be so happy to see them at St. Petersburg?" I asked myself; and I decided that by all means I must take them into Russia.

I returned to St. Petersburg via Vienna and Warsaw. Jews, it was said, lived by smuggling on the Polish frontier, and if I could succeed in discovering one of them, my books surely would be carried in safety over the border. However, to stop at a small railway station to hunt for smugglers, while all other passengers continued on their journey, would have been too unreasonable; so I took a side branch of the railway and went to Cracow. "The capital of old Poland is near to the frontier," I thought, "and I shall find there some Jew who will lead me to the men I seek."

I reached the once renowned and brilliant city in the evening, and early next morning went out from the hotel on my search. What was my bewilderment when at every street corner, and wherever I turned my eyes in the otherwise deserted market place, I saw a Jew, wearing the traditional long dress and locks of his forefathers, and watching for some Polish nobleman or tradesman who might send him on an errand and pay him a few coppers for the service. I wanted to find *one* Jew; and now there were too many of them. Whom should I approach? I made the round of the town, and then, in my despair, I decided to accost the Jew who stood at the entrance gate of my hotel, — an immense

old palace, of which, in former days, every hall was filled with elegant crowds of gayly dressed dancers, but which now performed the most prosaic function of giving shelter and food to a few occasional travelers. I explained to the man my desire of smuggling in a rather heavy bundle of books and newspapers.

"Very easily done, sir," he replied. "I will just bring to you the representative of the Universal Company for the International Exchange of Rags and Bones. They carry on the largest smuggling business in the world, and he is sure to oblige you." Half an hour later he really returned with the representative of the company, — a most elegant young man, who spoke in perfection Russian, German, and Polish.

He looked at my bundle, weighed it with his hands, and asked what sort of books were in it.

"All severely prohibited by Russian censorship: that is why they must be smuggled in."

"Our business," he said in reply, "is costly silks. If I were going to pay my men by weight, according to our silk tariff, I should have to name you a quite extravagant price. And then, to tell the truth, I don't much like meddling with books. The slightest mishap, and 'they' would make of it a political affair, and then it would cost the Universal Rags and Bones Company a tremendous sum of money to get clear of it."

I probably looked very sad, for the elegant young man who represented the Universal Rags and Bones Company immediately added: "Don't be troubled. He [the hotel commissionnaire] will arrange it for you in some other way."

"Oh yes. There are scores of ways to arrange such a trifle, to oblige the gentleman," jovially remarked the commissionnaire, as he left me.

In an hour's time he came back with another young man. This one took the bundle, put it by the side of the door, and said: "It's all right. If you leave

to-morrow, you shall have your books at such a station in Russia," and he explained to me how it would be managed.

"How much will it cost?" I asked.

"How much are you disposed to pay?" was the reply.

I emptied my purse on the table, and said: "That much for my journey. The remainder is yours. I will travel third class!"

"Wai, wai, wai!" exclaimed both men at once. "What are you saying, sir? Such a gentleman travel third class! Never! No, no, no, that won't do. . . . Five dollars will do for us, and then one dollar or so for the commissionaire, if you are agreeable to it, — just as much as you like. We are not highway robbers, but honest tradesmen." And they bluntly refused to take more money.

I had often heard of the honesty of the Jewish smugglers on the frontier; but I had never expected to have such a proof of it. Later on, when our circle imported many books from abroad, or still later, when so many revolutionists and refugees crossed the frontier in entering or leaving Russia, there was not a case in which the smugglers betrayed any one, or took advantage of circumstances to exact an exorbitant price for their services.

Next day I left Cracow; and at the designated Russian station a porter approached my compartment, and, speaking loudly, so as to be heard by the gendarme who was walking along the platform, said to me, "Here is the bag your highness left the other day," and handed me my precious parcel.

I was so happy to have it that I did not even stop at Warsaw, but continued my journey directly to St. Petersburg, to show my trophies to my brother.

#### XI.

Serfdom was abolished in Russia. But quite a network of habits and customs of domestic slavery, of utter disregard

of human individuality, of despotism on the part of the fathers, and of hypocritical submission on that of the wives, the sons, and the daughters, had developed during the two hundred and fifty years that serfdom had existed. Everywhere in Europe, at the beginning of this century, there was a great deal of domestic despotism, — the writings of Thackeray and Dickens bear ample testimony to it; but nowhere else had that tyranny attained such a luxurious development as in Russia. All Russian life, in the family, in the relations between commander and subordinate, military chief and soldier, employer and employee, bore the stamp of it. Quite a world of customs and manners of thinking, of prejudices and moral cowardice, of habits bred by a lazy existence, had grown up; and even the best men of the time paid a large tribute to these products of the serfdom period.

Law could have no grip upon these things. Only a vigorous social movement, which would attack the very roots of the evil, could reform the habits and customs of every-day life; and in Russia this movement — this revolt of the individual — took a far more powerful character, and became far more sweeping in its criticisms, than anywhere in Western Europe or America. "Nihilism" was the name that Turguéneff gave it in his epoch-making novel, *Fathers and Sons*.

The movement is wholly misunderstood in Western Europe. In the press, for example, nihilism is continually confused with terrorism. The revolutionary disturbance which broke out in Russia toward the close of the reign of Alexander II., and ended in the tragical death of the Tsar, is constantly described as nihilism. No greater mistake, however, could be made. To confuse nihilism with terrorism is as wrong as to confuse a philosophical movement like stoicism or positivism with a political movement like, let us say, repub-



licanism. Terrorism was called into existence by certain special conditions of the political struggle at a given historical moment. It has lived, and has died. But nihilism has impressed its stamp upon the whole of the life of the educated classes of Russia, and that stamp will be retained for many years to come. It is nihilism, divested of some of its rougher aspects, — which were unavoidable in a young movement of that sort, — which gives now to the life of a great portion of the educated classes of Russia a certain peculiar character which we Russians regret not to find in the life of Western Europe. It is nihilism, again, in its various manifestations, which gives to many of our writers that remarkable sincerity, that habit of “thinking aloud,” which astounds Western European readers.

First of all, the nihilist declared war upon what may be described as “the conventional lies of civilized mankind.” Absolute sincerity was his distinctive feature, and in the name of that sincerity he gave up, and asked others to give up, those superstitions, prejudices, habits, and customs which their own reason could not justify. He refused to bend before any authority except that of reason, and in the analysis of every social institution or habit he revolted against any sort of more or less masked sophism.

He broke, of course, with the superstitions of his fathers, and in his philosophical conceptions he was a positivist, an agnostic, a Spencerian evolutionist, or a scientific materialist; and while he never attacked the simple, sincere religious belief which is a psychological necessity of feeling, he bitterly fought against the hypocrisy that leads people to assume the outward mask of a religion which they repeatedly throw aside as useless ballast.

The life of civilized people is full of little conventional lies. Persons who hate each other, meeting in the street,

make their faces radiant with a happy smile; the nihilist remained unmoved, and smiled only for those whom he was really glad to meet. All those forms of outward politeness which are mere hypocrisy were equally repugnant to him, and he assumed a certain external roughness as a protest against the smooth amiability of his fathers. He saw them wildly talking as idealist sentimentalists, and at the same time acting as real barbarians toward their wives, their children, and their serfs; and he rose in revolt against that sort of sentimentalism which, after all, so nicely accommodated itself to the anything but ideal conditions of Russian life. Art was involved in the same sweeping negation. Continual talk about beauty, the ideal, art for art's sake, æsthetics, and the like, so willingly indulged in while every object of art was bought with money exacted from starving peasants, inspired him with disgust, and all the criticisms which Tolstoy now makes against art were expressed forty years ago in the sweeping assertion, “A pair of boots is more important than all your refined talk about Shakespeare.”

Marriage without love, and familiarity without friendship, were equally repudiated. The nihilist girl, compelled by her parents to be a doll in a Doll's House, and to marry for property's sake, preferred to abandon her house and her silk dresses, put on a black woolen dress of the plainest description, crop off her hair, and go to a high school, in order to win there her personal independence.

The nihilist carried his love of sincerity even into the minutest details of every-day life. He discarded the conventional forms of society talk, and expressed his opinions in a blunt and terse way, even with a certain affectation of outward roughness.

Two great Russian novelists, Turguéneff and Goncharóff, have tried to represent this new type in their novels. Goncharóff, in *Precipice*, taking a real but

unrepresentative individual of this class made a caricature of nihilism. Turguéneff was too good an artist, and had himself conceived too much admiration for the new type, to let himself be drawn into caricature painting; but even his nihilist, Bazároff, did not satisfy us. We found him too harsh, especially in his relations with his old parents, and, above all, we reproached him with his seeming neglect of his duties as a citizen. Russian youth could not be satisfied with the merely negative attitude of Turguéneff's hero. Nihilism, with its affirmation of the rights of the individual and its negation of all hypocrisy, was but a first step toward a higher type of men and women, who are equally free, but live for a great cause. In the nihilists of Chernyshévsky, as they are depicted in his far less artistic novel, *What is to be Done?* they saw better portraits of themselves.

"It is bitter, the bread that has been made by slaves," our poet Nekrásoff wrote. The young generation actually refused to eat that bread, and to enjoy the riches that had been accumulated in their fathers' houses by means of servile labor, whether the laborers were actual serfs or slaves of the present industrial system.

All Russia read with astonishment, in the indictment which was produced at the court against Karakózoff and his friends, that these young men, owners of considerable fortunes, used to live three or four in the same room, never spending more than five dollars apiece a month for all their needs, and giving at the same time their fortunes for starting coöperative associations, coöperative workshops (where they themselves worked), and the like. Five years later, thousands and thousands of the Russian youth — the best part of it — were doing the same. Their watchword was, "*Vnarád!*" (To the people be the people.) During the years 1860-65,

in nearly every wealthy family a bitter struggle was going on between the fathers, who wanted to maintain the old traditions, and the sons and daughters, who defended their right to dispose of their life according to their own ideals, and refused to follow the career prescribed to them by their elders. Young men left the military service, the counter, the shop, and flocked to the university towns. Girls, bred in the most aristocratic families, rushed penniless to St. Petersburg and Moscow, eager to learn a profession which would free them from the domestic yoke, and some day, perhaps, also from the possible yoke of a husband. After hard and bitter struggles, many of them won that personal freedom. Now they wanted to utilize it, not for their own personal enjoyment, but for carrying to the people the knowledge that had emancipated them. In every town of Russia, in every quarter of St. Petersburg, small groups were formed for self-improvement and self-education; the works of the philosophers, the writings of the economists, the historical researches of the young Russian historical school, were carefully read in these circles, and the reading was followed by endless discussions. The aim of all that reading and discussion was to solve the great question which rose before them. In what way could they be useful to the masses? Gradually, they came to the idea that the only way was to settle amongst the people, and to live the people's life. Young men went into the villages as doctors, doctors' helpers, teachers, village scribes, even as agricultural laborers, blacksmiths, woodcutters, and so on, and tried to live there in close contact with the peasants. Girls passed teachers' examinations, learned midwifery or nursing, and went by the hundred into the villages, devoting themselves entirely to the poorest part of the population.

When I returned from Switzerland I found this movement in full swing.



## XII.

I hastened, of course, to share with my friends my impressions of the International Workingmen's Association and my books. At the university I had no friends, properly speaking; I was older than most of my companions, and a difference of a few years is an obstacle to complete comradeship, at that age. It must also be said that since the new rules of admission to the university had been introduced in 1861, the best of the independent and rich young men were sifted in the gymnasias, and did not gain admittance to the university. Consequently, the majority of my comrades were good boys, laborious, but taking no interest in anything besides the examinations. I was friendly with only one of them: let me call him Dmitri Kelnitz. He was born in South Russia, and although his name was German he hardly spoke German, and his face was South Russian rather than Teutonic. He was very intelligent, had read a great deal, and had seriously thought over what he had read. He loved science and deeply respected it, but, like many of us, he soon came to the conclusion that to follow the career of a scientific man meant to join the camp of the Philistines, and that there was plenty of other and more urgent work that he could do. He attended the university lectures for two years, and then abandoned them, giving himself entirely to social work. He lived anyhow; I even doubt if he had a permanent lodging. Sometimes he would come to me and ask, "Have you some paper?" and having taken a supply of it, he would sit perhaps at the corner of a table for an hour or two, diligently making a translation. The little that he earned in this way was more than sufficient to satisfy all his limited wants. Then he would hurry to a distant part of the town to see a comrade or to help a needy friend; or he would cross St. Petersburg on foot, to a remote suburb, in

order to obtain free admission to a college for some boy in whom the comrades were interested. He was undoubtedly a gifted man. In Western Europe a man far less gifted would have worked his way to a position of political or socialist leadership. No thought of such a thing ever entered the brain of Kelnitz. To lead men was by no means his ambition, and there was no work too insignificant for him to do. This trait, however, was not distinctive of him alone; all those who had lived some years in the students' circles of those times were possessed of it in a high degree.

Soon after my return Kelnitz invited me to join a circle which was known amongst the youth as "the Circle of Tchaykovsky." Under this name it played an important part in the history of the social movement in Russia, and under this name it will go down to history. "Its members," Kelnitz said to me, "have hitherto been mostly constitutionalists; but they are excellent men, with minds open to any honest idea; they have plenty of friends all over Russia, and you will see later on what you can do." I already knew Tchaykovsky, and a few other members of this circle. Tchaykovsky had won my heart at our first meeting, and our friendship has remained unshaken for twenty-seven years.

The beginning of this circle was a very small group of young men and women, — one of whom was Sophie Peróvskaya, — who had united for purposes of self-education and self-improvement. Tchaykovsky was of their number. In 1869 Necháieff had tried to start in Russia a secret revolutionary organization, and to secure this end he resorted to the ways of old conspirators, without recoiling even before deceit when he wanted to force his associates to follow his lead. Such methods could have no success in Russia, and very soon his society broke down. All the members were arrested, and some of the best and purest of the Russian youth went to

Siberia before they had done anything. The circle of self-education of which I am speaking was constituted in opposition to the methods of Necháieff. The few friends had judged, quite correctly, that a morally developed individuality must be the foundation of every organization, whatever political character it may take afterward, and whatever programme of action it may adopt in the course of future events. This was why the Circle of Tchaykovsky, gradually widening its programme, spread so extensively in Russia, achieved such important results, and later on, when circumstances and the ferocious prosecutions of the government created a revolutionary struggle, produced that remarkable set of men and women who fell in the terrible contest they waged against autocracy.

At that time, however, — that is, in 1872, — the circle had nothing revolutionary in it. If it had remained a mere circle of self-improvement, it would soon have petrified, like a monastery. But the members found a suitable work. They began to spread good books. They bought the works of Lassalle, Bervi (on the condition of the laboring classes in Russia), Marx, and so on, — whole editions, — and distributed them among students in the provinces. In a few years, there was not a town of importance in "thirty-eight provinces of the Russian Empire," to use official language, where this circle did not have a group of comrades engaged in the spreading of that sort of literature. Gradually, following the general drift of the times, and stimulated by the news which came from Western Europe about the rapid growth of the labor movement, the circle became more and more a centre of socialistic propaganda among the educated youth, and a natural intermediary between numbers of provincial circles; and then, one day, the ice between stu-

dents and workers was broken, and direct relations were established with working people at St. Petersburg and in some of the provinces. It was at that juncture that I joined the circle, in the spring of 1872.

All secret societies are fiercely prosecuted in Russia, and the Western reader will perhaps expect from me a description of my initiation and of the oath of allegiance which I took. I must disappoint him, because there was nothing of the sort, and could not be; we should have been the first to laugh at such ceremonies, and Kelnitz would not have missed the opportunity of putting in one of his sarcastic remarks, which would have killed any ritual. There was not even a statute. The circle accepted as members only persons who were well known and had been tested in various circumstances, and of whom it was felt that they could be trusted absolutely. Before a new member was received, his character was discussed with the frankness and seriousness which were characteristic of the nihilist. The slightest token of insincerity or conceit would have barred the way to admission. The circle did not care to make a show of numbers, and had no tendency to concentrate in its hands all the activity that was going on amongst the youth, or to include in one organization the scores of different circles which existed in the capitals and the provinces. With most of them friendly relations were maintained; they were helped, and they helped us, when necessity arose, but no assault was made on their autonomy.

The circle preferred to remain a closely united group of friends; and never did I meet elsewhere such a collection of morally superior men and women as the score of persons whose acquaintance I made at the first meeting of the Circle of Tchaykovsky. I still feel proud of having been received into that family.

*P. Kropotkin.*



## THE LOVE STORY OF A SELFISH WOMAN.

NEVER did man bear a name better suited to his outward fashion than Pole. Tall, gaunt, stiff, with a certain dignity conferred by height rather than by proportion, the admirable descriptiveness of his name had been promptly discovered during his schooldays, and many a jest, exquisitely humorous to the originators, had resulted from it. At West Point this source of jovial persecution was not neglected, and in the numerous frontier garrisons to which his army career brought him it attracted the delighted attention of his comrades. With the passing of years, however, these obvious analogies between his form and his name came to convey a savor of honor in their fun, as when young Rodney described him to the mess at Lawrence as an admirable "flagpole," with always a vision of "glory" about his head. For Pole's calm strength had been proved in many an emergency, and no more brilliant officer than he answered to the roll call of the cavalry. It was promotion after the close of a famous Indian campaign which brought him to Fort Lawrence, where, as usual, his silence and reserve won him esteem rather than intimacy, and where curiosity and amusement divided garrison comment when he joined the ranks of Hilda Randolph's courtiers.

Hilda was the major's only daughter, an "army girl," who rode as well and shot as straight as any lieutenant, and reigned over her domain of youthful hearts with an imperious waywardness possible only to one who, in her limited kingdom, had never known revolt. Among her young and jolly followers Captain Pole looked out of place, and seemed not unconscious of his incongruity. But he serenely refused to be crowded out; and though he was made to perceive that coldness and formality succeeded his appearance, the subalterns

dared not show outward disrespect to their superior officer.

Hilda, however, was unfettered by restrictions of military decorum. Many as were the pranks she played on all who sought her favor, nobody suffered so constantly and so humbly as Pole. Even his careless boyish rivals recognized this with half-shamed regret.

"It's a pity to make a laughingstock of him!" young Rodney exclaimed one day, when there had been a more than usually conspicuous example of the girl's perversity. "He is a splendid chap, if you look at him seriously!"

"Why should I look at him seriously? He amuses me," she laughed. "I dare say I amuse him, also; and your pity is wasted, for here he comes again, as placid as though he had never been snubbed."

Yet it was not invulnerability so much as vitality that his devotion displayed. He was often obviously wounded in the fray, but his return to it was immediate.

"I treated you abominably," she declared to him one evening, gazing up at his grave countenance with petulant wonder in her eyes. "You were vexed — for a quarter of an hour! Is n't it possible for you to stay angry?"

"Not with you," he replied shortly.

"Why not?" she asked, and blushed suddenly over all her face and neck for knowledge of the answer she divined even as she uttered the question.

"Because I love you," he said, and walked away down the moonlit veranda.

Somehow, the abruptness of this statement, and its lack of clamor or demand, thrilled her, and her partner in the succeeding waltz found her in a surprisingly gentle mood.

But the mood passed quickly. No mood lasted long with Hilda Randolph except her natural gayety, which, like a

golden thread, flashed through everything she did, and made her a delight to all who did not oppose her. For this fair tyrant was turned aside by no such petty obstacles as the fancies and feelings of others. Hence, according to the fashion of human nature, which, despite theories to the contrary, is inclined to adore a tyrant, there were wider dismay and deeper regret when trouble befell her than a greater misfortune to many a worthier dweller in "officers' row" would have aroused.

It was an appalling calamity to associate with the splendid animation of the girl. Those who had not seen the accident spoke with lowered voices of the impossibility of conceiving Hilda Randolph crushed and senseless, while those who were present shuddered away from mention of it.

She had been trying a new horse over some hurdles, and, wild with high spirits, she ordered another rail added, in spite of the entreaties of the lieutenants who stood admiring her. The sight of Pole striding toward the hurdles, with determined remonstrance in his mien, gave the last spur to her recklessness.

"Behold him!" she cried, with a taunting laugh. "Does n't he look like a pair of huge scissors ambulant? I'm sure he intends to clip me from my saddle, if I don't heed his warning!"

She waved her hand gayly to him, and touched her horse with the whip. The animal sprang forward and rose gallantly for the leap; but either his rider's haste or his own eagerness made him miscalculate the added height. His rear hoofs caught the top rail with a sharp click, and horse and woman fell in a struggling heap upon the further side of the hurdle.

A week later Pole entered the little sitting room of Major Randolph's quarters, and found the major red-eyed with weeping. "My poor girl wants you," he said, as he grasped Pole's hand. "I've told her it's a cruel task she is

putting on you — but when you see her" —

"Will you let me see her at once?" Pole interrupted hoarsely, extricating his hand, and walking toward the door of an inner room.

He knew that she was there, for he had helped to carry her home, and the surgeon had forbidden that she should be taken upstairs to her own room.

The major opened the door, without other word than a low "God help us all!"

Hilda lay motionless in some contrivance of the surgeon's intended to ease her injured spine. Her clear-cut face was worn with suffering, and white as the surrounding pillows. Yet she looked younger, even, than she used to look, and her dark eyes gazed up at him with an appeal as helpless and unreserved as a child's.

He knelt beside the bed, and touched the fingers which crept toward him.

"You must not tremble," she said faintly. "I want you to be strong."

"I will be strong," Pole whispered, and his trembling ceased.

She smiled, — a pale counterfeit of the brilliant smile which had discovered his heart to him when he first came to Lawrence.

"I never was a conventional girl," she went on softly; "but I am going to do what would not have seemed possible even to me last week. You will only know when you are dying how possible" —

"Dying!"

"Dying. I shall lie here and suffer three months, or perhaps six months. Every one is to hear that much about me, but the surgeon promised nobody except father and you should be told that there is no chance of my recovery. I shall die when my injury reaches a certain crisis, which nothing can avert. And I want you to help me to die — bravely!"

"God!" The cry broke from Pole's white lips.



"You believe in him, don't you?" she said. "Last week I thought I believed in him — if ever I thought about him. To-day I don't believe in him — or anything, but Death — and you — because you love me." She shut her eyes. "Don't stare at me with such a look," she murmured, "or I shall find no help in you."

"You shall never see such a look again," he gasped, hiding his quivering face among her pillows. "Only give me a moment now."

There was silence, — silence in which the man's soul went out in prayer, while she lay with frowning brows, suffering through all her tortured body, yet vaguely sorry that the hand which held hers grew so cold.

"Hilda!" he said at last, and the tenderness of the tone in which he uttered her name for the first time brought a fleeting color to her cheek. Very haggard he looked down at her; but his look was no longer an agonized protest; it was an oath of allegiance, whose loyal strength would never fail her. "I understand, and I" —

"Do you surely understand?" she faltered. "I love you no more than I did last week. But you love me, and there is nobody else who cares very much — not my father or any of those boys — and though I am not afraid — the surgeon says I am a brave girl — yet" — She shivered. "Death is strange, and I shall be lonely lying here waiting for it, unless — you hold my hand!"

He pressed his lips to her clinging fingers.

"So long as you live, and so long as I live afterward, I shall thank God that you gave me this trust," he said steadfastly.

Weeks passed. Autumn slipped into winter. The small garrison was duller than usual, during that year's hibernation within the circle of frozen prairie; for they sorely missed their queen of revels. But they knew nothing of the

sentence of death which overhung her illness; and when they were told that she and Pole had become engaged, the conditions of that saddest of troth-plighting were withheld from them. The ladies, who were admitted to Hilda's room at rare intervals of her sufferings, reported that, though a mere passive image physically, she was in spirit almost as gay as ever. The lieutenants, who saw her no more, glanced wistfully at her shaded windows when they went daily to inquire for her; but they shrank from the chance, which each inquiry risked, of possible admission to her changed presence, and they watched Pole's grave serenity through the long winter with an interest which deepened respect.

Within that sick-room, where suffering seemed to reign, a power yet mightier struggled for supremacy. Though Hilda's courage was unfailing, it was the strong patience of the love she had invoked which made those months endurable to her and her nurses. Pole was so gentle that she grew ashamed of her irritability. He was so steadfast that she came to despise her variability. His constant cheerfulness was irresistibly infectious. From being silent, Pole developed an instinct for recounting any event humorous or unusual in the garrison. He discovered that, when Hilda was able to listen, she liked to hear of his adventures or mishaps, even of his theories and his aspirations, and he laid bare his life and his mind to her. Only of his heart, on which she leaned so confidently and whose every throb was for her service, he made no disclosures.

"You cannot see him look at her or hear him speak to her without knowing that he worships her," the major said to his wife, who was Hilda's stepmother, and to whom the hopelessness of her illness had not been revealed. "Yet I never hear love talk, and I doubt if he has ever kissed her!"

"He is to give everything, and she is

to give nothing. Those are terms such girls as Hilda are apt to make with such men as Captain Pole, and I shall be surprised if she does n't throw him over when she is well again." Mrs. Randolph spoke coldly. She was not an unamiable woman, but she had all a plain woman's severity for the heedless cruelties to which they who have beauty are tempted. And the major, who was sworn to keep secret the doom toward which those slow weeks tended; turned away in helpless wrath and grief.

One March afternoon, when a blizzard raged over the prairie and darkness had shut in early, Pole sat at Hilda's bedside reading aloud. She was wonderfully free from pain, though, with an invalid's distrust, she hesitated to confess this immunity, lest it should end. But, as she lay physically at rest, her thoughts wandered from the reading to the reader. Her eyes dwelt intently on his worn face, now soberly intent upon the book, and sank to his disengaged hand, which lay on a table that stood within her reach. Slowly she stretched out her own hand and touched him.

He started slightly, and glanced at her, with the look of alert service that had grown familiar to her in his regard.

"How thin you are!" she murmured, spreading his strong brown fingers on her pale palm. "Even my hand seems plump beside yours."

"I'm always thin," he said, smiling.

"A modern Don Quixote in body as well as mind" —

"Nobody ever accused me of a too fantastic imagination," he interrupted lightly, while his glance returned to the book. "And such was the chief characteristic of the Knight of La Mancha, as I remember him."

"Don't slander him because you will not let me say nice things to you, even indirectly!" she exclaimed. Then, still holding his fingers, she added very softly, "You may kiss me."

For an instant his blue eyes burned

her with a passionate reproach which transfigured him. Then he drew away his hand, stumbled to his feet, and left the room.

He did not return until his usual hour on the next day, when his manner lacked nothing of its habitual serenity, — a serenity, she assured herself, that she would not again willingly disturb.

Another fortnight elapsed. April had arrived. According to the vagaries of a Northwestern spring, the snow on the prairie had disappeared beneath a couple of days' sunshine as fervid as July. The windows of Hilda's room were open to a soft breeze, and she lay watching them for the passing of Pole's tall figure, with a color in her cheeks and lips which had not been there for months, — a color the sight of which brought a sudden flush to his countenance, and as sudden a pallor, when he entered.

"You are better!" he exclaimed.

"I have just discovered that I am," she whispered breathlessly.

"I have seen that you were freer of pain, and stronger from day to day, but I dared not" — He broke off, clasping her hand tightly in both his own. "Being better may not mean getting well. Yet — yet be brave, sweet, even braver than you always are, and I believe life will come back to you, and all life should bring to you."

His head sank on their joined hands for a moment, during which, amidst the tumult of her soul, her clearest perception was the swift whitening six months had wrought on that bowed head.

"I would not tell my father until I had told you," she faltered presently.

He rose. "He must know at once. There are ways and means we should discuss."

Then the major strolled in, as was his custom a dozen times a day, and, in the joyous excitement of his reception of her news, Pole left them together.

Upon consultation with the surgeon, who ascertained a positive improvement



in her condition, it was decided to summon a noted specialist from Chicago; and the great man wired that he would arrive within a week.

The hours of that week alternately raced and halted with Hilda Randolph, according as fear or hope prevailed; but Pole betrayed no sign of emotion after the first, — only he refused to discuss chances with her.

"You will need all your strength to receive the doctor. You cannot afford to waste any of it in maddening conjectures," he said, and, as always, his steadfastness was the staff upon which she leaned.

Though it was not generally known that life or death hung upon the coming of the specialist, his arrival was watched with many a prayer from barracks as well as from "officers' row." For a garrison bears this resemblance to a large family, that calamity to one of its members draws all close together.

The major and Pole waited at the latter's quarters for the verdict, after the great doctor's visit to Hilda. When the two surgeons entered, Pole rose and mechanically stood at attention. The major broke into half-sobbing questions.

"She will live. She will entirely recover. In fact, she is so nearly well now that only every one's conviction that her case was hopeless has prevented her improvement from being visible long since."

The newcomer spoke slowly, gazing keenly at the changes that passed over Pole's white face.

"Sit down! You will fall!" he interrupted himself sharply, and with a swift spring forward prevented the fulfillment of his warning, as Pole sank helplessly into his arms.

"Overload the strongest, mule or man, and he breaks down," he said testily, in reply to the major's amazed representations of Pole's robust vigor. "I saw that this man had reached the limit of

his endurance, at my first glimpse of him when he met me at the railway station."

Pole returned languidly to consciousness. He submitted to the care bestowed upon him; but when the major said it was his right to see Hilda even before her father, the lids drooped again over his haggard eyes.

"She must not be left alone, and I cannot go to her — yet," he faltered.

The major, nothing loath, set forth upon his happy mission, and the physicians presently left Pole to repose. As his senses cleared fully, the thought of Hilda, in this new dawn of life, lacking the one sympathy to which she had clung in the shadow of death rallied the courage which physical exhaustion had for a moment overpowered.

"I am a coward," he muttered, rising slowly. "Neither just to her nor just to myself."

It was the post dinner hour, and he encountered nobody as he walked up the parade to the major's quarters. The door of Hilda's room was ajar, and, after hearing a faint sound that seemed to answer his knock, he entered.

He went no further than the threshold.

Hilda lay with her face hidden, her whole figure shaken with such sobs as no suffering, bodily or mental, had ever before forced from her.

Pole leaned back against the wall and stared at her. She was less ready to meet life, when it now suddenly confronted her, than a long winter's training had made her to meet death.

A moment he stood motionless; then, quietly, as he had come, he went away.

The garrison delighted in discussing several facts and many rumors in the course of the ensuing week. First, there was general rejoicing over the announcement that Hilda Randolph would soon be among them again, as blithe and bonnie as she had ever been. Then, Captain Pole was reported too ill for duty, and, oddly enough, the colonel's visits to him

were more numerous than the surgeon's. Lastly, they woke one morning to the news that Pole had departed, by the early train, on a "six months' leave of absence, with permission to go beyond seas."

Such were the facts. As for the rumors, only a community as idle and as intimate as that of a frontier post can reckon the number of them. They were rumors which included a whisper that Captain Pole had applied for an exchange to another regiment, and were not discredited by the assertions of Major Randolph and his wife that Hilda's engagement was unbroken, but prolonged until Captain Pole's return from a necessary visit to Europe.

And all the while there lay on Hilda's restless, eager heart, as she began to resume the ordinary ways of life, a letter, — a letter written firmly in the large, clear writing which concerned itself mostly with "company accounts;" for Pole had no family, and few correspondents.

MY DEAREST [this letter said], — I may so address you, because there is no claim in words which merely declare a truth of which you are as well aware as I. You will forgive me for leaving Lawrence without seeing you, when I tell you that the first thought the assurance of your safety brought me was bitterness that life would take you from me more utterly than death could have taken you. Sweet, I cannot stay, and break, as I am in honor bound to break, the bond between us, which was pledged only for a need which has ceased. You are free to welcome the youth and happiness to which you are restored, and you must not shadow your freedom with any self-reproach for me. You gave me a trust, the remembrance of which will always be precious to me. God bless you!

After a brief stay in England, Pole went to Switzerland. Having spent most of the years of his manhood upon the

plains and prairies of our frontier, he had long desired to climb some of the world's high mountains. In this crisis of his life, he treated himself with the courageous common sense that he would have bestowed upon a friend in similar case.

He offered his days and nights of weariness, his hours of despair, such chance of forgetfulness as the scenes he had desired and the occupations he believed would be congenial might give them. He had never been beaten in any undertaking. He did not mean to be beaten now.

He was gratified to prove an excellent mountain climber, patient, unflagging, and wary. He liked the cheery comradeship of the guides, and they liked him. It was when he rested, between expeditions, in the large towns that the battle he was waging threatened most to go against him, and he longed for the moment when the guides, who prescribed these periods of repose, agreed that work should begin again.

One afternoon he returned to his hotel at Vevay, after arranging for an ascent of the Dent du Midi the next day. He was standing on the terrace, inspecting with satisfaction a sky which promised fine weather for the morrow, when the porter informed him that an American lady, who had just arrived, wished to see him in her private sitting room. She had mentioned no name, merely saying that she was an old friend. Nor was there anything to be learned from the hotel books, as the gentleman of the party had not yet registered.

Vaguely curious, — for he had few old friends outside the army, and none whom he was likely to meet in Switzerland, — Pole followed the servant upstairs. Then he heard himself announced from the threshold of a small room, and the door closed behind him.

Through a glory of sunset light he beheld Hilda advancing to meet him, but such a Hilda as he had known only in his



most blessed dreams, — a Hilda whose eyes were sweet, whose outstretched hands were tremulous with something that needed no translating, and he took her in his arms.

Hours later, they sat together in one of those vine-hung balconies which adorn Swiss hotels in such profusion. He had been told all about her futile endeavors to write him a letter that would bring him back to her, and all about her successful efforts to persuade an uncle to bring her to Europe for the summer, and to this old town, whither, his London bankers had informed her, his letters were forwarded.

"I used to think many thoughts of you, through those weeks and months last

winter," she said softly. "But I never thought so good a soldier would run away."

"Even a soldier should run away to avoid a greater defeat," he answered, smiling. "I feared that, if I stayed, I should allow your gratitude to make you sacrifice yourself."

"And you are not afraid that it may be my gratitude which has brought me half across the world?"

"It is not gratitude," he murmured, bending closer to her.

"No, it is not gratitude, — nor is it remorse! I am as selfish as I have always been, dear, dear, dearest," she whispered. "But the woman who needed your help to meet death has discovered that she cannot live without you."

*Ellen Mackubin.*

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## THE ELDERS' SEAT.

BETWEEN the mill and the miller's house in Hagar the mill stream made a broad pool with a yellow bottom of pebbles and sand. It was sometimes called the Mediterranean. If you wished to cross the mill stream, there was a plank below, which was good to jounce on, also, though apt to tip you into the water. The pool was shallow, about twenty feet across and as long as you might care to go upstream, — as far as the clay bank, anyway, where Chub Leroy built the city of Alexandria. Jeannette Paulus walked all over Alexandria to catch a frog, and made a mess of it, and did not catch the frog. That is the way of things in this world. Alexandria fell in a moment, with all her palaces and towers. But there were other cities, and commerce was lively on the Mediterranean.

On the nearer side, against the gray, weather-beaten flank of the miller's house was a painted bench, for convenience of the morning sun and after-

noon shade; and I call it now the Elders' Seat, because Captain David Brett and others were often to be seen sitting there in the sun or shade. I remember the minister was there, and Job Mather, the miller, whenever his grist ran low, so that he let his stern millstones cease to grind. These were the three to whom the Elders' Seat seemed to us to belong by right of continuance, because our short memories ran not to the contrary. Captain David was well in his seventies, the miller not far behind, and Mr. Royce already gray-haired. They sat and watched the rise and fall of cities, the growth and decay of commerce, the tumult of conquests, and the wreck of high ambition. They noticed that one thing did not change nor cease, namely, the ripple of the stream; just as if, in history, there really were a voice distinguishable that went murmuring forever.

After the fall of Alexandria Damas-

cus was built, but inland, so that it had to be reached by caravan; and Moses Durfey laid the foundations of Byzantium where the pool narrowed into rushing water, and Venice was planted low in a marshy place hard by the seven hills of Rome. But you must know that Bobby Bell built the city of Rome absurdly, and filled it with potholes to keep frogs in and floating black bugs, so that it was impossible to hold it against the Carthaginians. There were wars in those days. These were the main marts of trade, but there were quays and fortresses elsewhere; and it should be told sometime how the Barbary pirates came down. Rome was in a bad way, for Bobby had one aquarium in the Campus Martius, and another where the Forum should have been. There was nothing flourishing but the aqueducts.

The three Elders would sit leaning forward, watching the changes of fortune and event that went on from hour to hour by the Mediterranean. The captain smoked his pipe; the minister rested his chin on his cane; the miller's hands were on his knees, his large white face stolid, his heavy lips seldom moving. He was a thinking man, the miller, — a slow-moving, slow-speaking, persistent man, and a fatalist in his way of thinking, though he used no such term; it was his notion of things.

They talked of old history out of Gibbon and Grote and the Seven Monarchies, and they talked of things that had happened to them as men in the world; but the things which they thought of most often, in watching the children and the mill stream, they said little about, for these had not happened a thousand or two years before, nor twenty or thirty, but just sixty or seventy. And this was why they came so often to the Elders' Seat, because something dim and happy seemed to come up to them, like a mist, from the mill stream, where the children quarreled and contrived.

"I'll tell ye what ailed Rome," said Captain David. "She needed to be keeled and scraped. She fouled her bottom, by gum!"

The minister answered slowly: "No, she was rotten within. She lost the faith in God and in man that keeps a people sound."

"Ho! Well, by gum, then she wa'n't handled right."

The miller rubbed his thumb slowly on the palm of his hand. "She was grinded out," he said. "She could n't help it. Corn can't keep itself from meal when the stones gets at it. No more a man can't keep his bones from dust, nor a people can't, either, I'm thinking, when its time comes."

The minister shook his head. "I don't like that."

"I do' know as I do, either. And I do' know as that makes any difference."

"Ho!" said the captain. "Bobby's got a new frog!"

And Chub Leroy cried out in despair: "Look out, Bobby! You're stepping on the Colosseum!"

I would not pretend to say how long the Elders' Seat had stood there, or how many years the Elders had come to it now and again; but I remember that it seemed to us very permanent, in a world of shifting empires, where Alexandria was suddenly walked upon and deserted, and Venice went down the current in a rainy night, and was spoken of no more. We could not remember when it had not stood in its place. It was a kind of Olympus to us, or Delphi, where we went for oracles on shipping and other matters.

Afterward we grew up, and became too old to dabble and make beautiful things of gray clay, except Chub Leroy, who is still doing something of that kind, cutting and building with clay and stone. But the Elders' Seat remained, and the Elders watched other children, as if nothing had happened. Only, Captain Da-



vid had trouble to keep his pipe in his mouth. So that when the Elders' Seat took its first journey, it seemed very difficult for us to understand, — even for those who were too old to dabble in gray clay.

It was not more than a quarter of a mile from the mill, past the drug store, the Crocketts' house, where Captain David lived, and so on by the cross-roads, to the minister's, with the graveyard just beyond. I remember how very yellow and dusty the road was in the summer of '86, so that the clay bottom cracked off in flat pieces, which could be gathered up; and then, if you climbed the wall with care enough, you could scale them at woodchucks. August was sultry and still. The morning-glories drooped on Captain David's porch, and the pigeons on the roof went to sleep more than was natural.

The minister and Job Mather sat, one afternoon, in the Elders' Seat; for Captain David, he had not gone out through his gate those many days. There was history enough in process on the Mediterranean. The Americans and Carthaginians were preparing to have a battle, on account of docks that ran too near together. The Elders discovered that they did not care about it.

The miller got to his feet, and lifted one end of the bench. "Come," he said gruffly. "Le' 's move it."

"Hey!" said the minister, looking troubled and a bit lost. Then his lips trembled. "Yes, Job. That 's so, Job. We 'd better move it."

The children came up from the Mediterranean in a body, and stared. It was much to them as if, in Greece, the gods had risen up and gone away, for unknown reasons, taking Olympus with them. The old men went along the yellow, dusty road with very shuffling steps, carrying the Elders' Seat, one at each end, till they turned into Captain David's garden and put it down against the

porch. Mrs. Crockett came to the door, and held up her hands in astonishment. Captain David was helped out. He was faded and worn with pain. He settled himself in the Elders' Seat. It did not seem possible to say anything. The captain smoked his pipe; the minister rested his chin on his cane; the miller's hands were on his knees, his large white face stolid and set.

"I 'm goin' to shell them peas tomorrow," began the captain at last. Then his voice broke, and a mist came into his eyes.

"I bet ye the Americans is lickin' the Carthaginians."

On the contrary, the Americans and Carthaginians, with other nations, were hanging over the picket fence, staring and bewildered. What was the use of mere human wars, if primeval things could be suddenly changed? The grass might take a notion to come up pink or the seas to run out at the bottom, and that sort of thing would make a difference.

The sun dropped low in the west, and presently Chub Leroy, who built the city of Alexandria ten years before, came slowly along in the shadow of the maples, and St. Agnes Macree was with him. She was old Caspar Macree's granddaughter, and he was a charcoal burner on the Cattle Ridge long ago. They were surprised to see the Elders' Seat, and stopped a moment. St. Agnes looked up at him and smiled softly, and Chub's eyes kept saying, "Sweetheart, sweetheart," all the time. Then they went on.

"I remember" — said Captain David, and stopped short.

"Eh! So do I," said the minister.

"You do! Well, by gum! Ho! Job, do you remember? Ain't it the dumbdest thing!"

The miller's heavy face was changed with a slow, embarrassed smile. And all these three sat, a long time very still, while the sunlight slanted among the

morning-glories and the pigeons slept on the roof.

There came a day in September when the minister and the miller were alone again on the Elders' Seat, but Captain David lay in his bed near the window. He slept a great deal, and babbled in his half dreams: sometimes about ships and cordage, anchorage in harbors and whaling in the south seas; and at times about some one named "Kitty." I never heard who Kitty was, but it was odd. He said something or other "wa'n't right." He took it all in good part, and bore no grudge to any one for it: it seemed only natural, like coming to anchor in a familiar place.

"When a man gets legs like mine," he said, "it's time he took another way o' gettin' round. Somethin' like a fish'd be my notion. Parson, a man gets the other side o' somewhere, he can jump round lively-like, same as he was a boy, eh?"

The minister murmured something about "our Heavenly Father," and Captain David said softly:—

"I guess he don't call us nothin' but boys. He says, 'Shucks! 't ain't nat'ral for 'em to behave.' Don't ye think, parson? Him, he might see an ol' man like me an' tell him, 'Glad to see ye, sonny; ' same as Harrier in Doty's Slip. The boys come in after a year out, or mebbe three years, an' ol' man Harrier, he says, 'Glad to see ye, sonny; ' an' the boys gets terrible drunk. He kep' a junk shop, Harrier."

The minister tried to answer, but could not make it out.

"I see a ship go down sudden-like. It was in '44. It was inside Cape Cod. Somethin' blowed her up inside. Me, I've took my time, I have. What ye grumblin' about, parson?"

In the morning the shutters were closed, and all about the house was still. The pigeons were cooing on the roof of the porch; and Captain David was dead, without seeing any reason to grumble. Down at the mill the miller watched his monotonous grinding slowly.

The Elders' Seat was moved once more after Captain David died, not back to the Mediterranean, but further up the yellow road and into the minister's yard, facing westward. From there the captain's white slab could be seen through the cemetery gate. The two Elders occupied the seat some years, and then went in through the gate.

But the Elders' Seat and its journeys from place to place seemed to have some curious meaning, hardly to be spelled. I imagine this far, at least: that at a certain point it became to the Elders more natural, more quiet and happy, to turn their eyes in the direction the captain had gone than in the direction they had all come. It pleased them then to move the Elders' Seat a little nearer to the gate. And when the late hour came, it was rather a familiar matter. The minister went in to look for his Master; and the miller, quite according to his notion of things.

*Arthur Colton.*



## REMINISCENCES OF JULIA WARD HOWE.

## VI. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE; IN WAR TIME; BOSTON RADICAL CLUB.

I MUST here ask leave to turn back a little in the order of my reminiscences, my narrative having led me to pass by certain points that I wish to mention.

The great comfort which I had in Parker's preaching came to an end when my children attained an age at which it appeared desirable that they should attend public worship. Concerning this my husband argued as follows:—

"The children [our two eldest girls] are now of an age at which they should receive impressions of reverence. They should, therefore, see nothing at the Sunday service which would militate against that feeling. At Parker's meeting, individuals read the newspapers before the exercises begin. A good many persons come in after the prayer, and some go out before the conclusion of the sermon. These irregularities offend my sense of decorum, and appear to me inadmissible in the religious education of the family."

It was a grievous thing for me to comply with my husband's wishes in this matter. I said of it to his friend, Horace Mann, that to give up Parker's ministry for any other would be like going to the synagogue when Paul was preaching near at hand. Parker was soon made aware of Dr. Howe's views, but no estrangement ensued between the two friends. He did, indeed, write my husband a letter, in which he laid great stress upon the depth and strength of his own concern in religion.

My husband cherished an old predilection for King's Chapel, and would have been pleased if I had chosen to attend service there. My mind, however, was otherwise disposed. Having heard Parker, at the close of one of his discourses, speak in warm commendation of James Freeman Clarke, announcing at

the same time that Mr. Clarke was about to begin a new series of services at Williams Hall, I determined that I would hear him.

With Mr. Clarke I had already some slight acquaintance, having once heard him preach at Freeman Place Chapel, and having met him on divers occasions. It is well known that, during his first pastorate in Boston, he once invited Theodore Parker to occupy his pulpit. The feeling against the latter was then so strong as to cause an influential part of the congregation to withdraw from the society, which thereafter threatened to decline for want of funds. Some years later Mr. Clarke resigned his charge, and went abroad for a prolonged stay, possibly with indefinite ideas as to the future employment of his life. He was possessed of much literary and artistic taste, and might easily have added one to the number of those who, like George Bancroft, Jared Sparks, and others, had entered the Unitarian ministry, to leave it, after a few years, for fields of labor in which they were destined to achieve greater success.

Fortunately, the suggestion of such a course, if entertained by him at all, did not prevail. Mr. Clarke's interest in the Christian ministry was too deeply grounded to be easily overcome. Returning from a restful and profitable sojourn in Europe, he sought to gather again those of his flock who had held to him and to one another. He found them ready to welcome him back with unabated love and trust. It was at this juncture that I heard Theodore Parker make the mention of him which brought him to my remembrance; bringing me also, very reluctantly, to his new place of worship.

The hall itself was unattractive, and the aspect of its occupants decidedly unfashionable. Indeed, a witty friend of mine once said to me that the bonnets seen there were of so singular a description as constantly to distract her attention from the minister's sermon. This absence of fashion rather commended the place to me; for I had had in my life enough and too much of that church-going in which the bonnets, the pews, and the doctrine appear to rest on one dead level of conventionalism.

Mr. Clarke's preaching was as unlike as possible to that of Theodore Parker. While his ministrations were not wanting in the critical spirit, and were characterized by very definite views of the questions which at that time were foremost in the mind of the community, there ran through their whole course an exquisite tone of charity and good will. He had not the philosophic and militant genius of Parker, but he had a genius of his own, poetical, harmonizing. In after years I esteemed myself fortunate in having passed from the drastic discipline of the one to the tender and reconciling ministry of the other. The members of the congregation were mostly strangers to me, yet I felt from the first a respect for them. In process of time I came to know something of their antecedents, and to make friends among them. With John Albion Andrew — afterward our great war governor — I was already well acquainted. He had grown to be a dear familiar in our household before he became known to the world at large as governor of Massachusetts. He was, indeed, a typical American of the best sort. Most happy in temperament, with great vitality and enjoyment of life, he united in his make-up the gifts of quick perception and calm deliberation. His judgments were broad, sound, and charitable, his tastes at once simple and comprehensive. He was at home in high society, and not less so among the lowly. He was very genial, and much "given

to hospitality," but without show or pretense. He had been one of the original members of the Church of the Disciples, and had certainly been drawn toward Mr. Clarke by a deep and genuine religious sympathy.

After some years of attendance at Williams Hall, our society, somewhat increased in numbers, removed to Indiana Place Chapel, where we remained until we were able to erect for ourselves the commodious and homelike building which we occupy to-day. Our minister was a man of much impulse, but of more judgment. In his character were blended the best traits of the conservative and of the liberal. His ardent temperament and sanguine disposition bred in him that natural hopefulness which is so important an element in all attempted reform. His sound mind, well disciplined by culture, held fast to the inherited treasures of society, while a fortunate power of apprehending principles rendered him very steadfast, both in advance and in reserve. In the agitated period which preceded the civil war, and in that which followed it, he, in his modest pulpit, became one of the leaders, not of his own flock alone, but of the community to which he belonged. I can imagine few things more instructive and desirable than was his preaching in those troublous times, so full of unanswered question and unreconciled discord. His church was like an organ, with deep undertones and lofty, aspiring treble, — the master hand pressing the keys, the heart of the congregation responding with a full melody. Festivals of sorrow were held in Indiana Place Chapel, and many of them, — James Buchanan's hollow fast, a day of mourning for John Brown, and, saddest and greatest of all, a solemn service following the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. We were led through these shadows of death by the radiant light of a truly Christian faith, which our pastor ever held before us. Among the many who



stood by him in his labors of love was a lady possessed of rare taste in the arrangement of floral and other decorations. We came at last to confer on her the title of the flower saint. On the occasion last mentioned, when we entered the building, full of hopeless sorrow, we saw pulpit and altar adorned with a rich violet pall, on which, at intervals, hung wreaths of white lilies. So something of the pomp of victory was mingled with our bitter sense of loss. The nation's chief was gone, but with the noble army of martyrs we now beheld him, crowned with the unfading glory of his work.

Mr. Clarke's life possesses an especial interest from the fact of its having been one of those rare lives which start in youth with an ideal, and follow it through manhood to old age; parting from it only at the last breath, and bequeathing it to posterity in its full growth and beauty. This ideal appeared to him in the guise of a free church, whose pews should not be sold, whose seats should be open to all, with no cumbrous encounter of cross-interests, — a church of true worship and earnest interpretation, which should be held together by the bond of veritable sympathy. This living church he built out of his own devout and tender heart. A dream at first, he saw it take shape and grow, and when he flitted from its sphere he felt that it would stand and endure.

Let me here record my belief that society rarely attains anywhere a higher level than that which all must recognize in the Boston of the last forty years. The religious philosophy of the Unitarian pulpit; the intercourse with the learned men of Harvard College, more frequent formerly than at present; the inheritance of solid and earnest character, most precious of estates; the nobility of thought developed in Margaret Fuller's pupils; the cordial piety of such leaders as Phillips Brooks, James Freeman Clarke, and Edward Everett Hale; the presence of leading authors, — Holmes, Longfellow,

Emerson, and Lowell, — all these circumstances combined have given to Massachusetts a halo of glory which time should not soon have power to dim.

The decade preceding the civil war was indeed a period of much agitation. The anomalous position of a slave system in a democratic republic was beginning to make itself keenly felt. The extension of the slave system to the new territories, soon to constitute new states, became the avowed purpose of Southern politicians. The conscience of the North, lulled by financial prosperity, awoke but slowly to an understanding of the situation. To enlighten this conscience was evidently the most important task of public-spirited men. Among other devices to this end, a newspaper was established in Boston with the name of *The Commonwealth*. Its immediate object was to reach and convince that important portion of the body politic which distrusts rhetoric and oratory, but which sooner or later gives heed to dispassionate argument and the advocacy of plain issues.

My husband took an active interest in the management of this paper, and indeed assumed its editorship for one entire winter. In this task I had great pleasure in assisting him. We began our work together every morning, — he supervising and supplying the political department of the paper, I doing what I could in the way of social and literary criticism. Among my contributions to the work were a series of notices of Dr. Holmes's Lowell lectures on the English poets, and a paper on Mrs. Stowe and George Sand.

The *Commonwealth*, which still exists, though in a different form, did good service in the battle of opinion which unexpectedly proved a prelude to the most important event in our history as a nation.

Sometime in the fifties, my husband spoke to me of a very remarkable man,

of whom I should be sure to hear sooner or later. This man, Dr. Howe said, seemed to intend to devote his life to the redemption of the colored race from slavery, even as Christ had willingly offered his life for the salvation of mankind. It was enjoined upon me that I should not mention to any one this confidential communication; and to make sure that I should not, I allowed the whole matter to pass out of my thoughts. It may have been a year or more later that Dr. Howe questioned me thus: "Do you remember that man of whom I spoke to you, — the one who wished to be a savior for the negro race?" I replied in the affirmative. "That man," said the doctor, "will call here this afternoon. You will receive him. His name is John Brown." Thus admonished, I watched for the visitor, and prepared to admit him myself when he should ring at the door. This took place at our house in South Boston, where it was not at all undignified for me to open my own door. At the expected time I heard the bell ring, and, on answering it, beheld a middle-aged, middle-sized man, with hair and beard of amber color streaked with white. He looked a Puritan of the Puritans, forceful, concentrated, and self-contained. We had a brief interview, of which I remember only my great gratification at meeting one of whom I had heard so good an account. I saw him once again at Dr. Howe's office, and then heard no more of him for some time.

I cannot tell how long after this it was that I took up the Transcript, one evening, and read of an attack made by a small body of men on the arsenal at Harper's Ferry. Dr. Howe presently came in, and I told him what I had just read. "Brown has got to work," he said. I had already arrived at the same conclusion. The rest of the story is matter of history: the failure of the slaves to support the movement initiated for their emancipation, the brief contest, the inevitable defeat and sur-

render, the death of the rash, brave man upon the scaffold. All this is known, and need not be repeated here. In speaking of it, my husband assured me that John Brown's plan had not been so impossible of realization as it appeared to have been after its failure. Brown had been led to hope that, upon a certain signal, the slaves from many plantations would come to him in such numbers that he and they would become masters of the situation with little or no bloodshed. Neither he nor those who were concerned with him had it at all in mind to stir up the slaves to acts of cruelty and revenge. The plan was simply to combine a considerable body of them in a position so strong that the question of their freedom would be decided then and there, possibly without even a battle.

I confess that the whole scheme appeared to me wild and chimerical. Of its details I knew nothing. None of us could exactly approve an act so revolutionary in its character, yet the great-hearted attempt enlisted our sympathies strongly. The weeks of John Brown's imprisonment were very sad ones, and the day of his death was one of general mourning in New England. Even there, however, people were not all of the same mind. I heard a friend say that John Brown was a pig-headed old fool.

The record of John Brown's life has been fully written, and by a friendly hand. I will only mention here that he had much to do with the successful contest which kept slavery out of the territory of Kansas. He was a leading chief in the border warfare which swept back the pro-slavery immigration attempted by some of the wild spirits of Missouri. In this struggle, he one day saw two of his own sons shot by the Border Rufians (as the Missourians of the border were then called), without trial or mercy. Some people thought that this dreadful sight had maddened his brain, as well it might.



I remember of him one humorous anecdote related to me by my husband. At one time, during the border war, he had taken several prisoners, and among them a certain judge. Brown was always a man of prayer. On this occasion, feeling quite uncertain as to whether he ought to spare the lives of the prisoners, he retired into a thicket near at hand, and besought the Lord long and fervently to inspire him with the right determination. The judge, overhearing this petition, was so much amused at it that, in spite of the gravity of his own situation, he laughed aloud. "Judge —," cried John Brown, "if you mock at my prayers, I shall know what to do with you without asking the Almighty!"

This brings me to the period of the civil war. What can I say of it that has not already been said? Its cruel fangs fastened upon the very heart of Boston, and took from us our best and bravest. From many a stately mansion father or son went forth, followed by weeping, to be brought back for bitterer sorrow. The work of the women in providing comforts for the soldiers was unremitting. In organizing and conducting the great bazaars which were held in furtherance of this object, many of these women found a new scope for their activities, and developed abilities hitherto unsuspected by themselves.

Prominent among the helpers called out by the war was our noble war governor, John Albion Andrew. He would sometimes seek a refuge with us, when overpowered with the stress of official duties. He was a man in whom great geniality of temperament was united with an unwavering faith in principles, and a determination to abide by them. He was frequently called to the Capitol, and had much intercourse with President Lincoln. Soon after the close of the war he fell a victim to its long-continued fatigues and anxieties, and died of apoplexy, greatly mourned and honored.

During the war Washington was naturally the centre of interest. Politicians of every grade, adventurers of either sex, inventors of all sorts of military appliances, and simple citizens, good and bad, flocked thither in large numbers.

My own first visit to it was in the late autumn of 1861, and was made in company with James Freeman Clarke, Governor Andrew, and my husband. Dr. Howe had already passed beyond the age of military service, but was enabled to render valuable aid as an officer of the Sanitary Commission, and also on the commission which had in charge the condition and interests of the newly freed slaves.

Although Dr. Howe had won his spurs, many years before this time, in the guerrilla contest of the Greek struggle for national life, his understanding of military operations continued to be remarkable. I do not remember that, throughout the course of the war, he was ever deceived by an illusory report of victory. He would carefully consider the plan of the battle, and when he said, "This looks to me like a defeat," the later reports were sure to justify his surmise.

As we approached the city, I saw, from time to time, small groups of armed men seated on the ground, near a fire. Dr. Howe explained to me that these were the pickets detailed to guard the railroad. The main body of the enemy's troops was then stationed in the near neighborhood of Washington, and the capture of the national capital would have been of great strategic advantage to their cause. To render this impossible, the large army of the Potomac was encamped around the city, with General McClellan in command. Within the city limits mounted officers and orderlies galloped to and fro. Ambulances, drawn by four horses, were driven through the streets, stopping sometimes before Willard's Hotel, where we had all found quarters. From my window I

saw the office of the New York Herald, and near it the ghastly advertisement of an agency for embalming and forwarding the bodies of those who had fallen in the fight or who had perished by fever. William Henry Channing, nephew of the great Channing, and heir to his spiritual distinction, had left his Liverpool pulpit, deeply stirred by love of his country and enthusiasm in a noble cause. On Sundays, his voice rang out, clear and musical as a bell, within the walls of the Unitarian church. I went more than once with him and Mr. Clarke to visit camps and hospitals. It was on the occasion of one of these visits that I made my first attempt at public speaking. I had joined the rest of my party in a reconnoitring expedition, the last stage of which was the headquarters of Colonel William Greene, of the 1st Massachusetts heavy artillery.

Our friend received us with a warm welcome, and presently said to me, "Mrs. Howe, you must speak to my men." Feeling my utter inability to do this, I ran away and tried to hide myself in one of the hospital tents. Colonel Greene twice found me and brought me back to his piazza, where at last I stood, and told, as well as I could, how glad I was to meet the brave defenders of our cause, and how constantly they were in my thoughts.

Among my recollections of this period I especially cherish that of our interview with President Abraham Lincoln, arranged for us by our kind friend, Governor Andrew. The President was laboring at this time under a terrible pressure of doubt and anxiety. He received us in one of the drawing rooms of the White House, where we were invited to take seats, in full view of Stuart's portrait of Washington. The conversation took place mostly between the President and Governor Andrew. I remember well the sad expression of Mr. Lincoln's deep blue eyes, the only feature of his face which could be called

other than plain. Mrs. Andrew, being of the company, inquired when we could have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Lincoln, and Mr. Lincoln named to us the day of her reception. He said to Governor Andrew, apropos of I know not what, "I once heard George Sumner tell a story." The unusual pronunciation fixed in my memory this one unimportant sentence. The talk, indeed, ran mostly on indifferent topics.

When we had taken leave, and were out of hearing, Mr. Clarke said of Mr. Lincoln, "We have seen it in his face, hopeless honesty; that is all." He spoke as if he felt that it was far from enough.

None of us knew then — how could we have known? — how deeply God's wisdom had touched and inspired that devout and patient soul. At the moment few people praised or trusted him. Why did he not do this, or that, or the other? He a President, indeed! Look at this war, dragging on so slowly! Look at our many defeats and rare victories! Such was the talk that one constantly heard regarding him. The most charitable held that he meant well. Governor Andrew was one of the few whose faith in him never wavered.

Meanwhile, through evil and good report, he was listening for the mandate which comes to one alone, bringing with it the decision of a mind convinced and of a conscience resolved. When the right moment came, he issued the proclamation of emancipation to the slaves. He sent his generals into the enemy's country. He lived to welcome them as victors, to electrify the civilized world with his simple, sincere speech, to fall by the hand of an assassin, to bequeath to his country the most tragical and sacred of her memories.

It would be impossible for me to say how many times I have been called upon to rehearse the circumstances under which I wrote the Battle Hymn of the Republic. I have also had occasion



more than once to state the simple story in writing. As this oft-told tale has no unimportant part in the story of my life, I will briefly add it to these records.

I distinctly remember that a feeling of discouragement came over me, as I drew near the city of Washington, at the time already mentioned. I thought of the women of my acquaintance whose sons or husbands were fighting our great battle; the women themselves serving in the hospitals, or busying themselves with the work of the Sanitary Commission. My husband was beyond the age of military service, my eldest son but a stripling; my youngest was a child of not more than two years. I could not leave my nursery to follow the march of our armies, neither had I the practical deftness which the preparing and packing of sanitary stores demanded. Yet, because of my sincere desire, a word was given me to say, which did strengthen the hearts of those who fought in the field and of those who languished in the prisons.

We were invited, one day, to attend a review of troops at some distance from the town. While we were engaged in watching the manœuvres, a sudden movement of the enemy necessitated immediate action. The review was discontinued, and we saw a detachment of soldiers gallop to the assistance of a small body of our men who were in imminent danger of being surrounded and cut off from retreat. The regiments remaining on the field were ordered to march to their cantonments. We returned to the city very slowly, of necessity, for the troops nearly filled the road. Mr. Clarke was in the carriage with me, as were several other friends. To beguile the rather tedious drive, we sang, from time to time, snatches of army songs; concluding, I think, with

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground;

His soul is marching on."

The soldiers seemed to like this, and

answered back, "Good for you!" Mr. Clarke said, "Mrs. Howe, why do you not write some good words for that stirring tune?" I replied that I had often wished to do this, but had not as yet found in my mind any leading toward it.

I went to bed that night as usual, and slept quite soundly, according to my wont. I awoke in the gray of the morning twilight; and as I lay waiting for the dawn, the long lines of the desired poem began to twine themselves in my mind. Having thought out all the stanzas, I said to myself, "I must get up and write these verses down, lest I fall asleep again and forget them." So, with a sudden effort, I sprang out of bed, and found in the dimness an old stump of a pen, which I remembered to have used the day before. I scrawled the verses almost without looking at the paper. I had learned to do this when, on previous occasions, attacks of versification had visited me in the night, and I feared to have recourse to a light lest I should wake the baby, who slept near me. I was always obliged to decipher my scrawl before another night intervened, as it was legible only while the matter was fresh in my mind.

At this time, having completed my writing, I returned to bed and fell asleep, with the reflection, "I like this better than most things that I have written."

The poem, which was soon after published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, was somewhat praised on its appearance, but the vicissitudes of the war so engrossed public attention that small heed was taken of literary matters. I knew, and was content to know, that the poem soon found its way to the camps, as I heard now and then of its being sung in chorus by the soldiers.

As the war went on, it came to pass that Chaplain McCabe, newly released from Libby Prison, gave a public lecture in Washington, and recounted some of his recent experiences. Among them was the following:—

He and the other Union prisoners occupied one large, comfortless room, in which the floor was their only bed. The official in charge of their quarters told them, one evening, that the Union army had just been terribly defeated. While they sat together in great sorrow, the negro who waited upon them whispered to one man that the officer had given them false information, and that, on the contrary, the Union soldiers had achieved an important victory. At this good news they all rejoiced, and presently made the walls ring with my *Battle Hymn*, which they sang in chorus, Chaplain McCabe leading. The lecturer recited the poem with such effect that those present began to inquire, "Who wrote this *Battle Hymn*?" It became one of the leading lyrics of the war. In view of its success, one of my good friends said, "Mrs. Howe ought to die now, for she has done the best that she will ever do." I was not of this opinion, feeling myself still "full of days' works," although I did not guess at the new experiences which then lay before me.

While the war was still at its height, I received a kind letter from Hon. George Bancroft, conveying an invitation to attend a celebration of the poet Bryant's seventieth birthday, to be given by the New York Century Club, of which Mr. Bancroft was the newly elected president. He also expressed the hope that I would bring with me something in verse or in prose, to add to the tributes of the occasion.

Having accepted the invitation and made ready my tribute, I repaired to the station on the day appointed, to take the train for New York. Dr. Holmes presently appeared, bound on the same errand. As we seated ourselves in the car, he said to me, "Mrs. Howe, I will sit beside you, but you must not expect me to talk, as I must spare my voice for this evening, when I am to read a poem at the Bryant celebration."

"By all means let us keep silent," I replied. "I also have a poem to read at the Bryant celebration."

The good doctor had overestimated his powers of abstinence from the interchange of thought which was so congenial to him. He at once launched forth in his ever brilliant vein, and we were within a few miles of our destination when we suddenly remembered that we had not taken time to eat our luncheon.

I find in my diary of the time this record: "Dr. Holmes was my companion. His ethereal talk made the journey short and brilliant."

The journal further says: "Arriving in New York, Mr. Bancroft met us at the station, intent upon escorting Dr. Holmes, who was to be his guest. He was good enough to wait upon me, also; carried my trunk, which was a small one, himself, and lent me his carriage. He inquired about my poem, and informed me as to when it would be expected, in the order of exercises. . . .

"At 8.15 drove to the Century Building, which was fast filling with well-dressed men and women. Was conducted to the reception room, where I waited with those who were to take part in the performances of the evening."

I will add here that I saw, among others, N. P. Willis, already infirm in health, and looking like the ghost of his former self. There also was Dr. Francis Lieber, who said to me in a low voice, "Nur verwegen" (Only be audacious).

"Presently, a double line was formed to pass into the hall. Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Bryant, and I brought up the rear, Mr. Bryant giving me his arm. On the platform were three armchairs, which were taken by the two gentlemen and myself."

The assemblage was indeed a notable one. The fashion of New York was well represented, and the foremost artists, publicists, and literary men of the city were present. Mr. Emerson had come on from Concord. Christopher Cranch



united with other artists in presenting to the venerable poet a portfolio of original drawings, to which each had contributed some work of his own. I afterward learned that T. Buchanan Read had arrived from Washington, having in his pocket his newly composed poem on Sheridan's Ride, which he would gladly have read aloud, had the committee found room for it on their programme. A letter was received from the elder R. H. Dana, in which he excused his absence on account of his seventy-seven years and consequent inability to travel. Dr. Holmes read his verses very effectively. Mr. Emerson spoke rather vaguely. For my part in the evening's proceedings, I will once more quote from the diary:—

"Mr. Bryant, in his graceful reply to Mr. Bancroft's address of congratulation, named me as 'she who has written the most stirring lyric of the war.'"

After Mr. Emerson's remarks my poem was announced. I stepped to the middle of the platform, and read it well, I think, as every one heard me, and the large room was crammed. The last two verses were applauded. George H. Boker, of Philadelphia, followed me, and Dr. Holmes followed him. This was, I suppose, the greatest public honor of my life.

I was requested to leave my poem in the hands of the committee for publication in a volume which would contain the other tributes of the evening. Dr. Holmes told me that he had declined to do this, and said in explanation, "I want my honorarium from *The Atlantic Monthly*." We returned to Boston twenty-four hours later, by night train. Eschewing the indulgence of the sleeper, we talked through the dark hours. The doctor gave me the nickname of "*Madame Comment*" (*Madam How*), and I told him that he was the most perfect of traveling companions.

The Boston Radical Club appears to

me one of the social developments most worthy of remembrance in the third quarter of the nineteenth century. Its meetings were held on the first Monday of every month, and the proceedings were limited to the reading and discussion of a paper, which rarely occupied more than an hour. On looking over the list of essayists, I find that it includes the most eminent thinkers of the day, in so far as Massachusetts is concerned. Among the speakers mentioned are Ralph Waldo Emerson, Dr. Hedge, David A. Wasson, O. B. Frothingham, John Weiss, Colonel Higginson, Benjamin Peirce, William Henry Channing, C. C. Everett, and James Freeman Clarke.

I remember, at one of these meetings, a rather sharp passage at arms between Mr. Weiss and James Freeman Clarke. Mr. Weiss had been declaiming against the insincerity of the pulpit, which he recognized in ministers who continue to use formulas of faith which have ceased to correspond to any real conviction. The speaker confessed his own shortcoming in this respect. "All of us," he said,—"yes, I myself have prayed in the name of Christ, when my own feeling did not sanction its use."

On hearing this, Mr. Clarke broke in. "Let Mr. Weiss answer for himself," he said, with some vehemence of manner. "If in his pulpit he prayed in the name of Christ, and did not believe in what he said, it was John Weiss that lied, and not one of us."

He afterward asked me whether he had shown any heat when he spoke. I replied, "Yes, there was heat, but it was good heat."

Another memorable day at the club was that on which the eminent Protestant divine, Athanase Coquerel, spoke of religion and art in their relation to each other. After a brief but interesting review of classic, Byzantine, and mediæval art, M. Coquerel expressed his dissent from the generally received opinion that the Church of Rome had always been fore-

most in the promotion and patronage of the fine arts. The greatest of the Italian masters, he averred, while standing in formal relations with that Church, had often shown opposition to its spirit. Michael Angelo's sonnets revealed a state of mind intolerant of ecclesiastical as of other tyranny. Raphael, in the execution of a papal order, had represented true religion by a portrait figure of Savonarola. Holbein and Rembrandt were avowed Protestants. He considered the individuality fostered by Protestantism as most favorable to the development of originality in art.

With these views Colonel Higginson did not agree. He held that Christianity had reached its highest point under the dispensation of the Catholic faith, and that the progress of Protestantism marked its decline. This assertion called forth a most energetic denial from Dr. Hedge, Mr. Clarke, and myself.

I must mention a day on which, under the title of an essay on Jonathan Edwards, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes favored the club with a very graphic exposition of old-time New England Calvinism. The brilliant doctor's treatment of this difficult topic was appreciative and friendly, though by no means acquiescent in the doctrines presented. Nevertheless, Wendell Phillips thought the paper, on the whole, unjust to Edwards, and felt that there must have been in his doctrine another side not fully brought forward by the essayist. These and other speakers were heard with much interest, and the meeting was one of the best on our record.

I have heard it said that Wendell Phillips's orthodoxy was greatly valued among the anti-slavery workers, especially as the orthodox pulpits of the time gave them little support or comfort. I was told that Edmund Quincy, one day, saw Parker and Phillips walking arm in arm, and cried out: "Parker, don't dare to pervert that man! We want him as he is."

I was thrice invited to read before the Radical Club. The titles of my three papers were, Doubt and Belief, Limitations, Representation and How to Secure it.

I must mention one more occasion at the Radical Club. I can remember neither the topic nor the reader of the essay, but the discussion drifted, as it often did, in the direction of Woman Suffrage, and John Weiss delivered himself of the following sentence: "When man and woman shall meet at the polls, and he shall hold out his hand and say to her, Give me your quick intuition, and accept in return my ratiocination" — A ringing laugh here interrupted the speaker. It came from Kate Field.

Mr. Emerson had a brief connection with the Radical Club; and this may be a suitable place in which to give my personal impressions of the Prophet of New England.

In recalling Mr. Emerson, we should analyze his works sufficiently to be able to distinguish the things in which he really was a leader and a teacher from other traits peculiar to himself, and interesting as elements of his historic character, but not as features of the ideal which we are to follow. Mr. Emerson objected strongly to newspaper reports of the sittings of the Radical Club. The reports sent to the New York Tribune by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton were eagerly sought and read in very distant parts of the country. I rejoiced in this. It seemed to me that the uses of the club were thus greatly multiplied and extended. It became an agency in the church universal. Mr. Emerson's principal objection to the reports was that they interfered with the freedom of the occasion. When this objection failed of adoption, he withdrew from the club almost entirely, and was never more heard among its speakers.

I remember hearing Mr. Emerson, in his discourse on Henry Thoreau, relate that the latter had once determined to



manufacture the best lead pencil that could possibly be made. When he attained his end, parties interested at once besought him to place this excellent article on the market. He said: "Why should I do this? I have shown that I am able to produce the best pencil that can be made. This was all that I cared to do." The selfishness and egotism of this point of view did not appear to have entered into Mr. Emerson's thoughts. Upon this principle, which of the great discoverers or inventors would have become a benefactor to the human race? Theodore Parker once said to me, "I do not consider Emerson a philosopher, but a poet lacking the accomplishment of rhyme." This may not be altogether true, but at least it is worth remembering. There is something of the seer in Mr. Emerson. The deep intuitions, the original and startling combinations, the sometimes whimsical beauty of his illustrations, — all these belong rather to the domain of poetry than to that of philosophy. The high level of thought upon which he lived and moved and the wonderful harmony of his sympathies are his great lesson to the world at large. In spite of his rather defective sense of rhythm, his poems are divine snatches of melody. I think that, in the popular affection, they may outlast his prose.

I was once surprised, in hearing Mr. Emerson talk, to find how extensively read he was in what we may term secondary literature. Although a graduate of Harvard, his reading of foreign literatures, ancient and modern, was mostly in translations. I should say that his intellectual pasture ground had been largely within the domain of belles-lettres proper.

He was a man of angelic nature, pure, exquisite, just, refined, and human. All concede him the highest place in our literary heaven. First class in genius and in character, he was able to discern the face of the times. To him was intrusted not only the silver trump of prophecy,

but also that sharp and two-edged sword of the Spirit with which the legendary archangel Michael overcomes the brute Satan. In the great victory of his day, the triumph of freedom over slavery, he has a record not to be outdone and never to be forgotten.

A lesser light of this time was the Rev. Samuel Longfellow. I remember him first as of a somewhat vague and vanishing personality, not much noticed when his admired brother was of the company. This was before the beginning of his professional career. A little later, I heard of his ordination as a Unitarian minister from Rev. Edward Everett Hale, who had attended, and possibly taken part in, the services. The poet Longfellow had written a lovely hymn for the occasion. Mr. Hale spoke of "Sam Longfellow" as a valued friend, and remarked upon the modesty and sweetness of his disposition. "I saw him the other day," said Mr. Hale. "He showed me a box of colors which he had long desired to possess, and which he had just purchased. Sam said to me, 'I thought I might have this now.'" He was fond of sketching from nature. Years after this time, I heard Mr. Longfellow preach at the Hawes Church in South Boston. After the service, I invited him to take a Sunday dinner with Dr. Howe and me. He consented, and I remember that, in the course of our conversation, he said: "Theodore Parker has made things easier for us young ministers. He has demolished so much which it was necessary to remove."

The collection entitled *Hymns of the Spirit*, and published under the joint names of Samuel Longfellow and Samuel Johnson, is a valuable one, and the hymns which Mr. Longfellow himself contributed to the repertoire of the denomination are deeply religious in tone; and yet I must think that among Unitarians of thirty or more years ago he was held to be something of a skeptic. Thomas G. Appleton was speaking of him in my

presence, one day, and said: "He asked me whether I could not get along without the idea of a personal God. I replied, 'No, you ———.'" Mr. Appleton shook his fist, and was very vehe-

ment in his expression; but his indignation had reference solely to Mr. Longfellow's supposed opinions, and not at all to his character, which was esteemed of all men.

*Julia Ward Howe.*

## A NEW ENGLAND HILL TOWN.

### II. ITS REVIVAL.

#### I.

ONE would suppose that a decadent Massachusetts hill town — stricken in its industries, cursed with an abnormal heredity, dwarfed and crippled and malformed as to its personal and individual life — would be the most discontented community in the whole realm.

But no; contentment is the chief vice of Sweet Auburn, and the native religion is largely to blame for it. Christian, Paulinist, or Edwardsian, — every one of us holds a fatalistic philosophy. Theoretically, our people believe in free will; practically, they are determinists; hence, a basking, lethargic, subtropical acquiescence in things as they are.

When the gospel of "manifest destiny" goes leagued with bucolic inertia, it gets itself kneeling devotees by the chapelful. Religion, as well as commerce, follows the line of least resistance. Find Europe with its gleaming harness buckled on, and its many-barbed, brain-smearred mace already in hand, and you may preach a crusade. The highways will speedily be covered with pious marauders, getting sure salvation to their souls. Find a torpid village, half dozing in languorous, sun-warmed, poppy-lulled disinclination, and there you may preach a Moslem doctrine of devout submission. You may hope ere long to see that village sound asleep in its chair.

We contentedly adore this village,

because we are too lazy to visit any better place. You can find "natives" in Sweet Auburn who have never ventured beyond the visible horizon. Few of our villagers have traveled a hundred miles from home. The civil war called a stalwart half dozen into the South; three or four of our men took up claims in the West, and returned disappointed. Now and then some local sage is summoned to Greenfield to serve on a jury. In midsummer the railway contrives a sweltering excursion to Crescent Beach, and, unable to resist the fascination of a half-fare ticket, we stuff a basket with sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs, and go in for misery. But whenever we move at all we misrepresent Sweet Auburn, which is a community of Blue Points.

We take this town so seriously. Where indeed were greatness more fitly employed or more suitably displayed than in this paragon of villages? See how we trip and batter one another, in our efforts to gain public trust! See how eager every man becomes, in his desire to multiply his municipal responsibilities! There is "Square" Glenn, notary, road commissioner, auctioneer, newspaper correspondent, undertaker, and trustee of several estates. That's what we call a man, — a pocket Titan!

There is, if you ever happened to think of it, a sort of equality between the greatness of little men and the littleness of great men. Square Glenn and Julius



Cæsar, — might they not drain a convivial bumper to their dominant passion? Each would rather be first in a little Alpine village than second at Rome. But observe: Cæsar had seen Rome; Square Glenn has seen nothing bigger than Ciderville.

What Sweet Auburn really needs is to have fun poked at it. If I were not so tender-hearted, I should poke fun at it myself. I should be conferring a magnificent ethical and sociological benefaction upon our village, if I could only enable it to get for but a moment the urban point of view.

Strange, what notions we have of the city. The older people will tell you about the time they went to Boston; with an equal shudder they will tell you about the time they had their teeth out. The one suggests the other. Their ears still ring with the city's rattle and clangor. Their feet still ache from its stony pavements. Their involuntary locomotor nerve tracts still spring in terror at the apparition of glittering equipages bearing down relentlessly upon them. One such day was sufficient. Back to tranquil Sweet Auburn they hied them then, and vowed a vow to remain there till the trump of angelic reveille.

The younger generation take rather more leniently to urban existence. Some have even lived in the city during protracted periods. Such understand all things. Once quartered in a cheap boarding house in a back street in Springfield, they are qualified to pronounce upon high life. Or perchance a buxom country lass becomes a servant in Hartford, and having formulated a strictly culinary interpretation of that beautiful city, returns to her native hamlet. Wonderful tales she tells, and in Sweet Auburn, at least, hearing is believing. "When I was in Hartford, I seen a man that seen a man that said he seen the devil." Then in vain would Richard Burton and Charles Dudley Warner and

Mark Twain and Joseph Twitchell stand with their hands on their hearts and their eyes turned up to heaven, and swear that in Hartford there was no devil! This is not funny; it is pathetic.

Yet, underneath piety, underneath immobility, and underneath our complete and exhaustive ignorance, lies fundamentally imbedded a fourth and a greater cause. It is the adamantine substratum which sustains contentment, and incidentally sustains all things else. Its name is stinginess.

See how this works! If we were not so minutely, so cautiously stingy, we should pay up the minister's back salary. The minister would then liquidate his historic indebtedness. When the debts were once disposed of, the minister could honorably leave town. When there was no more minister, the religion of the land would lapse into consequent decay. There would be an end of fatalism. The village would ask itself whether it were really necessary to submit to itself. Dissolution would result.

Our stinginess has set apart and ordained as its priestess the Old Lady Goodspeed. Nathan Goodspeed, her husband, who was locally reputed to be "right up an' daown, like a sheep's hind leg," built the wallet factory, operated it profitably for some thirty years and more, and died "pretty well heeled," bequeathing his entire fortune to his wife. Now, the Old Lady Goodspeed, whose acquisitive shrewdness is equaled only by her powers of retention, has since mounted guard over the treasure hoard with unslumbering vigilance. Her sole indulgence is a hired man, cheapest to be had, named John Perkins. She manipulates John in rigid accordance with the exigencies of the estate. Skeptics need only observe the ingathering of the cherries, to be convinced of this.

John must not shake the cherry tree; that would bruise the fruit. No, John must ascend a stepladder, and pluck the cherries one by one; and while he

plucks them he must whistle. It is so designated in the scroll: I wonder why! Does the gathering of small fruit tend to pucker the lips? I "don't sense it that way;" neither, I fancy, does John, for ever and anon the whistling ceases. Then is a lace-capped head thrust out of a dormer window, and a gentle voice calls sweetly: "John! *John!* I don't hear you whistling! *Whistle, John!* I like to hear a man whistle at his work."

In the whistling of John Perkins I find a token or an emblem of absolute immutability. Things will stay put. You cannot scare us with omens of progress. We shall banish every suggestion of improvement, because improvement will cost money.

Clearly, then, whatever help is to succor the decadent hill town must come from without, and not from within. Writing of Montana, I could afford to be optimistic. Montana has youth, courage, elasticity, and ambitious, expansive energy. Its progress is the normal result of resident forces. Sweet Auburn, on the other hand, has already spent its vitality. It is bowed and bent. Its blood runs tepid. Its sight is dim. It is garrulous and egotistic. It promises nothing from resident forces. Religion means to it, not aspiration, but acquiescence; enterprise means, not exhilaration, but fatigue; experience means, not satisfaction, but perplexity; novel information means, not enrichment, but rebuke; the accumulation of property means, not the funding of increasing potentialities, but the mere hoarding of sterile and dormant acquisitions.

Sweet Auburn is a concentrated sample or essence of what the pistoled ranchman is wont to term "the effete East."

## II.

"How shall he get wisdom," queries an ancient classic, — "how shall he get wisdom that holdeth the plough and whose talk is of bullocks?" That is, I suspect, the most venerable expres-

sion of disdain for the farmer's intellectual capacity. That is the hinge or centre from which have radiated for hundreds of years innumerable fan rays of contempt. Here in Massachusetts, as chance has directed, the aspersion finds a chivalric statement by way of faint praise. You have a manner of saying that the New England agricultural classes are "very intelligent," — meaning, if I mistake not, that they are very intelligent *for farmers!*

There is a certain more or less rational basis for your conclusions. We of Sweet Auburn are a gullible folk. We have never grown up, and we never shall. We conserve, even to our latest years,

"The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything."

Experience is what we need, says social therapeutics; and the whole round world knows we are getting it, but somehow we seem never to get enough. Traveling oculists, with smug, shaven faces and mysterious gold earrings, do treasonable things to our crystalline lenses; but we turn no less pliant attention to the representations of the itinerant dentist. That man of science, having extracted our teeth and made off with a "deposit," never returns to bring us the finished product which was to emerge, at no distant day, from his remote laboratory. Then, instead of learning that one must seek treatment of a reputable practitioner, or be fraudulently dealt with, we are only thereby made ready to pay tribute to the next Kickapoo Indian who pitches his conical dispensary in Ichabod's cow pasture. The rural mind disregards negative factors in every consideration. It doggedly goes on so disregarding. We still fall easy prey to book agents; we still feed tramps, as who should say, "If you come within a mile of here, drop in;" we bid against ourselves at auctions; we have implicit faith in the power of "divining rods" to locate hidden springs;



we are agreed that a "rose-back" pig will fatten auspiciously; we are even somewhat credulous of "Western loans," and we have a sensation of glossy, satirical satisfaction when made aware that wealthy investment companies have "heard us well spoken of" in the *Rockies*. Kant says this is an age of criticism: so it is, but not in Sweet Auburn.

Add to our gullibility a modicum of dialect, and to dialect add uncouthness of garb, and you have the farmer as travestied upon the stage and as lampooned by the public press. You fail to realize that such characteristics result, not from native deficiency, but from isolation and neglect. You overlook the fact that many a hard-headed, clear-thinking, capable fellow is holding the plough and discoursing of bullocks. You forget that the pursuit of agriculture has numbered among its devotees such inspired souls as Amos of Tekoa, Cincinnatus of Rome, Cædmon of Whitby, Petrarca of Vacluse, Burns of Ayr, Millet of Barbizon, and George Fuller of Deerfield. You forget, too, that it takes brains to farm.

Work in a factory, and what are you? A dolt and a stupid drudge. Man has made the machine, and the machine has unmade the man. Work on a farm, and what are you? Ah, thank God, you are the defter, and the wiser, and the brimfuller of versatile, polytechnic resourcefulness every day of your rustic life. Division of labor is here reduced to a sociologic absurdum. Where the laborers are few, each must be all. The farmer is merchant, executive manager, political economist, carpenter, machinist, woodman, icecutter, physician, veterinary, weather prophet, biologist, chemist, cobbler, barber, brewer, and systematic theologian. Specialists rise into occasional prominence. A farmer moved my barn, a farmer repaired Helen's watch, a farmer papered our parlor, a farmer revamped Topsham's harness. If there is anything like intellectual

stimulus or tonic in manual training, we are getting our share of it.

Or compare the yeoman's employment with the stultifying tram-horse routine of the petty merchant, or salesman, or accountant. Such will have brains that tick like metronomes, whereas our ideas — and the praise is to our occupation — go singing a varied melody. Change the farm for the shop or the office? Not we.

Yet another kindly circumstance: the practice of agriculture leaves the attention disengaged much of the time. Here, as in jail, one may think. But what shall one think about? Ploughs and bullocks? Yes, to be sure, but what beside?

The shrewdest among us — save only in haying time, when evening finds us too weary for intellectual toil or recreation — read good books and reputable journals. Our "public library," whose shelves are heaped high with volumes purchased with an eye single to quantity, nevertheless contains not a little standard fiction. Packets of newspapers from New York, Boston, and Springfield come in on the morning train. We swear by the "Trybune." Best of all, we have read and pondered, and re-read and digested, a celebrated collection of devotional writings, done into stately English many centuries ago by William Tyndale, and little bettered by subsequent revisions. Israel had never heard of Lord Tennyson; Cap'n Anthony knew nothing of James Russell Lowell; but both are familiar with the matchless lyrics and elegies of David and Isaiah. Great literature, then, and public affairs ought to share with religion the hospitality of the rustic mind. Sometimes they do.

The defect — and, with things as they are, the pitiable and irremediable defect — in the higher life of Sweet Auburn is the lack of touch with inspiring personalities. No printed page can do the work of heart and hand and speak-

ing voice. Survey your own intellectual heritage, and ask yourself how weighty a share of it came to you otherwise than through the mediation of living souls. Wherever in Sweet Auburn a cultured, city-bred guest is made welcome, I find a response to things human; wherever a son has gone to the "Aggie" College or a daughter to "Smith's," I find an interest in large concerns. Smith is co-educational. When a girl enters Smith, the whole family goes along with her. Would that such cases were commoner!

The mental energies of Sweet Auburn go sailing, for the most part, upon "the stagnant goose pond of village gossip." They do so because there is no one to show them a fairer roadstead. But gossip like ours is superb; never was goose pond more irresistibly alluring.

I have observed that gossip in Sweet Auburn consists of two somewhat distinct elements,—the legend and the mythus. The legend begins with fact, and ends with fancy. It is magnified and idealized history. I am not afraid of the legend. I intend so to order my ethical career as fearlessly to endure unsympathetic scrutiny, through whatever chromatic or achromatic lenses this village may focus upon me. Ah, but the mythus,—the real black beast is the mythus! The mythus begins with fact, and ends with philosophy. Walk wide of the mythus.

Mrs. Hawkins, a newcomer, refrains from relating her entire biography from the cradle until now. That, says the mythus, is because she is a grass widow. Mrs. Weaver is similarly reticent. The mythus explains that she ran away with her coachman. Miss Charity Ann is wan and pale. The mythus declares that she rues her betrothal to Jim Asa. Wilkins Glenn had a shoebox under his arm. Heaven help us, what had Wilkins Glenn in the shoebox? A bottle of rum, says the mythus. The Little Giant walks down the north road. The rural mind, pouncing upon so important a

morsel of information, elaborates it into an intellectual square meal. Watch the mythus a-cooking. The Little Giant, in walking down the north road, is headed for the post office. The Little Giant goes in quest of a letter. The letter is from a lady. The lady is young and rich and beautiful and indubitably adorable; else why should the Little Giant desire her letter? The young and rich and beautiful and indubitably adorable lady is manifestly in love with the Little Giant, or she would never have written. "Jerusalem crickets!" the Little Giant is to be married directly.

Is not this the contrivance of genius? We have here a hundred potential novelists; we have thrice a hundred sleuth-hounds, with throbbing hot Pinkerton blood in their veins.

Wendell Phillips was not far from right. The Puritan's idea of hell is a place where everybody has to mind his own business. Sweet Auburn is heaven. We desire to behold you in cross-section, and we approximate success. We quiz you with shameless pertinacity. The Old Lady Goodspeed, having caught Helen in her web, said, "Did he propose to you?" Helen was silent. "Dew tell; proposed to you, did he?" No answer. "Waal, I want to know! Up an' popped the question, an' hain't been keepin' comp'ny more 'n a month! Psho!" Still no reply. "Then why on airth did n't you accept him?" There is comfort in all this. It prepares one for Judgment Day. What possible inspection could be more pitilessly searching than the kind we already endure?

Strange, you say, this insatiable interest in people! Equally strange, say I, is your confession that when you lay ill in the hospital you counted the flies on the ceiling, and the flowers in the wall paper, and the panes of glass in the window sash. Sweet Auburn is a kind of hospital. To us, at least, nothing is trivial, no one insignificant. My neigh-



bor is twenty feet tall. I have learned to tell his "team" a mile away. I know the jingle of his sleigh bells. I can recognize the beat of his horse's hoofs at night. Mrs. Noah hastens to prayer meeting in winter time to see who is there, but in summer, when the windows are all open, she remains serenely at home; she has trained her analytic ear to distinguish each particular voice, as the people sing. If a man passes while we are at table, we lean awry to peer out at him. When Mr. Clifton Johnson came into town with his camera, Sweet Auburn was eating its dinner. To my personal knowledge, all the Goodspeeds rushed from the table, and went down on their knees to peer under the parlor window blinds; the Hezekiah household could be seen successively at three different sides of their homestead, and the Ichabods deployed upon their front "stoop," — still chewing. A stranger and a camera, — oh, the bliss!

No educational system in all this broad land produces intellects quite like ours. We can observe, we can remember, we can take time to think, we grapple a problem with the sort of canine tenacity that never lets go. Our genius is of the Teutonic order, — patient, prehensile, inerrant; Sweet Auburn is a little Heidelberg. The trouble is, we lack discipline and we lack inspiration. The most magnificent possibilities lie undeveloped.

They will tell you in Sweet Auburn that all the nation's great men were bred in the country, — wherein they are nearer right than wrong. Even here in our midst I could show you lads of unmistakable promise. Genius is nine parts character; the prize is to him who dares, not merely to him who can; the supreme desideratum is self-fulfillment. And the rigorous isolation of the farm, particularly in the period of childhood and early youth, fosters self-reliance, nurtures self-assertion, and crushes in its poisonous bud the impulse to sell one's intellectual birthright by seeking to be

another, and not one's self. A mind so circumstanced knows no such thing as classicism; it is romantic in its every motive. Therefore, under normal conditions, a gifted personality matured in isolation is the kind that will come to greatness when it meets an adequate opportunity. But the conditions of life in Sweet Auburn are not normal. Just here is the pathos of the hill town. We who are capable of appreciating the merits of Thackeray and Hawthorne and George Eliot are discoursing of bullocks. We who are susceptible to the fine inspirations of history and poetry and the varied study of nature are employing our bravest energies to determine what is inside Wilkins Glenn's problematical shoebox. We live in an intellectual and social Sahara.

See, for instance, how the curse has fallen upon our æsthetic life! There is not one good picture in our whole village, — no, not one. It is not so much that I abhor the tawdry crayon portraits, the cheap lithographs of Alderney heifers, and the flamboyant calendars. It is the pretentious substitutes for real art that stir my indignation. Our people become rapturously effervescent over the Bodenhausen Madonna reproduced on glass with a rococo edging of filmy gilt, and a prop to stand up by. Jim Asa, viewing that wonder, exclaims, "Ain't she slick?" And what of the long and narrow etchings by the indefatigable Field? We cross ourselves before them with pious adoration. Yes, and the photographic marvels so lately put upon the bourgeois market, — groups of white-draped figures holding lyres or trumpets or other pseudo-Hellenic symbols, — these too elicit our admiration. But chiefest is that shoddy Madonna. M. Charles Blanc says the test of artistic appreciation is to behold Raphael's Stanze: if you weep, there is hope for you; if you do not, why, eat, drink, and be merry, — to-morrow you die. Clearly, M. Charles Blanc had never seen the

Bodenhausen Madonna reproduced on glass, with a prop to stand up by. That, thinks Sweet Auburn, is the ultimate criterion of taste.

Moreover, we are musical, after our uncouth fashion. There is an instrument of one kind or another in nearly every house. Indeed, I never saw a community where so many people could sing by note, or where so many could play. However, you will never hear it said in the hills that music has charms to soothe the savage breast; our music never soothes. It inebriates, but does not cheer. Still, having heard no better, we like it. Isolation is not good for music. See what has happened in China!

"What do you think of our choir?" asked Hezekiah. "Wa'n't that solo a booster?"

"Well," I replied, "Uncle Dwight has n't what one would call a cultivated voice."

"Dunno 'bout that," retorted the enthusiastic Hezekiah. "Saoun's as if he'd been over it at least once with a harrow!"

And so it does. So, in truth, do the others. Nevertheless, our vocalists set forth upon heaven-scaling anthems with unexampled audacity.

Furthermore, we have developed a form of amateur theatricals known as the "drammer." There are gifted actors here and there in the hills: the "drammer," judiciously directed, might become a means of genuine culture; but left to go its own way, it degenerates into all sorts of vulgarity. The play itself is so inane, and at times so coarse, that it seems an insult to the human intellect that such unmitigated rubbish should exist.

Yet a fine play affords little opportunity for burnt cork and outrageous wigs and orange-colored Galway fringes; and with us the actor's make-up is a matter of the very first importance. Wilkins Glenn won undying fame, when playing

Farmer Punkinseed, by covering all his teeth save three with black wax, to simulate advanced age; and there were not wanting those who believed that, such was his artistic sincerity, he had had his teeth drawn for that very occasion!

Such, then, is the higher life of Sweet Auburn, — versatile minds put to petty and unworthy uses, a native art instinct bowing down before vulgar mediocrity, a musical sense unconsciously outraged, a dramatic genius most grievously degraded. Sweet Auburn, as it stands to-day, is a great though a neglected opportunity.

### III.

Somewhere in the city of Boston a Saratoga trunk is waiting to be packed. It will contain, among other things, an old violin, a sunshade hat, a case of pastels, a pair of hobnailed boots, and the works of William Morris. The baggage master, little appreciating the prophetic significance of what he is doing, will check that trunk to Sweet Auburn, Massachusetts.

Somewhere in Sweet Auburn an antique colonial homestead — weather-tinted to oxidized silver, and mossy-roofed with age — is standing untenanted. When Cyrus Glenn, the village carrier, sets down that particular trunk upon that particular doorstep, he too, like the Boston baggage master, will perform, though he know it not, an all but priestly function. For the arrival of your ponderous Saratoga means the advent of "folks who write, and paint, and dream;" it means the epiphany of courage and vigor, and the culture of the soul; it means the redemption of the rural waste, the revival of the hill town. Summer boarders? By no means! Social settlers you may choose to style yourselves; but I, who have endured for so long a time the aching desolation of Sweet Auburn, prefer to call you the heralds of a new era, the founders of a state.

Sweet Auburn will receive you, as it



received Mr. Clifton Johnson, with bucolic awe and curiosity. Mrs. Noah will call within twenty-four hours, to spy out the facts. Cyrus Glenn will be set upon at the village store, to render a complete inventory of the worldly goods he has carted from the station. Pretty Rachel, who dived in straw and excelsior unpacking your china, will suddenly become the most popular person in town. On Sunday the church will be packed with worshipers in search of "news." Marvelous stories — factual, legendary, and mythologic — will lash the "stagnant goose pond" into seething foam. It will promptly become the devouring ambition of every living soul in Sweet Auburn to force an entrance where angels (with city breeding) would fear to tread. In town, the problem is to "get hold of the people;" here they get hold of you.

The Saratoga trunk will prove itself the ark of a new covenant. I would give the world to watch you while you open its treasures, and to watch our villagers standing by, in mingled surprise and delight. See! Here is the pledge of a broad and beautiful and inspiring faith; here the promise of the ministry of literature, and of music, and of art, and of travel; here, again, the possibility of renewed material prosperity.

I would give the world, too, if in some future day — not many years remote — I might return to Sweet Auburn and view the changes your unselfish efforts have wrought. Behold the reconstructed hill town!

We have sidewalks now, and street lamps, and a neatly kept common, and handsome hedges, and flower beds upon our lawns. A beautiful driveway encircles the lake, and a path goes winding to the top of every craggy hill. Moreover, we have forbidden the desecration of rural majesty by the soulless advertiser. The rocky face of Danger Cliff no longer proclaims the merits of Kickapoo Indian Sagwa, nor do a hundred mossy and lichened fences expound,

as formerly, the total contents of the veterinary *materia medica*. We have modulated the polychromy of the "meetin'-haouse" horse sheds, whose north façade was once an unrelieved mass of zebras, acrobats, apes, equilibrists, golden chariots, and educated donkeys. Best of all, we have acquired the antiquary enthusiasm of Old Deerfield, and preserved the pristine beauty of our venerable colonial homesteads. Queen Anne has already met with deposition. And the reason? You have founded a village improvement society.

Ichabod, I find, has followed the example of a dozen other sturdy yeomen, and raised the mortgage on his farm. These amazing miracles, hitherto unheard of in the uplands, began to occur as soon as our people learned to rely upon the economic astuteness of their advisers at Kingsley Hall. We are no longer swindled by peddlers, no longer defrauded by far Western syndicates, no longer lured to financial destruction by "benefit orders," — the Iron Hall, the Solid Rock, the Golden Fleece (well named); we no longer encourage our boys to marry on nothing a year; we no longer incur the penalty of a glutted market by leaving our agricultural interests to the guidance of haphazard impulse. Coöperation (we pronounce the word with affectionate tenderness) has redeemed our ruined fortunes. We have learned to manage a coöperative creamery, a coöperative country store, a coöperative butcher shop, a coöperative bakery, and an effective scheme of coöperative production. Our novel prosperity has already enhanced the value of real estate. Newcomers of the most desirable sort are flocking into Sweet Auburn. We are the happiest town in the hills.

The Little Giant has found at Kingsley Hall a band of powerful allies. His "meetin' haouse" — like the town hall and the district schoolhouses — has been tastefully decorated; the choir, carefully

reorganized and trained by residents at Kingsley, makes music fit for the worship of God; the gospel hymns have yielded precedence to the stately melodies of Barnby and Haydn and Händel; the Sunday-school library is replenished with the choicest children's books in the world; and the Little Giant's flock have achieved so much in the way of social aptitude and facility that a church sociable at last deserves the name it bears. But, best of all, it is apparent that a higher type of Christianity has been developed. We have now an unmistakable public sentiment; we are escaping from individualism; we have broader sympathies, finer impulses, a more extended ethical horizon, loftier and incomparably more beautiful ideals.

See! I have shown you a vision.

The prize is not merely the rejuvenation of the upland; it is not merely its renaissance: it is the creation of a social order inconceivably finer than was ever yet known in the hills.

Your sphere of influence will extend far beyond Sweet Auburn. Forth by every highway will ride the vanguard of social conquest. Kingsley Hall will reduplicate its clubs and classes and Chautauqua coteries through half a county; for twenty villages are readily accessible from your rustic capital. All shall be yours.

We stand, as it were, in the parting of the ways. Upward may we hill folk ascend into a noble humanity, or — as I showed in a former paper — descend to a pitiful degradation. Here there is set before your philanthropy an open door.

*Rollin Lynde Hartt.*

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#### MEADOW FROGS.

ERE yet the earliest warbler wakes  
 Of coming spring to tell,  
 From every marsh a chorus breaks, —  
 A choir invisible, —  
 As though the blossoms underground  
 A breath of utterance had found.

Whence comes the liquid melody?  
 The summer clouds can bring  
 No fresher music from the sky  
 Than here the marshes sing.  
 Methinks the mists about to rise  
 Are chanting their rain prophecies.

*John B. Tabb.*